

Lidney

P. o. angl.

378 x 1

T H E
W O R K S
O F

The HONOURABLE

Sir *Philip Sidney*, Kt.

V O L. I.

C O N T A I N I N G

The F I R S T, and S E C O N D B O O K S of the
C O U N T E S S of *Pembroke's* A R C A D I A.



L O N D O N:

Printed in the Year M D C C X X V.

THE

WORKS



Sir Philip Sidney, Kt.

VOL. I

CONTAINING

The First, and Second BOOKS of the
Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1633.



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1891



Sir PHILIP SIDNEY

Vertue J.

T H E
W O R K S
O F

The HONOURABLE
S^r. Philip Sidney, Kt.

In PROSE and VERSE.

In THREE VOLUMES.

CONTAINING,

- I. The COUNTESS of *Pembroke's* ARCADIA.
 - II. The DEFENSE of POESY.
 - III. ASTROPHEL and STELLA.
 - IV. The REMEDY of LOVE; SONNETS, &c.
 - V. The LADY of *May*. A MASQUE.
 - VI. The LIFE of the AUTHOR.
-

*Death, the Devourer of all World's Delight,
Hath robbed you, and rest fro me my Joy :
Both you and me, and all the World he quight
Hath robb'd of Foyance, and left sad Annoy.*

*Foy of the World, and Shepherds Pride was he,
Shepherds hope never like again to see,*

SPENSER's Astrophel.

The FOURTEENTH EDITION.

L O N D O N :

Printed for E. TAYLOR, A. BETTESWORTH,
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W O R K S
T H E

THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF NEW YORK

IN THREE VOLUMES

IN THREE VOLUMES

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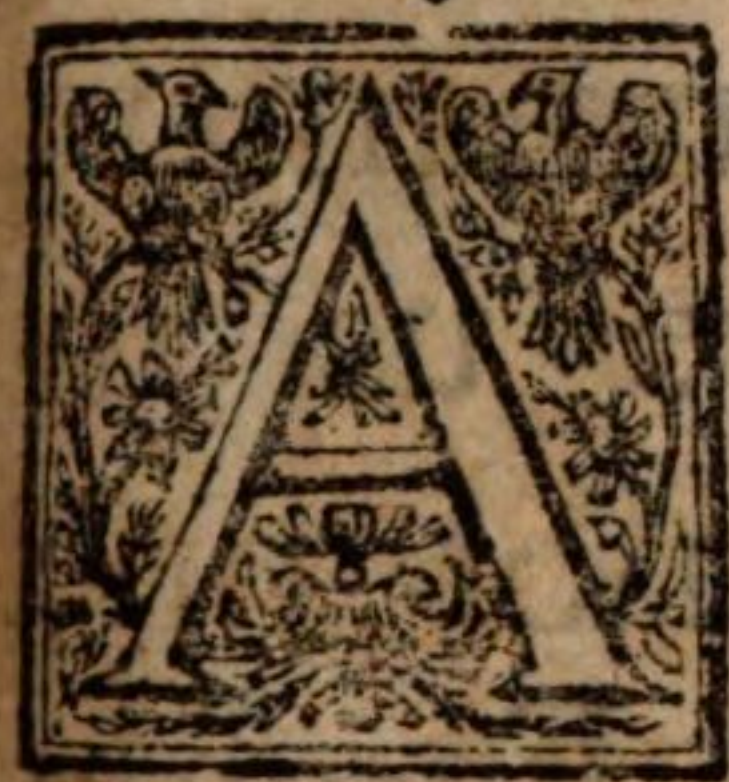
T O T H E

R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E

T H E

Earl of *LEICESTER*.

My LORD,



Pile raised and consecrated to virtue and honour, by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY; (a name rendered immortal by his writings) cannot with justice bear any other inscription than that of *LEICESTER*.

DEDICATION.

THIS truth confirmed by a *Spenser* and a *Waller*, is a demonstration that your LORDSHIP only is the Executor of his fame: An office which I durst aver, my LORD, will be by you regarded as an additional honour to those you already so deservedly wear.

NOT to be a Patron of the Characteristicks delineated in the *ARCADIA*, would be to degenerate from our humanity, and absolutely involve us in Mr. *Waller's* accusation of one of your LORDSHIP's Female predeceffors.

*Love's foe profest, why dost thou falsely feign
Thy self a SIDNEY, from which noblest train
He sprung, that could so far exalt the name
Of love, and warm our nation with his flame.*

Tha

DEDICATION.

*That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of am'rous SIDNEY's fire.*

BUT as this charge, my
LORD, has been long, very
long, removed from *Penshurst*,
O may that delightful feat,
(rendered for ever venerable,
by being the birth place of
our Author) boast to the la-
test posterity a continual suc-
cession of such illustrious per-
sonages, as not only bear the
name and title, but share the
polite accomplishments of it's
present Possessor.

BEING fully satisfied, my
LORD, that you are as much
an enemy to flattery, as you
are a friend to sincerity; I
freely declare to the world,

DEDICATION.

that the only pride I take in
this address, is the honour of
having your LORDSHIP'S per-
mission to subscribe my self,

My LORD,

Your LORDSHIP'S

Most Obedient,

And most Devoted

Humble Servant.

The EDITOR.



T O

My D E A R L A D Y and S I S T E R,

T H E

Countess of *Pembroke*.



H E R E now have you
(most dear, and most
worthy to be most
dear lady!) this idle
work of mine ; which I fear, like
the *Spider's* web, will be thought
fitter to be swept away, than
worn to any other purpose. For
my part; in very truth, (as the
cruel fathers among the *Greeks*
were wont to do to the babes
they

DEDICATION.

they would not foster) I could well find in my heart, to cast out, in some desert of forgetfulness, this child, which I am loth to father. But you desired me to do it, and your desire, to my heart is an absolute commandment. Now, it is done only for you, only to you: if you keep it to your self, or commend it to such friends, who will weigh errors in the balance of good-will, I hope, for the father's sake, it will be pardoned, perchance, made much of, though in it self it have deformities. For indeed, for severer eyes it is not, being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled. Your dear self can best witness the manner, being done in loose sheets of paper, most of it in your presence ;

DEDICATION.

fence ; the rest by sheets sent unto you, as fast as they were done. In sum, a young head, not so well stayed as I would it were, and shall be when God will, having many fancies begotten in it, if it had not been in some way delivered, would have grown a monster, and more forry might I be that they came in, than that they gat out. But this chief safety, shall be the not walking abroad ; and his chief protection, the bearing the livery of your name, which, if much goodwill do not deceive me, is worthy to be a sanctuary for a greater offender. This say I, because I know thy virtue so, and this say I, because it may be ever so, or to say better,

ter,

DEDICATION.

ter, because it will be ever so. Read it then at your idle times, and the follies your good judgment will find in it, blame not, but laugh at. And so, looking for no better stuff, than as in a Haberdasher's shop, glasses, or feathers, you will continue to love the writer, who doth exceedingly love you, and most heartily prays you may long live, to be a principal ornament to the family of the
SIDNERS.

Your loving Brother,

PHILIP SIDNEY.



THE

L I F E

OF

Sir Philip Sidney, Kt.



HIS MARCELLUS of the *English* Nation, Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, the short-liv'd Ornament of his Noble Family, hath deserved, and, without Dispute or Envy, enjoyed, the most exalted Praises of his own, and of succeeding Ages. The Poets of his Time, especially SPENSER, revered him, not only as a Patron, but a Master; and he was almost the only Person in any Age, I will not except MECÆNAS, that could teach the best Rules of Poetry, and most freely reward the Performances of Poets. He was

A

a Man

a Man of a sweet Nature, of excellent Behaviour, of much, and, withal, of well digested Learning; so that rarely Wit, Courage, Breeding, and other additional Accomplishments of Conversation, have met in so high a Degree in any single Person. *

Sir HENRY SIDNEY, his Father, was a Man of excellent natural Wit, large Heart, sweet Conversation: And such a Governor, as sought not to make an End of the State in himself, but to plant his own Ends in the Prosperity of his Country. Witness his sound Establishments, both in *Wales* and *Ireland*, where his Memory is worthily grateful unto this Day.

On the other Side, his Mother, as she was a Woman, by Descent, of great Nobility (the Lady MARY, eldest Daughter of JOHN DUDLEY, Duke of *Northumberland*) so was she, by Nature, of a large ingenious Spirit †. He was born at *Penshurst*, in the County of *Kent*, on the Twenty-ninth Day

* See Wood's *Athen. Oxon. Fol. p. 226.*

† See *his Life*, written by Sir Fulke Grevil, Kt. Lord Brook. Printed Ann. 1652. 8vo. p. 5.

of *November*, in the Year One thousand Five hundred and Fifty-four, and had his Christian Name given him by his Father, from King PHILIP, then lately married to Queen MARY. While he was very young, he was sent to *Christ-Church-College* in *Oxford*, to be improved in all Sorts of Learning; where continuing 'till he was about Seventeen Years of Age, under the Tuition of Dr. THO. THORNTON, Canon of that House, he was, in *June* One thousand Five hundred and Seventy-two, sent to travel; for on the Twenty-fourth of *August* following, when the Massacre fell out at *Paris*, he was then there, and at that Time, as I conceive, he, with other *Englishmen*, did fly to the House of the Ambassador from the Queen of *England* *. Thence he went through *Lorrain*, and by *Strasburgh* and *Heydelburgh* to *Frankfort*, in *September* or *October* following, where he settles, is entertained Agent for the Duke of *Saxony*, and an underhand Minister for his own King. Lodged he was in *WECHEL's* House, the Printer of *Frankfort* †. Here he was

* Wood, ut supra.

† See his *Life*, ut supra. p. 8.

accompanied by the famous HUBERT LANGUET. And in the next Spring, One thousand Five hundred and Seventy-three, LANGUET removed to *Vienna*, where our Author met him again, and stayed with him 'till *September*, when he went into *Hungary*, and those Parts. Thence he journeyed into *Italy*, where he continued all the Winter following, and most of the Summer, One thousand Five hundred and Seventy-four, and then he returned into *Germany* with LANGUET; and the next Spring he returned by *Frankfort*, *Heydelburgh*, and *Antwerp*, home into *England*, about *May*, One thousand Five hundred and Seventy-five.

In the Year One thousand Five hundred Seventy-six, he was sent by the QUEEN to RODOLPH the Emperor, to condole the Death of MAXIMILIAN, and also to other Princes of *Germany*; at which Time he caused this Inscription to be written under his Arms, which he then hung up in all Places where he lodged;

Illustrissimi & Generosissimi Viri

Philippi Sidnæi, Angli,

Pro-regis Hiberniæ filii, Comitum Warwici

Et Leicestriæ Nepotis, Serenissimi

Reginæ Angliæ ad Cæsarem Legati.

The next Year, One thousand Five hundred Seventy-seven, in his Return, he saw that gallant Prince *Don John de Austria*, Viceroy in the *Low-Countries* for the King of *Spain*, and *WILLIAM* Prince of *Orange*; by the former of which, though at first he was lightly esteemed upon the Account of his Youth, yet, after some Discourse, he found himself so stricken with him, that the Beholders wondered to see what Tribute that brave and high-minded Prince paid to his Worth, giving more Honour and Respect to him, in his private Capacity, than to the Ambassadors of mighty Princes.

In the Year One thousand Five hundred Seventy-nine, He, though neither Magistrate or Counsellor, did shew himself, for several weighty Reasons, opposite to the *QUEEN's* Matching with the Duke of

Anjou, which he very pithily expressed by a due Address of his humble Reasons to her, as may be fully seen in a Book called *CABALA*, (Part 3. p. 201.) The said Address was written at the Desire of some great Personage, his Uncle ROBERT, I suppose, Earl of *Leicester*; upon which a great Quarrel happened between him and EDWARD VERE, Earl of *Oxford*. This, as I conceive, might occasion his Retirement from Court next Summer, One thousand Five hundred Eighty, wherein, perhaps, he wrote that pleasant Romance called *ARCADIA*. *

In One thousand Five hundred Eighty-one, the Treaty of Marriage was renewed, and our Author, SIDNEY, with FULKE GREVIL †, were Two of the Tilters at the Entertainment of the *French* Ambassador; and at the Departure of the Duke of ANJOU from *England*, in *February* the same Year, he attended him to *Antwerp*. §

* See *Wood*. p. 227.

† *Annal. Camdeni*, sub. *Ann.* 1581.

§ *Ibid.* *Ann.* 1582.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. 7

On the Eighth of *January*, One thousand Five hundred Eighty-two, He, with PERIGRINE BERTIE, received the Honour of Knighthood from the QUEEN; and in the Beginning of One thousand Five hundred Eighty-five, he designed an Expedition with Sir FRANCIS DRAKE into *America*, but being hindred by the QUEEN (in whose Opinion he was so highly prized, that she thought the Court deficient without him) he was, in *October* following, made Governor of *Flushing*, about that Time delivered to the QUEEN for one of the Cautionary Towns, and General of the Horse. In both which Places of great Trust, his Carriage testified to the World his Wisdom and Valour, with Addition of Honour to his Country by them; and especially the more, when in *July*, One thousand Five hundred Eighty-six, he surprized *Axil*, and preserved the Lives and Honour of the *English* Army at the Enterprize of *Gravelin*: So that whereas (through the Fame of his high Deserts) he was then, or rather before, in Election for the Crown of *Poland*, the Queen of *England* refused to further his Advancement, not out of Emulation, but out of Fear to lose the Jewel of her Times. What can

be said more? He was a Statesman, Soldier, and Scholar; a compleat Master of Matter and Language, as his immortal Pen shews. His Pen and his Sword have rendered him famous enough: He died by the one, and by the other he will ever live, as having been hitherto highly extolled for it by the Pens of Princes. This is the Happiness of Art, That although the Sword doth achieve the Honour, yet the Arts do record it, and no Pen hath made it better known than his own, in that Book called *ARCADIA*. Certain it is, He was a Noble and Matchless Gentleman; and it may be justly said, without Hyperbole or Fiction, as it was of *CATO UTICENSIS*, That *he seemed to be born to that only which he went about*. His written Works are these;

The Countess of *Pembroke's* *ARCADIA*, which being the most celebrated Romance that was ever written, was consecrated to his Noble, Virtuous, and Learned Sister *MARY* the Wife of *HENRY* Earl of *Pembroke*, who having lived to a very fair Age, died in her House in *Aldersgate-street*, in *London*, the Twenty-fifth of *September*, One thousand Six hundred Twenty-one; whereupon her
Body

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. 9

Body was buried in the Cathedral-Church of Salisbury, among the Graves of the *Pembrochian* Family. This *ARCADIA*, though then, and since, it was, and is, taken into the Hands of all ingenious Men, and said by one, living at, or near, the Time when first published, to be a Book most famous for rich Concepts, and Splendor of courtly Expressions.

This Work was first printed in the Year One thousand Six hundred Thirteen, in Quarto, it hath been translated into French, Dutch, and other Languages, in One thousand Six hundred Twenty-four.

Besides *ASTROPHEL* and *STELLA* §; A Remedy for Love; The Defense of Poesy †; Sonnets, &c. Sir PHILIP also turned the *PSALMS* of DAVID into *English* Verse, which are in Manuscript in the Library of the Earl of Pembroke at Wilton, curiously bound in a Crimson Velvet Cover, left thereunto by his Sister MARY, Countess of Pembroke.*

§ First printed, 1591.

† First printed 1595.

* See, Wood, ut supra.

The following Dialogue, composed by our Author, was spoken between Two Shepherds, in a Pastoral Entertainment before several Gentlemen and Ladies, at the Seat of the Noble Family above-mentioned.

Will. **DICK**, since we cannot dance, come, let a chearful Voice

Shew, that we do not grudge at all, when others do rejoice.

Dick. Ah, *Will*, though I grudge not, I count it feeble Glee,

With Sight made dim with daily Tears, another's Sport to see.

Who ever Lambkins saw (yet Lambkins love to play)
To play when that their loved Dams are stoll'n or gone astray?

If this in them be true, as true in Men, think I,
A lustless Song, forsooth, thinks he, that hath more lust to cry.

Will. A Time there is for all, my Mother often says,
When she with Skirts tuck'd very high, with Girls at Stool-ball plays.

When thou hast mind to weep, seek out some smoaky Room:

Now let those lightsome Sights we see, thy Darkness overcome.

Dick. What Joy the joyful Sun gives unto bleared Eyes,
That Comfort in these Sports you like, my Mind his Comfort tries.

Will.

Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. II

Will. What! is thy Bag-pipe broke? or are thy Lambs
miswent?

Thy Wallet or thy Tar-box lost? or thy new Rayment
rent?

Dick. I would it were but thus, for thus it were too well.

Will. Thou see'st my Ears do itch at it, good *Dick*, thy
Sorrow tell.

Dick. Hear then, and learn to sigh, A Mistress I do
serve,

Whose Wages make me beg the more, who feeds me
'till I starve,

Whose Livery is such, as most I freeze apparelled most,
And look! so near unto my Cure, that I must needs be
lost.

Will. What? these are Riddles sure, art thou then
bound to her?

Dick. Bound as I neither Power have, nor would have
Power to stir.

Will. Who bound thee? *D.* Love, my Lord. *W.* What
Witnesses thereto?

Dick. Faith in myself, and Worth in her, which no
Proof can undo.

Will. What Seal? *D.* My Heart deep graven. *W.* What
made the Band so fast?

Dick. Wonder, that by Two so black Eyes, the glitter-
ing Stars be past.

Will. What keepeth safe thy Band? *D.* Remem-
brance is the Chett,
Lock'd fast with knowing that she is of worldly things
the best.

Will. Thou late of Wages 'plainst: What Wages may'st
thou have?

Dick. Her Heav'nly Looks, which more and more do
give me Cause to crave.

Will.

Will. If Wages make you want, what Food is that she gives?

Dick. Tear's Drink, Sorrow's Meat, wherewith, not I, but in me my Death lives.

Will. What Living get you then? *D.* Disdain; but just Disdain:

So have I Cause myself to plain, but no Cause to complain.

Will. What Care takes she for thee? *D.* Her Care is to prevent

My Freedom with shew of her Beams, with Virtue my Content.

Will. God shield us from such Dames. If so our Downs be sped,

The Shepherds will grow lean, I trow, their Sheep will be ill fed;

But, *Dick*, my Counsel mark: Run from the Place of Woe;

The Arrow being shot from far, doth give the smaller Blow.

Dick. Good *Will*, I cannot lack the good Advice, before That Foxes leave to steal, because they find they die therefore.

Will. Then, *Dick*, let us go hence, lest we great Folks annoy;

For nothing can more tedious be, then Complaint in Time of Joy.

Dick. Oh, hence! O cruel Word! which even dogs do hate;

But hence, even hence, I must needs go, such is my dogged Fate.

To return again to Sir PHILIP.

* In the Year One thousand Five hundred Eighty-six, when that unfortunate Stand was made against the *Spaniards* before *Zutphen*, the Twenty-second of September, while he was getting upon the Third Horse, having had Two slain under him before, he was wounded with a Musket-shot out of the Trenches, which brake the Bone of his Thigh. The Horse he rode upon, was rather furiously cholerick, than bravely proud, and so forced him to forsake the Field, but not his Back, as the noblest and fittest Bier to carry a martial Commander to his Grave. In which sad Progress, passing along by the rest of the Army, where his † Uncle, the General, was, and being thirsty with Excess of bleeding, he called for Drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the Bottle to his Mouth, he saw a poor Soldier carried along, who had eaten his last at the same Feast, ghastly casting up his Eyes

* See his *Life*, ut supra. p. 142. & seq.

† Sir Robert Dudley, *Earl of Leicester*.

at the Bottle, which Sir PHILIP perceiving, took it from his Head before he drank, and delivered it to the poor Man, with these Words, *Thy Necessity is yet greater than Mine.* And when he had pledged this poor Soldier, he was presently carried to *Arnheim*, where the principal Surgeons of the Camp attended for him. When they began to dress his Wound, he, both by way of Charge, and Advice, told them, That while his Strength was yet entire, his Body free from Fever, and his Mind able to endure, they might freely use their Art, cut, and search to the Bottom; But if they should neglect their Art, and renew Torments in the Declination of Nature, their Ignorance, or over-Tenderness, would prove a kind of Tyranny to their Friend, and, consequently, a Blemish to their reverend Science. With Love and Care well mixed, they began the Cure, and continued it some Sixteen Days, with such Confidence of his Recovery, as the Joy of their Hearts overflowed their Discretion, and made them spread the Intelligence of it to the Queen, and all his Noble Friends here in *England*, where it was received, not as *private*, but *publick* good News.

At

At the same Time Count HOLLOCK was under the Care of a most excellent Surgeon, for a Wound in his Throat by a Musket-shot, yet did he neglect his own Extremity to save his Friend, and to that End had sent him to Sir PHILIP. This Surgeon, notwithstanding, out of Love to his Master, returning one Day to dress his Wound, the Count chearfully asked him, How Sir PHILIP did? and he answered, with a heavy Countenance, *That he was not well.* At these Words the worthy Prince, as having more Sense of his Friend's Wound than his own, cries out, *Away, Villain! never see my Face again, 'till thou bring better News of that Man's Recovery, for whose Redemption, many such as I were happily lost.*

Now, after the Sixteenth Day was past, and the very Shoulder-bones of this delicate Patient worn through his Skin, with constant and obedient posturing of his Body to the Surgeon's Art; he judiciously observing the Pangs his Wound stang him with by Fits, together with many other Symptoms of Decay, few or none of Recovery, began rather to submit his Body to these Artists,
than

than any farther to believe in them. He called the Ministers unto him, who were all excellent Men, of divers Nations, and before them made such a Confession of Christian Faith, as no Book, but the Heart, can truly and feelingly deliver. Then calling for his Will, and settling his Worldly Affairs, the last Scene of this Tragedy, was the Parting between the Two Brothers: The Weaker shewing infinite Strength in suppressing Sorrow, and the Stronger, infinite Weakness in expressing of it. And to stop the natural Torrent of Affection in both, Sir PHILIP took his Leave, with these admonishing Words. *Love my Memory; cherish my Friends; their Faith to me, may assure you they are honest. But, above all, govern your Will and Affections, by the Will and Word of your Creator: In me, beholding the End of this World, with all her Vanities.* And with this Farewel, desired the Company to lead him away.

After his Death, which happened on the Sixteenth Day of October, the States of Zealand became Suiters to her Majesty, and his Noble Friends, that they might have the Honour of burying his Body at
the

the publick Expence of their Government*. This was not permitted ; for soon after, his Body was brought to *Flushing*, and being embarked, with great Solemnity, on the First of *November*, landed at *Tower-Wharf* on the Sixth Day of the same Month. Thence it was conveyed to the *Minories* without *Aldgate*, where it lay in State for some Time, 'till his magnificent Funeral in St. PAUL's Cathedral, the Sixteenth of *February* following; which, as many Princes have not exceeded in the Solemnity, so few have equalled in the Sorrow for his Loss. He was buried near to that Place which his Father-in-Law Sir FRANCIS WALSINGHAM had designed (as I have heard) to be entombed in, without any Monument or Inscription. King JAMES honoured him with an Epitaph of his Composition, and the Muses both of *Oxford* and *Cambridge*, lamenting much for his Loss, composed Verses to his Memory : Besides, several private Persons did also exercise their Fancies upon this Occasion : For so general was the Lamentation, that it was accounted a Sin for any

* See his *Life*, ut supra. p. 165.

Gentleman of Quality, for many Months after, to appear at Court or City, in any light or gaudy Apparel.

No Monument hath since been erected over him, whereof this Reason is assigned, That *he is his own Monument, whose Memory is eternized in his Writings, and who was born into the World to shew unto our Age a Sample of antient Virtues.**

He left behind him a Daughter named *Elizabeth*, who was born in One thousand Five hundred Eighty-five: She married *Roger Mannours*, Earl of Rutland, but died without Issue.†

* I confefs it is commonly reported, That Sir PHILIP, some Hours before his Death, enjoyned a near Friend to consign these his Works to the Flames, whereby Posterity had been deprived of much Pleasure and Profit accruing thereby. What Promise his Friend returned herein is uncertain; but if he brake his Word to be faithful to the Publick Good, Posterity will

* *Camd. Brit. in Kent.*

† See Wood, ut supra.

§ See his Life prefixed to the last Edition Folio.

absolve him, without doing any Penance, for being guilty of such a meritorious Offence, wherewith he hath obliged so many Ages. Hear the excellent *Epigrammatist*, OWEN, hereon.

Ipse tuam moriens, vel conjuge teste, jubebas

Arcadium sævis ignibus esse cibum.

Si meruit mortem, quia flammam accendit amoris;

Mergi, non Uri debuit iste liber.

In librum quæcunque cadat sententia; nulla

Debuit ingenium morte perire tuum.

As the Ancient *Ægyptians* presented Secrets under their mystical *Hieroglyphicks*, so that an easy Figure was exhibited to the Eye, and an higher Notion tendered under it to the Judgment; So all the *ARCADIA* is a continual Grove of Morality, shadowing Moral and Politick Results under the plain and easy Emblems of Lovers; so that the Reader may be deceived, but not hurt thereby, when surprized on a sudden to more Knowledge than he expected.

I will not here endeavour to offer the Reader a KEY to unfold what Persons were intended under the fictitious Denomina-

tions; herein must Men shoot at the wild Rovers of their own Conjectures: And many have forged *Keys* of their own Fancies, all pretended to be the right, though unlike one to another. But, besides it is an Injury to impose GuesSES for Truths on any Belief; such Applications, rather made than meant, are not without Reflections on Families, as may justly give Distaste; I dare confidently aver, That the Wards of this Lock are grown so rusty with Time, that a modern Key will scarce unlock it, seeing in above a hundred Years, many Criticisms of Time, Place and Person, wherein the Life and Lustre of this Story did consist, are utterly lost, and unknown in our Age.

Vita PHILIPPI SIDNEI.

Qui dignos ipsi vitâ scripsere libellos

Illorum vitam scribere non opus est.

*Sidnei in Tumulo est, corpus non vita: Philippi
Producit vitam gloria, longa brevem.*

OWEN.

TESTI-



TESTIMONIES

CONCERNING THE

AUTHOR.

GULIELMUS CAMDENUS de
Prælio inter *Anglos & Hispanos*
prope *Zutphaniam* in *Geldria*.

Anno Dom. 1586.

X *Anglis pauci desiderati; sed qui*
E *instar plurimorum, SIDNEIUS,*
equo profosso dum alterum ascendit,
*glande femur trajectus, * vicesimo*
quinto post die, magno sui desiderio bonis relicto,
in flore ætatis exspiravit, vix quatuor menses
patri superstes. Cui Leicestrius avunculus in
Angliam reversus, exequius, magno apparatu,
& militari ritu, in Templo Sti Pauli Londini

* Viz. Octob. 16. 1586.

22 Testimonies concerning

*solvit, Jacobus Rex Scotorum epitaphio parentavit: utraque Academia lacrymas consecravit, & Novum Oxoniæ Collegium elegantissimum * Peplum contexuit. Hæc & ampliora viri virtus, ingenium splendidum, eruditio politissima, morésque suavissimi meruerunt.*

Mr. CAREW in his Survey of Cornwall, p. 102.

*“ BEING a Scholar at Oxford, of Four-
“ teen Years of Age, and Three Years
“ standing, upon a wrong conceived Opinion,
“ touching my Sufficiency, I was then called to
“ dispute Extempore with the matchless Sir
“ Philip Sidney, in Presence of the Earls of
“ Leicester, and Warwick, and divers other
“ great Personages.†*

Dr. HEYLIN, in his Cosmography.

*A RCADIA in Greece, is a Country, whose
Fitness for Pasturage and Grazing hath
made it the Subject of many worthy and witty*

** The Title of the Oxford Verses published upon the Death of our Author.*

† We cannot fix the Date, nor on what Occasion this great Appearance of Nobility was then at Oxford, only that the Earl of Leicester was High Chancellor of that University.

Discourses, especially that of Sir Philip Sidney, of whom I cannot but make honourable Mention. A Book, which, besides its excellent Language, rare Contrivances, and delectable Stories, hath in it all the Strains of Poesy; comprehendeth the universal Art of Speaking; and, to them who can discern, and will observe, affordeth notable Rules for Demeanour, both Private and Publick.

Mr. LLOYD, in his State-Worthies.

HIS Romance was but Policy played with Machiavel in Jest, and State-Maxims sweetened to a Courtier's Palate. He writ Men as exactly as he studied them; and discerned Humours in the Court, with the same deep Insight he described them in his Book.—All were pleased with his ARCADIA but himself, whose Tears advanced him so much beyond himself, as his Parts did beyond others: He condemned his Arcadia, in his more retired Judgment, to the Fire, which wise Men think will continue to the last Conflagration.—It was he whom Queen Elizabeth called Her * Philip, the Prince of Orange His Master; and whose Friendship my

* In Opposition to Philip of Spain.

24 Testimonies concerning

Lord Brooks was so proud of, that he would have no other Epitaph on his Grave than this,

Here lieth Sir Philip Sidney's Friend.

**Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE, in his
ESSAY on POETRY.**

THE true Spirit or Vein of Ancient Poetry, under the Name of Romance, seems to shine most in Sir Philip Sidney, whom I esteem, both the greatest Poet, and the noblest Genius of any that have left Writings behind them, and published in ours, or any other modern Language: A Person born capable, not only of forming the greatest Ideas, but of leaving the noblest Examples, if the Length of his Life had been equal to the Excellence of his Wit, and his Virtues.

**Mr. L E E, in his Dedication of
CÆSAR BORGIA.**

To the Right Honourable PHILIP, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.

My LORD,

YOUR illustrious Fore-fathers, and, indeed, all your eminent Relations, have always been of the First-rate Nobility, Patrons of Wit and Arms, magnificently brave, True Old Stamp Britons,

Britons, and ever foremost in the Race of Glory.
 Not to unravel half your Honourable Records,
 I challenge all the Men of Fame to shew an Equal
 to the immortal SIDNEY, even when so many
 contemporary Worthies flourished: I mean Sir
 PHILIP, true Rival of your Honour; one
 that could match your Spirit: So most extra-
 vagantly great, that he refused to be a King.
 He was at once a CÆSAR and a VIRGIL, the
 leading Soldier, and the foremost Poet. All after
 this must fail: I have paid just Veneration to
 his Name; and, methinks, the Spirit of SHAKE-
 SPEARE pushed the Commendation.

Mr. PHILIPS in his Sixth Pastoral.

FULL fain, O blest ELIZA! would I praise
 Thy Maiden Rule, and Albion's Golden Days.
 Then gentle SIDNEY liv'd, the Shepherd's Friend;
 Eternal Blessings on his Shade attend!





CRITICISMS

ON

Pastoral Writing.

*Rura mihi & rigui placeant in Vallibus Amnes,
Flumina amem Sylvasque inglorius* ——— Virg.



PASTORAL Poetry not only amuses the Fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other Sort whatsoever. It transports us into a Kind of *Fairy-Land*, where ours Ears are soothed with the Melody of Birds, bleating Flocks, and purling Streams; our Eyes enchanted with flowry Meadows, and springing Greens; we are laid under cool Shades, and entertained with all the Sweets and Freshness of Nature. It is a Dream, 'tis a Vision, which we wish may be real, and we believe that it is true.

In

In order to form a right Judgment of Pastoral Poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our Eyes on the first Ages of the World. For since that Way of Life is not now in Being, we must enquire into the Manner of it when it actually did exist. Before Mankind was formed into large Societies, or Cities were built, and Commerce established, the Wealth of the World consisted chiefly in Flocks and Herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the Employment of the first Princes, whose Subjects were Sheep and Oxen, and their Dominions, the adjoining Vales. As they lived in great Affluence and Ease, we may presume, That they enjoyed such Pleasures as that Condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their Manner of Life gave them Vigour of Body, and Serenity of Mind. The Abundance they were possessed of secured them from Avarice, Ambition, or Envy; they could scarce have any Anxieties or Contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love, indeed, might occasion some Rivalships amongst them, because many Lovers fix upon one Object, for the Loss of which, they will be satisfied with no Compensation. Otherwise it was a State of Ease, Innocence, and Contentment; where Plenty begot Pleasure, and Pleasure begot Singing; Singing begot Poetry, and Poetry begot Pleasure again.

Thus

Thus happy was the first Race of Men ; but rude withal, and uncultivated. For before they could make any considerable Progress in Arts and Sciences, the Tranquility of the Rural Life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious Spirits ; who, having built Cities, raised Armies, and studied Policies of State, made Vassals of the defenseless Shepherds, and rendred that which was before easy and unrestrained, a mean, laborious, miserable Condition. Hence, if we consider the Pastoral Period before Learning, we shall find it unpolished ; if after, we shall find it unpleasant.

The Use that I would make of this short Review of the Country Life, shall be this: An Author, that would amuse himself by writing Pastorals, should form in his Fancy a Rural Scene of perfect Ease and Tranquility, where Innocence, Simplicity, and Joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the Country ; he must give us what is agreeable in that Scene, and hide what is wretched. It is, indeed, commonly affirmed, That Truth, well-painted, will certainly please the Imagination ; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole Truth, but that Part which only is delightful. We must sometimes shew only Half an Image to the Fancy ; which, if we display in a lively Manner, the Mind is so dexterously deluded, that it doth not
readily

readily perceive that the other Half is concealed. Thus, in writing Pastorals, let the Tranquility of that Life appear full and plain, but hide the Meanness of it; represent its Simplicity as clear as you please, but cover its Misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is irksome or unpleasant should have a Place in these Writings; I only mean, That this State of Life in general should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no Condition exempt from Anxiety, I will allow Shepherds to be afflicted with such Misfortunes, as the Loss of a Favourite Lamb, or a faithless Mistress. He may, if you please, pick a Thorn out of his Foot, or vent his Grief for losing the Prize in Dancing; but these being small Torments, they recommend that State which only produces such trifling Evils. Again, I would not seem so strict in my Notions of Innocence and Simplicity, as to deny the Use of a little Railing, or the Liberty of stealing a Kid, or a Sheep-Hook. For these are likewise such petty Enormities, that we must think the Country happy where these are the greatest Transgressions.

When a Reader is placed in such a Scene as I have described, and introduced into such Company as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing Delusion, and since every one doth not know how it comes
to

to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first Reason is, Because all Mankind loves Ease: Though Ambition and Avarice imploy most Mens Thoughts, they are such uneasy Habits, that we do not indulge them out of Choice, but from some Necessity, real or imaginary. We seek Happiness, in which Ease is the principal Ingredient, and the End proposed in our most restless Pursuits, is Tranquility. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the Representation of it, and fancy we partake of the Pleasure.

A Second Reason is, Our Approbation of Innocence and Simplicity: Human Nature is not so much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting Goodness in others, tho' we ourselves want it. This is the Reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty Prattle of Children, and even the Expressions of Pleasure or Uneasiness in some Part of the Brute Creation. They are without Artifice or Malice; and we love Truth too well to resist the Charms of Sincerity.

A Third Reason is, Our Love of the Country: Health, Tranquility, and pleasing Objects, are the Growth of the Country; and though Men, for the general Good of the World, are made to love populous

lous Cities, the Country hath the greatest Share in an uncorrupted Heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our Fancy, the Country is the Scene which supplies us with the most lovely Images. This State was that wherein God placed *Adam* when in *Paradise*; nor could all the fanciful Wits of Antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite Delight in their *Elysium*.

Having already conveyed my Reader into the Fairy, or Pastoral Land, and informed him what manner of Life the Inhabitants of that Region lead; I shall give him some Marks, whereby he may discover, whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that Country; or, in other Words, What are the Characteristicks of a true ARCADIAN.

From the foregoing Account of the Pastoral Life, we may discover, that Simplicity is necessary in the Character of Shepherds. Their Minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine Spirits were undoubtedly in the World before Arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce Shepherds with good Sense, and even with Wit, provided their Manner of thinking be not too

too gallant or refined. For all Men, both the rude and polite, think and conceive Things the same Way (Truth being eternally the same to all) though they express them very differently. For here lies the Difference: Men, who by long Study and Experience have reduced their Ideas to certain Classes, and consider the general Nature of Things abstracted from Particulars, express their Thoughts after a more concise, lively, and surprizing Manner. Those who have little Experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their Sentiments in plain Descriptions, by Circumstances, and those Observations, which either strike upon the Senses, or are the first Motions of the Mind. And though the former raises our Admiration more, the latter gives more Pleasure, and sooths us more naturally.





L. Cheron delin.

G. V. Gucht Scul.



T H E

C O U N T E S S of *Pembroke's*

A R C A D I A.

IT was in the time that the earth begins to put on her new apparel against the approach of her lover, and that the sun running a most even course, becomes an indifferent arbiter between the night and the day, when the hopeless shepherd *Strephon* was come to the sands, which lie against the island of *Cithera*; where viewing the place with a heavy kind of delight, and sometimes casting his eyes to the isleward, he called his friendly rival, the pastor *Claius* unto him; and setting first down in his darkened countenance a doleful copy of what he would speak, O my *Claius*, said he, hither we are now come to pay the rent, for which we are so called unto by over-busy *remembrance*, *remembrance*, restless *remembrance*, which claims not only this duty of us, but for it will have us forget our selves. I pray you, when we were amid our flock, and that of other shepherds some were running after their sheep, strayed beyond their bounds; some delighting their eyes with seeing them nibble upon the short and sweet grass; some

B

medici-

medicining their sick ewes; some setting a bell for an ensign of a sheepish squadron; some with more leisure inventing new games of exercising their bodies, and sporting their wits; did *remembrance* grant us any holy-day, either for pastime or devotion? nay either for necessary food, or natural rest? but that still it forced our thoughts to work upon this place, where we last (alas that the word *last* should so long last) did graze our eyes upon her ever-flourishing beauty, did it not still cry within us? Ah you base minded wretches! are your thoughts so deeply bemired in the trade of ordinary worldlings, as for respect of gain some paltry wool may yield you, to let so much time pass without knowing perfectly her estate, especially in so troublesome a season? to leave that shore unsaluted from whence you may see to the island where she dwelleth? to leave those steps unkissed wherein *Urania* printed the farewell of all beauty? Well then, *remembrance* commanded, we obeyed, and here we find, that as our *remembrance* came ever clothed unto us in the form of this place, so this place gives new heat to the fever of our languishing *remembrance*. Yonder, my *Claius*, *Urania* lighted, the very horse, methought, bewailed to be so disburdened: and as for thee, poor *Claius*, when thou wentest to help her down, I saw reverence and desire so divide thee, that thou didst at one instant both blush and quake, and instead of bearing her, wert ready to fall down thy self. There she sat, vouchsafing my cloak (then most gorgeous) under her: at yonder rising of the ground she turned her self, looking back towards her wonted abode, and because of her parting, bearing much sorrow in her eyes, the lightsomness whereof had yet so natural a cheerfulness, as it made even sorrow seem to smile; at that turning she spake to us all, opening the cherry of her lips, and Lord how greedily mine ears did feed upon the sweet words she uttered! And here she laid her hand over thine eyes, when she saw the tears springing in them, as if she would conceal them from other, and yet her self

self feel some of thy sorrow. But woe is me, yonder, yonder, did she put her foot into the boat, at that instant, as it were dividing her heavenly beauty, between the earth and the sea. But when she was embarked, did you not mark how the winds whistled, and the seas danced for joy? How the sails did swell with pride, and all because they had *Urania*? O *Urania*, blessed be thou *Urania*, the sweetest fairness, and fairest sweetness! With that word his voice brake so with sobbing, that he could say no farther; and *Claius* thus answered; Alas my *Strophon* (said he) what needs this score to reckon up only our losses? What doubt is there, but that the sight of this place doth call our thoughts to appear at the court of affection, held by that racking steward remembrance? As well may sheep forget to fear when they 'spy wolves, as we can miss such fancies, when we see any place made happy by her treading. Who can chuse that saw her, but think where she stayed, where she walked, where she turned, where she spoke? But what is all this? truly no more, but as this place served us to think of those things, so those things serve as places to call to memory more excellent matters. No, no, let us think with consideration, and consider with acknowledging, and acknowledge with admiration, and admire with love, and love with joy in the midst of all woes: let us in such sort think, I say, that our poor eyes were so enriched as to behold, and our low hearts so exalted as to love a maid, who is such, that as the greatest thing the world can shew, is her beauty, so the least thing that may be praised in her, is her beauty. Certainly as her eye-lids are more pleasant to behold, than two white kids climbing up a fair tree, and browsing on his tenderest branches, and yet are nothing compared to the day-shining stars contained in them; and as her breath is more sweet than a gentle south-west wind, which comes creeping over flowry fields and shadowed waters in the extreme heat of summer; and yet is nothing, compared to the honey-flowing speech that breath doth car-

ry : no more all that our eyes can see of her (though when they have seen her, what else they shall ever see is but dry stubble after clover-grass) is to be matched with the flock of unspeakable virtues, laid up delightfully in that best builded fold. But indeed, as we can better consider the sun's beauty, by marking how he gilds these waters and mountains, than by looking upon his own face, too glorious for our weak eyes : so it may be our conceits (not able to bear her sun-staining excellency) will better weigh it by her works upon some meaner subject employed. And alas, who can better witness *that* than we, whose experience is grounded upon feeling? Hath not the only love of her made us (being silly ignorant shepherds) raise up our thoughts above the ordinary level of the world, so as great clerks do not disdain our conference? Hath not the desire to seem worthy in her eyes, made us, when others were sleeping, to sit viewing the course of the heavens? when others were running at *Base*, * to run over learned *writings*? when others mark their *sheep*, we to mark *our selves*? Hath not she thrown reason upon our desires, and, as it were, given eyes unto *Cupid*? Hath in any, but in her, love-fellowship maintained friendship between rivals, and beauty taught the beholders chastity?

He was going on with his praises, but *Strephon* bad him stay, and look : and so they both perceived a thing which floated, drawing nearer and nearer to the bank ; but rather by the favourable working of the sea, than by any self-industry. They doubted a while what it should be ; till it was cast up even hard before them : at which time they fully saw that it was a man. Whereupon running for pity sake unto him, they found his hands (as it should appear, constanter friends to his life, than his memory) fast griping upon the edge of a square small coffer, which lay all under his breast : else in him-

* An exercise much used by the country people, (called *Prison-base*) who divide themselves into parties at a *Running-match*, and that *Party*, which takes most prisoners from the *other*, gains the *Prize*.

self no shew of life, so as the board seemed to be but a bier to carry him a land to his sepulchre. So drew they up a young man of goodly shape, and well-pleasing favour, that one would think death had in him a lovely countenance; and that, though he were naked, nakedness was to him an apparel. That sight increased their compassion, and their compassion called up their care; so that lifting his feet above his head, making a great deal of salt water come out of his mouth, they laid him upon some of their garments, and fell to rub and chafe him, till they brought him to recover both breath, the servant, and warmth, the companion of living. At length opening his eyes, he gave a great groan, (a doleful note, but a pleasant ditty) for by that, they found not only life, but strength of life in him. They therefore continued on their charitable office, until (his spirits being well returned) he (without so much as thanking them for their pains) gat up, and looking round about to the uttermost limits of sight, and crying upon the name of *Pyrocles*, nor seeing nor hearing cause of comfort, what (said he) and shall *Musidorus* live after *Pyrocles's* destruction? Therewithal he offered wilfully to cast himself again into the sea: a strange sight to the shepherds, to whom it seemed, that before being in appearance dead, had yet saved his life; and now coming to his life, should be a cause to procure his death; but they ran unto him, and pulling him back (then too feeble for them) by force stickled that unnatural fray. I pray you (said he) honest men, what such right have you in me, as not to suffer me to do with my self what I list? And what policy have you to bestow a benefit where it is counted an injury? They hearing him speak in *Greek* (which was their natural language) became the more tender-hearted towards him; and considering by his calling, and looking that the loss of some dear friend was great cause of his sorrow, told him, they were poor men that were bound, by course of humanity, to prevent so great a mischief; and that they wished him, if

opinion of some body's perishing bred such desperate anguish in him, that he should be comforted by his own proof, who had lately escaped as apparent danger as any might be. No, no (said he) it is not for me to attend so high a blissfulness: but since you take care of me, I pray you find means that some barque may be provided, that will go out of the *haven*, that if it be possible we may find the body, far, far too precious food for fishes: and for that hire (said he) I have within this casket, of value sufficient to content them. *Clair* presently went to a fisherman, and having agreed with him, and provided some apparel for the naked stranger, he embarked, and the shepherds with him: and were no sooner gone beyond the mouth of the haven, but that some way into the sea they might discern (as it were) a stain of the water's colour, and by times some sparks and smoke mounting thereout. But the young man no sooner saw it, but that beating his breast, he cryed, that there was the beginning of his ruin, intreating them to bend their course as near unto it as they could; telling, how that smoke was but a small relique of a great fire, which had driven both him and his friend rather to commit themselves to the cold mercy of the sea, than to abide the hot cruelty of the fire: and that therefore though they both had abandoned the ship, that he was (if any where) in that course to be met withal. They steered therefore as near thither-ward as they could: but when they came so near as their eyes were full masters of the object, they saw a sight full of piteous strangeness: a ship, or rather the carcass of the ship, or rather some few bones of the carcass, hulling there, part broken, part burned, part drowned: death having used more than one dart to that destruction. About it, floated great store of very rich things, and many chests which might promise no less. And amidst the precious things were a number of dead bodies, which likewise did not only testify both elements violence, but that the chief violence was grown of human inhumanity: for their bodies were full of grisly

grisly wounds, and their blood had (as it were) filled the wrinkles of the sea's visage; which it seemed the sea would not wash away, that it might witness it is not always his fault, when we do condemn his cruelty. In sum, a defeat, where the conquered kept both field and spoil: a shipwrack without storm or ill footing: and a waste of fire in the midst of the water.

But a little way off they saw the mast, whose proud height now lay along; like a widow having lost her mate of whom she held her honour: but upon the mast they saw a young man (at least if he were a man) bearing shew of about eighteen years of age, who sat (as on horse-back) having nothing upon him but his shirt, which being wrought with blue silk and gold, had a kind of resemblance to the sea: on which the sun (then near (his *western* home) did shoot some of his beams. His hair (which the young men of *Greece* used to wear very long) was stirred up and down with the wind, which seemed to have a sport to play with it, as the sea had to kiss his feet; himself full of admirable beauty, set forth by the strangeness both of his seat and gesture: for, holding his head up full of unmoved majesty, he held a sword aloft with his fair arm, which often he waved about his crown, as though he would threaten the world in that extremity. But the fishermen, when they came so near him that it was time to throw out a rope, by which hold they might draw him, their simplicity bred such amazement, and their amazement such superstition, that (assuredly thinking it was some God begotten between *Neptune* and *Venus*, that had made all this terrible slaughter) as they went under sail by him, held up their hands and made their prayers. Which when *Musidorus* saw, though he were almost as much ravished with joy, as they with astonishment, he leaped to the mariner, and took the cord out of his hand, and (saying, Dost thou live, and art well? who answered, Thou canst tell best, since most of my well being stands in thee) threw it out, but already the ship was past beyond *Pyrocles*: and

therefore *Musidorus* could do no more but persuade the mariners to cast about again, assuring them that he was but a man, although of most divine excellencies, and promising great rewards for their pains.

And now they were already come upon the stays; when one of the sailors descryed a galley which came with sails and oars directly in the chace of them; and straight perceived it was a well known pirate, who hunted not only for goods, but for bodies of men, which he employed either to be his galley-slaves or to sell at the best market. Which when the master understood, he commanded forthwith to set on all the canvasses they could, and flie homeward, leaving in that sort poor *Pyrocles* so near to be rescued. But what did not *Musidorus* say? what did he not offer to persuade them to venture to fight? but fear standing at the gates of their ears, put back all persuasions: so that he had nothing wherewith to accompany *Pyrocles*, but his eyes, nought to succour him, but his wishes. Therefore praying for him, and casting a long look that way, he saw the galley leave the pursuit of them, and turn to take up the spoils of the other wrack: and lastly he might well see them lift up the young man; and alas (said he to himself) dear *Pyrocles*, shall that body of thine be chained? shall those victorious hands of thine be commanded to base offices? shall virtue become a slave to those that be slaves to viciousness? alas, better had it been thou hadst ended nobly thy noble days: what death is so evil as unworthy servitude? but that opinion soon ceased, when he saw the galley setting upon another ship, which held long and strong fight with her: for then he began afresh to fear the life of his friend, and to wish well to the pirates whom before he hated, lest in their ruin he might perish. But the fisherman made such speed into the haven, that they absented his eyes from beholding the issue; where being entered, he could procure neither them, or any other as then, to put themselves into the sea: so that being so full of sorrow for being unable to do

do any thing, as void of counsel how to do any thing ; besides, that sickness grew something upon him, the honest shepherds *Strephon* and *Clains* (who being themselves true friends, did the more perfectly judge the justness of his sorrow) advise him, that he should mitigate somewhat of his woe, since he had gotten an amendment in fortune, being come from assured persuasion of his death, to have no cause to despair of his life : as one that had lamented the death of his sheep should after know they were but strayed, would receive pleasure, though readily he knew not where to find them.

Now Sir (said they) thus for our selves it is ; we are in profession but shepherds, and in this country of *Laconia* little better than strangers, and therefore neither in skill, nor ability of power greatly to stead you. But what we can present unto you is this : *Arcadia*, of which country we are, is but a little way hence ; and even upon the next confines there dwelleth a gentleman, by name *Kalander*, who vouchsafeth much favour unto us : a man, who, for his hospitality, is so much haunted, that no news stir, but comes to his ears ; for his upright dealing so beloved of his neighbours, that he hath many ever ready to do him their uttermost service ; and by the great good will our prince bears him, may soon obtain the use of his name and credit, which hath a principal sway, not only in his own *Arcadia*, but in all these countries of *Peloponnesus* : and (which is worth all) all these things give him not so much power, as his nature gives him will to benefit : so that it seems no musick is so sweet to his ear as deserved thanks. To him we will bring you, and there you may recover again your health, without which you cannot be able to make any diligent search for your friend ; and therefore you must labour for it. Besides, we are sure the comfort of courtesy, and ease of wise counsel shall not be wanting.

Musidorus (who, besides he was merely unacquainted in the country, had his wits astonished with sorrow) gave easy consent to that, from which he saw no reason
to

to disagree : and therefore (defraying the mariners with a ring bestowed upon them) they took their journey together through *Laconia* ; *Claius* and *Strephon* by course carrying his chest for him, *Musidorus* only bearing in his countenance evident marks of a sorrowful mind, supported with a weak body ; which they perceiving, and knowing that the violence of sorrow is not, at the first, to be striven withal, (being like a mighty beast, sooner tamed with following, than overthrown by withstanding) they gave way unto it, for that day and the next ; never troubling him, either with asking questions, or finding fault with his melancholy ; but rather fitting to his dolor, dolorous discourses of their own and other folks misfortune. Which speeches, though they had not a lively entrance to his senses shut up in sorrow, yet like one half asleep he took hold of much of the matters spoken unto him, so as a man may say, e'er sorrow was aware, they made his thoughts bear away something else beside his own sorrow, which wrought so in him, that at length he grew content to mark their speeches, then to marvel at such wit in shepherds, after to like their company, and lastly to vouchsafe conference : so that the third day after, in the time that the morning did strew roses and violets in the heavenly floor against the coming of the sun, the nightingales (striving one with the other which could in most dainty variety recount their wrong-caused sorrow) made them put off their sleep, and rising from under a tree (which that night had been their pavilion) they went on their journey, which by and by welcomed *Musidorus's* eyes (wearied with the wasted soil of *Laconia*) with delightful prospects. There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees : humble vallies, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers : meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers ; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade were witnessed so too, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds : each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security,

city, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dams comfort : here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old : there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-musick. As for the houses of the country (for many houses came under their eye) they were all scattered, no two being one by the other, and yet not so far off as that it barred mutual succour : a shew, as it were, of an accompanable solitariness, and of a civil wildness. I pray you (said *Musidorus*, then first unsealing his long silent lips) what countries be these we pass through, which are so divers in shew, the one wanting no store, the other having no store but of want ?

The country (answered *Claius*) where you were cast ashore, and now are past through, is *Laconia*, not so poor by the barrenness of the soil (though in it self not passing fertile) as by a civil war, which being these two years within the bowels of that estate, between the gentlemen and the peasants (by them named *Helots*) hath in this sort as it were disfigured the face of nature, and made it so unhospitable as now you have found it : the towns neither of the one side, nor the other, willingly opening their gates to strangers, nor strangers willingly entering for fear of being mistaken.

But this country (where now you set your foot) is *Arcadia* : and even hard by is the house of *Kalander*, whither we lead you. This country being thus decked with peace, and (the child of peace) good husbandry, these houses you see so scattered, are of men, as we two are, that live upon the commodity of their sheep : and therefore in the division of the *Arcadian* estate are termed shepherds ; a happy people, wanting little, because they desire not much. What cause then, said *Musidorus*, made you venture to leave this sweet life, and put your self in yonder unpleasant and dangerous realm ? guarded with poverty (answered *Strephon*) and guided with

with love. But now (said *Clairus*) since it hath pleased you to ask any thing of us, whose baseness is such as the very knowledge is darkness, give us leave to know something of you, and of the young man you so much lament, that at least we may be the better instructed to inform *Kalander*, and he the better know how to proportion his entertainment. *Musidorus* (according to the agreement between *Pyrocles* and him to alter their names) answered, that he called himself *Palladius*, and his friend *Daiphantus*; but till I have him again (said he) I am indeed nothing, and therefore my story is of nothing; his entertainment (since so good a man he is) cannot be so low as I account my estate; and in sum, the sum of all his courtesy may be to help me by some means to seek my friend.

They perceived he was not willing to open himself farther, and therefore, without farther questioning, brought him to the house; about which they might see (with fit consideration both of the air, the prospect, and the nature of the ground) all such necessary additions to a great house, as might well shew *Kalander* knew that *provision* is the *foundation* of *hospitality*, and *thrift* the *fuel* of *magnificence*. The house it self was built of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness, as an honourable representing of a firm stateliness. The lights, doors and stairs, rather directed to the use of the guest, than to the eye of the artificer; and yet as the one chiefly heeded, so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness, made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. The servants not so many in number, as cleanly in apparel, and serviceable in behaviour, testifying even in their countenances, that their master took as well care to be served, as of them that did serve. One of them was forthwith ready to welcome the shepherds,

herds, as men, who though they were poor, their master greatly favoured; and understanding by them, that the young man with them was to be much accounted of, for that they had seen tokens of more than common greatness, howsoever now eclipsed with fortune; he ran to his master, who came presently forth, and pleasantly welcoming the shepherds, but especially applying him to *Musidorus*, *Strephon* privately told him all what he knew of him, and particularly that he found this stranger was loth to be known.

No, said *Kalander* (speaking aloud) I am no herald to inquire of men's pedigrees; it sufficeth me if I know their virtues; which (if this young man's face be not a false witness) do better apparel his mind, than you have done his body. While he was thus speaking, there came a boy, in shew like a merchant's prentice, who, taking *Strephon* by the sleeve, delivered him a letter, written jointly both to him and *Claius* from *Urania*: which they no sooner had read, but that with short leave-taking of *Kalander* (who quickly guessed and smiled at the matter) and once again (though hastily) recommending the young man unto him, they went away, leaving *Musidorus* even loth to part with them, for the good conversation he had had of them, and obligation he accounted himself tied in unto them: and therefore, they delivering his chest unto him, he opened it, and would have presented them with two very rich jewels, but they absolutely refused them, telling him, that they were more than enough rewarded in the knowing of him, and without hearkening unto a reply (like men whose hearts disdained all desires but one) gat speedily away, as if the letter had brought wings to make them flie. But by that sight *Kalander* soon judged, that his guest was of no mean calling; and therefore the more respectfully entertaining him, *Musidorus* found his sickness (which the fight, the sea, and late travel had laid upon him) grow greatly, so that fearing some sudden accident, he delivered the chest to *Kalander*, which was full of most precious stones, gorgeously

ously and cunningly set in divers manners, desiring him he would keep those trifles, and if he died, he would bestow so much of it as was needful, to find out and redeem a young man, naming himself *Daiphantus*, as then in the hands of *Laconian* pirates.

But *Kalander* seeing him faint more and more, with careful speed conveyed him to the most commodious lodging in his house: where being possessed with an extreme burning fever, he continued some while with no great hope of life: but youth at length got the victory of sickness, so that in six weeks the excellency of his returned beauty was a creditable ambassador of his health, to the great joy of *Kalander*, who, as in this time he had by certain friends of his, that dwelt near the sea in *Missenia*, set forth a ship and a galley to seek and succour *Daiphantus*; so at home did he omit nothing which he thought might either profit or gratify *Palladius*.

For, having found in him (besides his bodily gifts beyond the degree of admiration) by daily discourses, which he delighted himself to have with him, a mind of most excellent composition, a piercing wit, quite void of ostentation, high erected thought seated in a heart of courtesy, an eloquence as sweet in the uttering, as slow to come to the uttering, a behaviour so noble, as gave a majesty to adversity; and all in a man whose age could not be above one and twenty years; the good old man was even enamoured with a fatherly love towards him, or rather became his servant by the bonds such virtue laid upon him; once, he acknowledged himself so to be, by the badge of diligent attendance.

But *Palladius* having gotten his health, and only staying there to be in place, where he might hear answer of the ships set forth; *Kalander* one afternoon led him abroad to a well-arrayed ground he had behind his house, which he thought to shew him before his going, as the place himself, more than in any other, delighted in. The back-side of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard;
or

or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard: for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them down, they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits: but scarcely they had taken that into their consideration, but that they were suddenly stept into a delicate green; of each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees, the trees were to them a pavilion, and they to the trees a Mosaical floor, so that it seemed that Art therein would needs be delightful, by counterfeiting his enemy Error, and making order in confusion.

In the midst of all the place was a fair pond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare shew of two gardens; one in deed, the other in shadows: and in one of the thickets was a fine fountain made thus: a naked *Venus* of white marble, wherein the graver had used such cunning, that the natural blue veins of the marble were framed in fit places, to set forth the beautiful veins of her body. At her breast she had her babe *Aeneas*, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that, to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, mean while the breast running.

Hard by, was a house of pleasure, built for a summer-retiring place; whither *Kalander* leading him, he found a square room full of delightful pictures, made by the most excellent workman of *Greece*. There was *Diana*, when *Actæon* saw her bathing; in whose cheeks the painter had set such a colour, as was mixed between shame and disdain, and one of her foolish nymphs, who weeping, and withal lowering, one might see the workman meant to set forth tears of anger. In another table was *Atalanta*; the posture of whose limbs was so lively expressed, that if the eyes were only judges, as they be the only seers, one would have sworn the very picture had run. Besides many more, as of *Helena*, *Omphale*, *Iole*: but in none of them all beauty seemed to speak so much as in a large table, which contained a comely old man, with a lady of
middle

middle age, but of excellent beauty, and more excellent would have been deemed, but that there stood between them a young maid, whose wonderfulness took away all beauty from her, but that which it might seem she gave her back again by her very shadow. And such difference (being known that it did indeed counterfeit a person living) was there between her and all the other, tho' Goddesses, that it seemed the skill of the painter bestowed nothing on the other new beauty, but that the beauty of her bestowed new skill on the painter. Though he thought inquisitiveness an uncomely guest, he could not chuse but ask who she was, that bearing shew of one being indeed, could with natural gifts go beyond the reach of invention. *Kalander* answered, that it was made by *Philoclea*, the younger daughter of his prince, who also with his wife were contained in that table: the painter meaning to represent the present condition of the young lady, who stood watched by an over-curious eye of her parents; and that he would also have drawn her eldest sister, esteemed her match for beauty, in her shepherdish attire, but that rude clown her guardian would not suffer it; neither durst he ask leave of the prince, for fear of suspicion. *Palladius* perceived that the matter was wrapped up in some secrecy, and therefore would, for modesty, demand no farther; but yet his countenance could not but with dumb eloquence desire it: Which *Kalander* perceiving; Well (*said he*) my dear guest, I know your mind, and I will satisfy it: neither will I do it like a niggardly answerer, going no farther than the bounds of the question; but I will discover unto you, as well that wherein my knowledge is common with others, as that which by extraordinary means is delivered unto me; knowing so much in you (though not long acquainted) that I shall find your ears faithful treasurers. So then sitting down in two chairs, and sometimes casting his eye to the picture, he thus spake.

This country *Arcadia* among all the provinces of *Greece*, hath ever been had in singular reputation; partly
for

for the sweetness of the air, and other natural benefits, but principally for the well-tempered minds of the people, who (finding that the shining title of glory, so much affected by other nations, doth indeed help little to the happiness of life) are the only people, which, as by their justice and providence give neither cause nor hope to their neighbours to annoy; so are they not stirred with false praise to trouble others quiet, thinking it a small reward for the wasting of their own lives in ravening, that their posterity should long after say, they had done so. Even the muses seem to approve their good determination, by chusing this country for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here, that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits, as the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names, and imitate their cunning.

Here dwelleth and reigneth this prince (whose picture you see) by name *Basilus*; a prince of sufficient skill to govern so quiet a country, where the good minds of the former princes had set down good laws, and the well-bringing up of the people doth serve as a most sure bond to hold them. But to be plain with you, he excels in nothing so much as the zealous love of his people, wherein he doth not only pass all his own foregoers, but as I think, all the princes living. Whereof the cause is, that though he exceed not in the virtues which get admiration, as depth of wisdom, height of courage, and largeness of magnificence; yet is he notable in those which stir affection, as truth of word, meekness, courtesy, mercifulness, and liberality.

He, being already well stricken in years, married a young princess, named *Gynecia*, daughter to the king of *Cyprus*, of notable beauty, as by her picture you see: a woman of great wit, and in truth of more princely virtues than her husband; of most unspotted chastity; but of so working a mind, and so vehement spirits, as a man

may say, it was happy she took a good course, for otherwise it would have been terrible.

Of these two are brought into the world two daughters, so beyond measure excellent in all the gifts allotted to reasonable creatures, that we may think they were born to shew, that nature is no step-mother to that sex, how much soever some men (sharp-witted only in evil speaking) have sought to disgrace them. The elder is named *Pamela*; by many men not deemed inferior to her sister: for my part, when I marked them both, methought there was, (if at least such perfections may receive the word of more) more sweetness in *Philoclea*, but more majesty in *Pamela*: methought love played in *Philoclea*'s eyes, and threatened in *Pamela*'s: methought *Philoclea*'s beauty only persuaded, but so persuaded as all hearts must yield; *Pamela*'s beauty used violence, and such violence as no heart could resist. And it seems that such proportion is between their minds: *Philoclea* so bashful, as though her excellencies had stoln into her before she was aware; so humble, that she will put all pride out of countenance; in sum, such proceeding as will stir hope, but teach hope good manners. *Pamela* of high thoughts, who avoids not pride with not knowing her excellencies, but by making that one of her excellencies to be void of pride; her mother's wisdom, greatness, nobility, but (if I can guess aright) knit with a more constant temper. Now then, our *Basilus* being so publickly happy, as to be a prince, and so happy in that happiness, as to be a beloved prince; and so in his private estate blessed, as to have so excellent a wife, and so over-excellent children, hath of late taken a course, which yet makes him more spoken of than all these blessings. For, having made a journey to *Delphos*, and safely returned, within short space, he brake up his Court, and retired himself, his wife and children into a certain forest hereby, which he called his desert; wherein (besides an house appointed for stables, and lodgings for certain persons of mean calling, who do all household-services) he hath builded two fine lodges; in the one of them himself re-

mains

mains with his younger daughter *Philoclea* (which was the cause they three were matched together in this picture) without having any other creature living in that lodge with him.

Which though it be strange, yet not so strange as the course he hath taken with the princess *Pamela*, whom he hath placed in the other lodge: but how think you accompanied? truly with none other but one *Dametas*, the most arrant doltish clown, that I think ever was without the privilege of a bable, with his wife *Miso* and daughter *Mopsa*, in whom no wit can devise any thing, wherein they may pleasure her, but to exercise her patience, and to serve for a foil of her perfections. This lowtish clown is such, that you never saw so ill-favoured a vizor; his behaviour such, that he is beyond the degree of ridiculous; and for his apparel, even as I would wish him: *Miso* his wife so handsome a beldam, that only her face and her splay-foot have made her accused for a witch; only one good point she hath, that she observes *decorum*, having a froward mind in a wretched body. Between these two personages (who never agreed in any humour, but in disagreeing) is issued forth mistress *Mopsa*, a fit woman to participate of both their perfections: but because a pleasant fellow of my acquaintance set forth her praises in verse, I will only repeat them, and spare mine own tongue, since she goes for a woman. The verses are these, which I have so often caused to be sung, that I have them without book,

What length of verse can serve, brave Mopsa's good to show?

When virtues strange, and beauties such, as no man them may know:

Thus shrewdly burden'd then, how can my muse escape?

The Gods must help, and precious things must serve, to shew her shape.

Like great God Saturn fair, and like fair Venus chaste:

As smooth as Pan, as Juno mild, like Goddess Iris fac't,

*With Cupid she forſees, and goes God Vulcan's pace.
 And for a taſte of all theſe gifts, ſhe ſteals God Momus' grace.
 Her forehead Jacinth-like, her cheeks of Opal hue,
 Her twinkling eyes bedeck'd with Pearl, her lips a Sapphire blue:
 Her hair like Crapal ſtone; her mouth, O heavenly wide!
 Her ſkin like burniſh'd gold, her hands like ſilver ore untry'd.
 As for her parts unknown, which hidden ſure are beſt:
 Happy be they which will believe, and never ſeek the reſt.*

Now truly having made theſe deſcriptions unto you, methinks you ſhould imagine that I rather feign ſome pleaſant device, than recount a truth, that a prince (not baniſhed from his own wits) could poſſibly make ſo unworthy a choice. But truly (dear gueſt) ſo it is, that princes (whoſe doings have been often ſmoothed with good ſucceſs) think nothing ſo abſurd, which they cannot make honourable. The beginning of his credit was by the prince's ſtraying out of the way, one time he hunted, where meeting his fellow, and asking him the way; and ſo falling into other queſtions, he found ſome of his answers (as a dog ſure, if he could ſpeak, had wit enough to deſcribe his kennel) not unſenſible, and all uttered with ſuch rudeneſs, which he interpreted plainneſs (though there be great difference between them) that *Baſilius*, conceiving a ſudden delight, took him to his court, with apparent ſhow of his good opinion: where the flattering courtier had no ſooner taken the prince's mind, but that there were ſtraight reaſons to confirm the prince's doing, and ſhadows of virtues found for *Dametas*. His ſilence grew wit, his bluntneſs integrity, his beaſtly ignorance virtuous ſimplicity: and the prince (according to the nature of great perſons, in love with that he had done himſelf) fancied that his weakneſs with his preſence would much be mended. And ſo like a creature of his own making, he liked him more and more; and thus having firſt given him the office of principal herdman; laſtly, ſince he took this ſtrange determination, he hath in a manner put the life of himſelf and his child-

children into his hands. Which authority (like too great a sail for so small a boat) doth so overway poor *Dametas*, that, if before he were a good fool in a chamber, he might be allowed it now in a comedy, so as I doubt me (I fear me indeed) my master will in the end (with his cost) find, that his office is not to make men, but to use men as men are, no more than a horse will be taught to hunt, or an ass to manage. But in sooth I am afraid I have given your ears too great a surfeit, with gross discourses of that heavy piece of flesh. But the zealous grief I conceive to see so great an error in my Lord, hath made me bestow more words than I confess so base a subject deserveth.

Thus much now that I have told you, is nothing more than in effect any *Arcadian* knows. But what moved him to this strange solitariness, hath been imparted (as I think) but to one person living. My self can conjecture, and indeed more than conjecture by this accident that I will tell you: I have an only son, by name *Clitiphon*, who is now absent, preparing for his own marriage, which I mean shortly shall be here celebrated. This son of mine (while the prince kept his court) was of his bed-chamber: now since the breaking up thereof, returned home, and shewed me (among other things he had gathered) the copy which he had taken of a letter: which when the prince had read, he had laid in a window, presuming no body durst look in his writings: but my son not only took a time to read it, but to copy it. In truth I blamed *Clitiphon* for the curiosity, which made him break his duty in such a kind, whereby kings secrets are subject to be revealed, but since it was done, I was content to take so much profit, as to know it. Now here is the letter, that I ever since, for my good liking, have carried about me: which before I read unto you, I must tell you from whom it came. It is a noble man of his country, named *Philanax*, appointed by the prince, regent, in this time of his retiring, and most worthy so to be: for, there lives no man, whose excellent wit more simply embraceth

integrity, beside his unfeigned love to his master, wherein never yet any could make question, saving whether he loved *Basilus*, or the prince better: a rare temper, while most men either servilely yield to all appetites, or with an obstinate austerity looking to that they fancied good, in effect neglect the prince's person. This then being the man, whom of all other (and most worthy) the prince chiefly loves, it should seem (for more than the letter I have not to guess by) that the prince upon his return from *Delphos*, (*Philanax* then lying sick) had written unto him his determination, rising (as evidently appears) upon some oracle he had there received: whereunto he wrote this answer:

Philanax his letter to Basilus.

MOST redoubted and beloved prince! if as well it had pleased you at your going to *Delphos*, as now, to have used my humble service, both I should in better season, and to better purpose have spoken; and you (if my speech had prevailed) should have been at this time, as no way more in danger, so much more in quietness? I would then have said, that wisdom and virtue be the only destinies appointed to man to follow; whence we ought to seek all our knowledge, since they be such guides as cannot fail; which, besides their inward comfort, do lead so direct a way of proceeding, as either prosperity must ensue; or, if the wickedness of the world should oppress it, it can never be said, that evil happeneth to him who falls accompanied with virtue: I would then have said the heavenly powers ought to be revered, and searched into; and their mercies rather by prayers to be sought, than their hidden counsels by curiosity. These kinds of sooth-sayings (since they have left us in our selves sufficient guides) be nothing but fancy, wherein there must either be vanity, or infallibleness, and so either not to be respected, or not to be prevented. But since it is weakness too much to remember what should have been done, and that your commandment stretched to know what is to be done, I do (most
dear

dear Lord!) with humble boldness say, that the manner of your determination doth in no sort better please me, than the cause of your going. These thirty years you have so governed this region, that neither your subjects have wanted justice in you, nor you obedience in them; and your neighbours have found you so hurtlesly strong, that they thought it better to rest in your friendship, than make new tryal of your enmity. If this then have proceeded out of the good constitution of your state, and out of a wise providence, generally to prevent all those things, which might encumber your happiness; why should you now seek new courses, since your own example comforts you to continue, and that it is to me most certain (though it please you not to tell me the very words of the oracle) that yet no destiny nor influence whatsoever, can bring man's wit to a higher point, than wisdom and goodness: why should you deprive your self of government, for fear of losing your government, like one that should kill himself for fear of death? Nay, rather, if this oracle be to be accounted of, arm up your courage the more against it: for who will stick to him that abandons himself: let your subjects have you in their eyes, let them see the benefits of your justice daily more and more, and so must they needs rather like of present sureties than uncertain changes. Lastly, whether your time call you to live or die, do both like a prince. Now for your second resolution, which is to suffer no worthy prince to be a suitor to either of your daughters, but while you live to keep them both unmarried, and, as it were, to kill the joy of posterity, which in your time you may enjoy, moved perchance by a misunderstood oracle? what shall I say, if the affection of a father to his own children, cannot plead sufficiently against such fancies? once, certain it is, the God which is God of nature, doth never teach unnaturalness; and even the same mind hold I touching your banishing them from company, lest I know not what strange loves should follow. Certainly, Sir, in my ladies your daughters, nature promiseth nothing but goodness, and their education by your fatherly care hath been hitherto such, as hath been most fit to restrain all evil; giving their minds virtuous delights, and not grieving them for want of well-

ruled liberty. Now to fall to a sudden straightening them, what can it do but argue suspicion? a thing no more unpleasant, than unsure, for the preserving of virtue. Leave women's minds, the most untamed that way of any: see whether a cage can please a bird; or whether a dog grow not fiercer with tying? what doth jealousy, but stir up the mind to think, what it is from which they are restrained? for they are treasures or things of great delight, which men use to hide, for the aptness they have to each man's fancy: and the thoughts once awaked to that, harder sure it is to keep those thoughts from accomplishment, than had been before to have kept the mind (which being the chief part, by this means is defiled) from thinking. Lastly, for the recommending so principal a charge of the princess Pamela (whose mind goes beyond the governing of many thousand such) to such a person as Dametas is (besides that the thing in it self is strange) it comes of a very ill ground, that ignorance should be the mother of faithfulness; O no, He cannot be good that knows not why he is good; but stands so far good as his fortune may keep him unassayed: but coming once to that, his rude simplicity is either easily changed, or easily deceived: and so grows that to be the last excuse of his fault, which seemed to have been the foundation of his faith. Thus far hath your commandment and my zeal drawn me; which I, like a man in a valley that may discern hills, or like a poor passenger that may spie a rock, so humbly submit to your gracious consideration, beseeching you again to stand wholly upon your own virtue, as the surest way to maintain you in that you are, and to avoid any evil which may be imagined.

By the contents of this letter you may perceive, that the cause of all, hath been the vanity which possesseth many, who (making a perpetual mansion of this poor baiting-place of man's life) are desirous to know the certainty of things to come, wherein there is nothing so certain as our continual uncertainty. But what in particular points the oracle was, in faith I know not, neither (as you may see by one place of *Philanax's* letter) he himself distinctly

ly knew. But this experience shews us, that *Basilus's*, judgment, corrupted with a prince's fortune, hath rather heard than followed the wise (as I take it) counsel of *Philanax*. For having left the stern of his government, with much amazement to the people, among whom many strange bruits are received for currant, and with some appearance of danger in respect of the valiant *Amphialus* his nephew, and much envying the ambitious number of the nobility against *Philanax*, to see *Philanax* so advanced, though (to speak simply) he deserve more than as many of us as there be in *Arcadia*: the prince himself hath hidden his head, in such sort as I told you, not sticking plainly to confess, that he means not (while he breathes) that his daughters shall have any husband, but keep them thus solitary with him: where he gives no other body leave to visit him at any time but a certain priest, who being excellent in poetry, he makes him write out such things as he best likes, he being no less delightful in conversation, than needful for devotion, and about twenty specified shepherds, in whom (some for exercises, and some for eclogues) he taketh greater recreation.

And now you know as much as my self: wherein if I have held you over-long, lay hardly the fault upon my old age, which in the very disposition of it, is talkative, whether it be (said he smiling) that nature loves to exercise that part most, which is least decayed, and that is our tongue, or, that knowledge being the only thing whereof we poor old men can brag, we cannot make it known but by utterance: or, that mankind by all means seeking to eternize himself so much the more, as he is near his end, doth it not only by the children that come of him, but by speeches and writings recommended to the memory of hearers and readers.

And yet thus much I will say for my self, that I have not laid these matters, either so openly or largely to any as to your self: so much (if I much fail not) do I see in you, which makes me both love and trust you. Never

ver may he be old, answered *Palladius*, that doth not reverence that age, whose heaviness, if it weigh down the frail and fleshly balance, it as much lifts up the noble and spiritual part; and well might you have alledged another reason, that their wisdom makes them willing to profit others. And that have I received of you, never to be forgotten, but with ungratefulness. But among many strange conceits you told me, which have shewed effects in your prince, truly even the last, that he should conceive such pleasure in shepherds discourses, would not seem the least unto me, saving that you told me at the first, that this country is notable in those wits, and that indeed my self having been brought not only to this place, but to my life by *Strephon* and *Claius*, in their conference found wits as might better become such shepherds as *Hommer* speaks of, that be governors of people, than such senators who hold their council in a sheep-cote. For them two (said *Kalander*) especially *Claius*, they are beyond the rest by so much, as learning commonly doth add to nature: for, having neglected their wealth in respect of their knowledge, they have not so much impaired the meaner, as they bettered the better. Which all notwithstanding, it is a sport to hear how they impute to love, which hath indued their thoughts (say they) with such a strength.

But certainly all the people of this country from high to low, are given to those sports of the wit, so as you would wonder to hear how soon even children will begin to versify. Once, ordinary it is amongst the meanest sort, to make songs and dialogues in metre, either love whetting their brain, or long peace having begun it; example and emulation amending it. Not so much, but the clown *Dametas* will stumble sometimes upon some songs that might become a better brain: but no sort of people are so excellent in that kind as the pastors; for their living standing but upon the looking to their beasts, they have ease, the nurse of poetry. Neither are our shepherds such as (I hear) they be in other countries; but they are the
very

very owners of the sheep, to which either themselves look, or their children give daily attendance. And then truly, it would delight you under some tree, or by some river's side (when two or three of them meet together) to hear their rural muse, how prettily it will deliver out, sometimes joys, sometimes lamentations, sometimes challengings one of the other, sometimes under hidden forms, uttering such matters as otherwise they durst not deal with. Then have they most commonly one, who judgeth the prize to the best doer, of which they are no less glad, than great princes are of triumphs: and his part is to set down in writing all that is said, save that it may be his pen with more leisure doth polish the rudeness of an unthought on song. Now the choice of all (as you may well think) either for goodness of voice, or pleasantness of wit, the prince hath: among whom also there are two or three strangers, whom inward melancholies having made weary of the world's eyes, have come to spend their lives among the country-people of *Arcadia*, and their conversation being well approved, the prince vouchsafeth them his presence, and not only by looking on, but by great courtesy and liberality animates the shepherds the more exquisitely to labour for his good liking. So that there is no cause to blame the prince for sometimes hearing them; the blame-worthiness is, that to hear them, he rather goes to solitariness, than makes them come to company. Neither do I accuse my master for advancing a countryman, *Dametas* is, since God forbid, but where worthiness is (as truly it is among divers of that fellowship) any outward lowness should hinder the highest rising; but that he would needs make election of one, the baseness of whose mind is such, that it sinks a thousand degrees lower than the basest body could carry the most base fortune: which, although it might be answered for the prince, that it is rather a trust he hath in his simple plainness, than any great advancement, but being chief herdman; yet all honest hearts feel that the trust of their lord goes beyond all advancement. But I am ever too long

long upon him, when he crosseth the way of my speech, and by the shadow of yonder tower, I see it is a fitter time with our supper to pay the duties we owe to our stomachs, than to break the air with my idle discourses: and more wit I might have learned of *Homer* (whom even now you mentioned) who never entertained either guests or hosts with long speeches, till the mouth of hunger be thoroughly stopped. So withal he rose, leading *Palladius* through the garden again to the parlor, where they used to sup; *Palladius* assuring him that he had already been more fed to his liking, than he could be by the skilfullest trencher-men of *Medea*.

But being come to the supping-place, one of *Kalander's* servants rounded in his ear; at which (his colour changing) he retired himself into his chamber; commanding his men diligently to wait upon *Palladius*, and to excuse his absence with some necessary business he had presently to dispatch: which they accordingly did, for some few days forcing themselves to let no change appear: but, though they framed their countenances never so cunningly, *Palladius* perceived there was some ill-pleasing accident fallen out. Whereupon, being again set alone at supper, he called to the steward, and desired him to tell him the matter of his sudden alteration: who, after some trifling excuses, in the end confessed unto him, that his master had received news, that his son before the day of his near marriage, chanced to be at a battel, which was to be fought between the gentlemen of *Lacedæmon* and the *Helots*: who winning the victory, he was there made prisoner, going to deliver a friend of his taken prisoner by the *Helots*; that the poor young gentleman had offered great ransom for his life; but that the hate those peasants conceived against all gentlemen was such, that every hour he was to look for nothing but some cruel death: which hitherto had only been delayed by the captain's vehement dealing for him, who seemed to have a heart of more manly pity than the rest. Which loss had stricken the old gentleman with such sorrow, as if
abundance

abundance of tears did not seem sufficiently to witness it, he was alone retired, tearing his beard and hair, and cursing his old age, that had not made his grave to stop his ears from such advertisements: but that his faithful servants had written in his name to all his friends, followers, and tenants (*Philanax* the governor refusing to deal in it as a private cause, but yet giving leave to seek their best redress, so as they wronged not the state of *Lacedæmon*) of whom there were now gathered upon the frontiers good forces, that he was sure would spend their lives by any way to redeem or revenge *Clitiphon*. Now Sir (said he) this is my master's nature, though his grief be such, as to live is a grief unto him, and that even his reason is darkened with sorrow; yet the laws of hospitality (long and holily observed by him) give still such a sway to his proceeding, that he will no way suffer the stranger, lodged under his roof, to receive (as it were) any infection of his anguish, especially you, toward whom I know not whether his love, or admiration be greater. But *Palladius* could scarce hear out his tale with patience, so was his heart torn in pieces with compassion of the case, liking of *Kalander's* noble behaviour, kindness for his respect to him-ward, and desire to find some remedy, besides the image of his dearest friend *Dai-phantus*, whom he judged to suffer either alike or worse fortune. Therefore rising from the board, he desired the steward to tell him particularly the ground and event of this accident, because by knowledge of many circumstances, there might perhaps some way of help be opened. Whereunto the steward easily in this sort condescended.

My Lord! (said he) when our good king *Basilus*, with better success than expectation, took to wife (even in his more than decaying years) the fair young princess *Gynecia*; there came with her a young lord, cousin german to her self, named *Argalus*, led hither partly with the love and honour of his noble kinswoman, partly with the humour of youth, which ever thinks that good, whose goodness he sees not. And in this court he received so good increase of knowledge, that after some years spent, he so manifested a most virtuous mind in all his actions,
that

that *Arcadia* gloried such a plant was transported unto them, being a gentleman indeed most rarely accomplished, excellently learned, but without all vain glory: friendly without factiousness; valiant, so as for my part, I think the earth hath no man that hath done more heroical acts than he; howsoever now of late the same flies of the two princes of *Theffalia* and *Macedon*, and hath long done of our noble prince *Amphialus*; who indeed in our parts is only accounted likely to match him: but I say for my part, I think no man, for valour of mind, and ability of body, to be preferred, if equalled to *Argalus*; and yet so valiant, as he never durst do any body injury: in behaviour, some will say, ever sad, surely sober, and somewhat given to musing, but never uncourteous; his word ever led by his thought, and followed by his deed; rather liberal than magnificent, tho' the one wanted not, and the other had ever good choice of the receiver: in sum (for I perceive I shall easily take a great draught of his praises, whom both I, and all this country love so well) such a man was (and I hope is) *Argalus*, as hardly the nicest eye can find a spot in, if the over-vehement constancy of yet spotless affection, may not in hard-wrested constructions be counted a spot: which in this manner began that work in him, which hath made both him, and it self in him, over all this country famous. My master's son *Clitiphon* (whose loss gives the cause to this discourse, and yet gives me cause to begin with *Argalus*, since his loss proceeds from *Argalus*) being a young gentleman as of great birth (being our king's sister's son) so truly of good nature, and one that can see good and love it, haunted more the company of this worthy *Argalus*, than of any other; so, as if there were not a friendship (which is so rare, as it is to be doubted whether it be a thing in deed, or but a word) at least there was such a liking and friendliness, as hath brought forth the effects which you shall hear. About two years since, it so fell out, that he brought him to a great lady's house, sister to my master, who had with her
her

her only daughter, the fair *Parthenia*, fair indeed (same I think it self daring not to call any fairer, if it be not *Helen* queen of *Corinth*, and the two incomparable sisters of *Arcadia*) and that which made her fairness much the fairer, was, that it was but a fair ambassador of a most fair mind; full of wit, and a wit which delighted more to judge it self, than to shew it self: her speech being as rare, as precious; her silence without fullness; her modesty without affectation; her shamefacedness without ignorance: in sum, one that to praise well, one must first set down with himself, what it is to be excellent: for so she is.

I think you think, that these perfections meeting, could not chuse but find one another, and delight in that they found; for likeness of manners is likely in reason to draw liking with affection; men's actions do not always cross with reason: to be short, it did so indeed. They loved, although for a while the fire thereof (hope's wings being cut off) were blown by the bellows of despair upon this occasion.

There had been a good while before, and so continued, a suitor to this same lady, a great noble man, though of *Laconia*, yet near neighbour to *Parthenia's* mother, named *Demagoras*; a man mighty in riches and power, and proud thereof, stubbornly stout, loving no body but himself, and, for his own delight's sake, *Parthenia*: and pursuing vehemently his desire, his riches had so gilded over all his other imperfections, that the old lady (though contrary to my lord her brother's mind) had given her consent; and using a mother's authority upon her fair daughter had made her yield thereunto, not because she liked her choice, but because her obedient mind had not yet taken upon it to make choice, and the day of their assurance drew near, when my young lord *Clitiphon* brought this noble *Argalus*, perchance principally to see so rare a sight, as *Parthenia* by all well-judging eyes was judged.

But though few days were before the time of assurance appointed, yet love that saw he had a great journey to
make

make in short time, hasted so himself, that before her word could tie her to *Demagoras*, her heart hath vowed her to *Argalus*, with so grateful a receipt in mutual affection, that if she desired above all things to have *Argalus*, *Argalus* feared nothing but to miss *Parthenia*. And now *Parthenia* had learned both liking and misliking, loving and loathing, and out of passion began to take the authority of judgment; insomuch, that when the time came that *Demagoras* (full of proud joy) thought to receive the gift of her self; she, with words of resolute refusal (though with tears, shewing she was sorry she must refuse) assured her mother, she would first be bedded in her grave, than wedded to *Demagoras*. The change was no more strange, than unpleasant to the mother: who being determinately (lest I should say of a great lady, wilfully) bent to marry her to *Demagoras*, tried all ways, which a witty and hard-hearted mother could use, upon so humble a daughter in whom the only resisting power was love. But the more she assaulted, the more she taught *Parthenia* to defend; and the more *Parthenia* defended, the more she made her mother obstinate in the assault: who at length finding that *Argalus* standing between them, was it that most eclipsed her affection from shining upon *Demagoras*, she sought all means how to remove him, so much the more as he manifested himself an unremoveable suitor to her daughter: first by employing him in as many dangerous enterprises, as ever the evil stepmother *Juno* recommended to the famous *Hercules*: but the more his virtue was tried, the more pure it grew, while all the things she did to overthrow him, did set him up upon the height of honour; enough to have moved her heart, especially to a man every way so worthy as *Argalus*: but she struggling against all reason, because she would have her will, and shew her authority in matching her with *Demagoras*, the more virtuous *Argalus* was, the more she hated him, thinking herself conquered in his conquests, and therefore still employing him in more and more dangerous attempts: in
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the mean while she used all extremities possible upon her fair daughter, to make her give over her self to her direction. But it was hard to judge whether he in doing, or she in suffering, shewed greater constancy of affection: for, as to *Argalus* the world sooner wanted occasions, than he valour to go through them: so to *Parthenia*, malice sooner ceased, than her unchanged patience. Lastly, by treasons *Demagoras* and she would have made away *Argalus*; but he with providence and courage so past over all, that the mother took such a spiteful grief at it, that her heart brake withal, and she died.

But then *Demagoras* assuring himself, that now *Parthenia* was her own, she would never be his, and receiving as much by her own determinate answer, not more desiring his own happiness, than envying *Argalus*, whom he saw with narrow eyes, even ready to enjoy the perfection of his desires, strengthening his conceit with all the mischievous counsels which disdained love, and envious pride could give unto him; the wicked wretch (taking a time that *Argalus* was gone to his country, to fetch some of his principal friends to honour the marriage, which *Parthenia* had most joyfully consented unto) the wicked *Demagoras*, I say, desiring to speak with her, with unmerciful force (her weak arms in vain resisting) rubbed all over her face a most horrible poison: the effect whereof was such, that never leper looked more ugly than she did: which done, having his men and horses ready, departed away in spite of his servants, as ready to revenge as could be, in such an unexpected mischief. But the abominableness of this fact being come to my L. *Kalandar*, he made such means, both by our king's intercession and his own, that by the king and senate of *Lacedæmon*, *Demagoras* was, upon pain of death, banished the country: who hating the punishment, where he should have hated the fault, joined himself, with all the power he could make, unto the *Helots*, lately in rebellion against that state: and they (glad to have a man of such authority among them) made him their general;

ral; and under him have committed divers the most outrageous villanies, that a base multitude (full of desperate revenge) can imagine.

But within a while after this pitiful fact committed upon *Parthenia*, *Argalus* returned (poor Gentleman!) having her fair image in his heart, and already promising his eyes the uttermost of his felicity when they (no body else daring to tell it him) were the first messengers to themselves of their own misfortune. I mean not to move passion with telling you the grief of both, when he knew her, for at first he did not; nor at first knowledge could possibly have virtue's aid so ready, as not even weakly to lament the loss of such a jewel, so much the more, as that skilful men in that art assured it was unrecoverable: but within a while, truth of love (which still held the first face in his memory) a virtuous constancy, and even a delight to be constant, faith given, and inward worthiness shining through the foulest mists, took so full hold of the noble *Argalus*, that not only in such comfort which witty arguments may bestow upon adversity, but even with the most abundant kindness that an eye-ravished lover can express, he laboured both to drive the extremity of sorrow from her, and to hasten the celebration of their Marriage: whereunto he unfeignedly shewed himself no less cheerfully earnest, than if she had never been disinherited of that goodly portion, which nature had so liberally bequeathed unto her; and for that cause deferred his intended revenge upon *Demagoras*, because he might continually be in her presence; shewing more humble serviceableness, and joy to content her, than ever before.

But as he gave this rare example, not to be hoped for of any other, but of another *Argalus*: so of the other side, she took as strange a course in affection: for, when she desired to enjoy him, more than to live; yet did she overthrow both her own desire and his, and in no sort would yield to marry him: with a strange encounter of love's affects and effects; that he by an affection sprung from excessive beauty, should delight in horrible foulness

ness; and she of a vehement desire to have him, should kindly build a resolution never to have him; for truth it is, that so in heart she loved him, as she could not find in her heart he should be tied to what was unworthy of his presence.

Truly, Sir, a very good orator might have a fair field to use eloquence in, if he did but only repeat the lamentable, and truly affectionated speeches, while he conjured her by remembrance of her affection, and true oaths of his own affection, not to make him so unhappy, as to think he had not only lost her face; but her heart; that her face, when it was fairest, had been but as a marshal, to lodge the love of her in his mind, which now was so well placed, as it needed no farther help of any outward harbinger: beseeching her, even with tears, to know, that his love was not so superficial, as to go no farther than the skin; which yet now to him was most fair since it was hers: how could he be so ungrateful, as to love her the less for that which she had only received for his sake? that he never beheld it, but therein he saw the loveliness of her love towards him: protesting unto her, that he would never take joy of his life, if he might not enjoy her, from whom principally he was glad he had life. But (as I heard by one that over-heard them) she (wringing him by the hand) made no other answer but this; my lord, said she, God knows I love you; if I were princess of the whole world, and had withal, all the blessings that ever the world brought forth, I should not make delay, to lay my self and them under your feet; or if I had continued but as I was, though (I must confess) far unworthy of you, yet would I (with too great a joy for my heart now to think of) have accepted your vouchsafing me to be yours, and with faith and obedience would have supplied all other defects. But first let me be much more miserable than I am, e'er I match *Argalus* to such a *Parthenia*; live happy dear *Argalus*, I give you full liberty, and I beseech

beseech you take it ; and I assure you I shall rejoyce (whatsoever become of me) to see you so coupled, as may be fit both for your honour and satisfaction. With that she burst out in crying and weeping, not able longer to contain her self from blaming her fortune, and wishing her own death.

But *Argalus* with a most heavy heart still pursuing his desire, she fixed of mind to avoid farther intreaty, and to flie all company ; which (even of him) grew unpleasant unto her, one night she stole away : but whither, as yet it is unknown or indeed what is become of her.

Argalus sought her long, and in many places ; at length (despairing to find her, and the more he despaired, the more enraged) weary of his life : but first determining to be revenged of *Demagoras*, he went alone disguised into the chief town held by the *Helots* : where coming into his presence, guarded about by many of his soldiers, he could delay his fury no longer for a fitter time : but setting upon him, in despite of a great many that helped him, gave him divers mortal wounds, and himself (no question) had been there presently murthered, but that *Demagoras* himself desired he might be kept alive : perchance with intention to feed his own eyes with some cruel execution to be laid upon him ; but death came sooner than he looked for ; yet having had leisure to appoint his successor, a young man, not long before delivered out of the prison of the king of *Lacedemon*, where he should have suffered death for having slain the king's nephew, but him he named, who at that time was absent, making inroads upon the *Lacedemonians* ; but being returned, the rest of the *Helots*, for the great liking they conceived of that young man, especially because they had none among themselves to whom the others would yield, were content to follow *Demagoras's* appointment. And well hath it succeeded with them, he having since done things beyond the hope of the youngest heads ; of whom I speak the rather, because he hath hitherto preserved *Argalus* alive, under pretence to have him publickly, and
with

with exquisite torments executed after the end of these wars, of which they hope for a soon and prosperous issue.

And he hath likewise hitherto kept my young lord *Clitophon* alive, who (to redeem his friend) went with certain other noble men of *Laconia*, and forces gathered by them, to besiege this young and new successor: but he issuing out (to the wonder of all men) defeated the *Laconians*, slew many of the noble men, and took *Clitophon* prisoner, whom with much ado he keepeth alive, the *Helots* being villainously cruel; but he tempereth them so, sometimes by following their humour, sometimes by striving with it, that hitherto he hath saved both their lives, but in different estates; *Argalus* being kept in a close and hard prison, *Clitophon* at some liberty. And now, Sir, though (to say the truth) we can promise our selves little of their safeties, while they are in the *Helot's* hand, I have delivered all I understand touching the loss of my lord's son, and the cause thereof: which though it was not necessary to *Clitophon's* case, to be so particularly told, yet the strangeness of it, made me think it would not be unpleasant unto you.

Palladius thanked him greatly for it, being even passionately delighted with hearing so strange an accident of a knight so famous over the world, as *Argalus*, with whom he had himself a long desire to meet: so had fame poured a noble emulation in him towards him.

But then (well bethinking himself) he called for armour, desiring them to provide him of horse and guide, and armed all saving the head, he went up to *Kalander*, whom he found lying upon the ground, having ever since banished both sleep and food, as enemies to the mourning, which passion persuaded him was reasonable. But *Palladius* raised him up, saying unto him: No more, no more of this my L. *Kalander*; let us labour to find, before we lament the loss: you know my self miss one, who though he be not my son, I would disdain the favour of life after him: but while there is hope left, let not the weakness of sorrow, make the strength of it lan-

guish: take comfort, and good success will follow. And with those words, comfort seemed to lighten in his eyes, and in his face and gesture was painted victory. Once, *Kalander's* spirits were so revived withal, that (receiving some sustenance, and taking a little rest) he armed himself, and those few of his servants he had left unsent, and so himself guided *Palladius* to the place upon the frontiers; where already there were assembled between three and four thousand men, all well disposed (for *Kalander's* sake) to abide any peril: but like men disused with a long peace, more determinate to do, than skilful how to do: lusty bodies, and brave armours; with such courage, as rather grew of despising their enemies, whom they knew not, than of any confidence for any thing which in themselves they knew: but neither cunning use of their weapons, nor art shewed in their marching or incamping. Which *Palladius* soon perceiving he desired to understand (as much as could be delivered unto him) the estate of the *Helots*.

And he was answered by a man well acquainted with the affairs of *Laconia*, that they were a kind of people, who having been of old freemen and possessors, the *Lacedemonians* had conquered them, and laid not only tribute, but bondage upon them, which they had long borne, till of late the *Lacedemonians*, through greediness growing more heavy than they could bear, and through contempt less careful how to make them bear, they had with a general consent (rather springing by the generalness of the cause, than of any artificial practice) set themselves in arms, and whetting their courage with revenge, and grounding their resolution upon despair, they had proceeded with unlooked for success, having already taken divers towns and castles with the slaughter of many of the gentry; for whom no sex nor age could be accepted for an excuse. And that although at the first they had fought rather with beastly fury, than any soldiery discipline, practice had now made them comparable to the best of the *Lacedemonians*, and more of late than

than ever; by reason, first of *Demagoras*, a great lord, who had made himself of their party, and since his death, of another captain they had gotten, who had brought up their ignorance, and brought down their fury, to such a mean of good government, and withal led them so valourously, that (besides the time wherein *Clitophon* was taken) they had the better in some other great conflicts: in such wise, that the estate of *Lacedemon* had sent unto them, offering peace with most reasonable and honourable conditions. *Palladius* having gotten this general knowledge of the party against whom, as he had already of the party for whom he was to fight, he went to *Kalander*, and told him plainly that by plain force, there was small appearance of helping *Clitophon*; but some device was to be taken in hand, wherein no less discretion than valour was to be used.

Whereupon, the counsel of the chief men was called, and at last, this way *Palladius* (who by some experience, but especially by reading histories, was acquainted with stratagems) invented, and was by all the rest approved, that all the men there should dress themselves like the poorest sort of the people in *Arcadia*, having no banners, but bloody shirts hanged upon long staves, with some bad bag-pipes instead of drum and fife: their armour they should, as well as might be, cover, or at least make them look so rustily, and ill-favouredly as might well become such wearers, and this the whole number should do, saving two hundred of the best chosen gentlemen, for courage and strength, whereof *Palladius* himself would be one, who should have their arms chained, and be put in carts like prisoners. This being performed according to the agreement, they marched on towards the town of *Cardamila* where *Clitophon* was captive; and being come two hours before sun-set within view of the walls, the *Helots* already descrying their number, and beginning to sound the alarm, they sent a cunning fellow (so much the cunninger as that he could mask it under rudeness) who with such a kind of rhetorick, as weeded out all flowers of rhetorick, delivered unto the *Helots* assembled

together, that they were country-people of *Arcadia*, no less oppressed by their lords, and no less desirous of liberty than they, and therefore had put themselves in the field, and had already (besides a great number slain) taken nine or ten score gentlemen prisoners, whom they had there well and fast chained. Now because they had no strong retiring place in *Arcadia*, and were not yet of number enough to keep the field against the prince's forces, they were come to them for succour; knowing that daily more and more of their quality would flock unto them, but that in the mean time, lest their prince should pursue them, or the *Lacedæmonian* king and nobility (for the likeness of the cause) fall upon them, they desired that if there were not room enough for them in the town, that yet they might encamp under the walls, and for surety have their prisoners (who were such men as were able to make their peace) kept within the town.

The *Helots* made but a short consultation, being glad that their contagion had spread it self into *Arcadia*, and making account that if the peace did not fall out between them and their king, that it was the best way to set fire in all the parts of *Greece*; besides their greediness to have so many gentlemen in their hands, in whose ransoms they already meant to have a share; to which haste of concluding, two things well helped; the one, that their captain, with the wisest of them, was at that time absent, about confirming or breaking the peace with the state of *Lacedæmon*: the second, that over-many good fortunes began to breed a proud recklessness * in them; therefore sending to view the camp, and finding that by their speech they were *Arcadians*, with whom they had had no war, never suspecting a private man's credit could have gathered such a force, and that all other tokens witnessed them to be of the lowest calling (besides the chains upon the gentlemen) they granted not only leave for the prisoners, but for some others of the company, and to all, that they might harbour under the walls. So opened they

* I. E. Carelessness. See *Spenser*.

the gates, and received in the carts ; which being done, and *Palladius* seeing fit time, he gave the sign, and shaking off their chains (which were made with such art, that though they seemed most strong and fast, he that ware them might easily loose them) drew their swords hidden in the carts, and so setting upon the ward, made them to flie either from the place, or from their bodies, and so give entry to all the force of the *Arcadians* before the *Helots* could make any head to resist them.

But the *Helots* being men hardened against dangers, gathered (as well as they could) together in the market-place, and thence would have given a shrewd welcome to the *Arcadians*, but that *Palladius* (blaming those that were slow, heartening them that were forward, but especially with his own example leading them) made such an impression into the squadron of the *Helots*, that at first the great body of them beginning to shake and stagger ; at length, every particular body recommended the protection of his life to his feet. Then *Kalander* cryed to go to the prison where he thought his son was ; but *Palladius* wished him (first scouring the streets) to house all the *Helots*, and make themselves masters of the gates.

But e'er that could be accomplished, the *Helots* had gotten new heart, and with divers sorts of shot from corners of streets, and house-windows, galled them ; which courage was come unto them by the return of their captain ; who, though he brought not many with him (having dispersed most of his companies to other of his holds) yet meeting a great number running out of the gate, not yet possessed by the *Arcadians*, he made them turn face, and with banners displayed, his trumpet give the loudest testimony he could of his return ; which once heard, the rest of the *Helots*, which were otherwise scattered, bent thitherward with a new life of resolution : as if their captain had been a root, out of which (as into branches) their courage had sprung. Then began the fight to grow most sharp, and the encounters of more cruel obstinacy : the *Arcadians* fighting to keep
that

that they had won; the *Helots* to recover what they had lost; the *Arcadians* as in an unknown place, having no succour but in their hands; the *Helots* as in their own place, fighting for their livings, wives and children. There was victory and courage against revenge and despair: safety of both sides being no otherwise to be gotten, but by destruction.

At length, the left wing of the *Arcadians* began to lose ground; which *Palladius* seeing, he straight thrust himself with his choice band against the throng that oppressed them, with such an overflowing of valour, that the captain of the *Helots* (whose eyes soon judged of that wherewith themselves were governed) saw that he alone was worth all the rest of the *Arcadians*: which he so wondered at, that it was hard to say, whether he more liked his doings, or disliked the effects of his doings: but determining that upon that cast the game lay, and disdaining to fight with any other, fought only to joyn with him: which mind was no less in *Palladius*, having easily marked that he was at the first mover of all the other hands. And so their thoughts meeting in one point, they consented (though not agreed) to try each others fortune: and so drawing themselves to be the uttermost of the one side, they began a combat, which was so much inferior to the battel in noise and number, as it was surpassing it in bravery of fighting, and, as it were, delightful terribleness. Their courage was guided with skill, and their skill was armed with courage; neither did their hardiness darken their wit, nor their wit cool their hardiness: both valiant, as men despising death, both confident, as unwonted to be overcome: yet doubtful by their present feeling, and respectful by what they had already seen. Their feet steady, their hands diligent, their eyes watchful, and their hearts resolute. The parts either not armed, or weakly armed, were well known, and according to the knowledge should have been sharply visited, but that the answer was as quick as the objections. Yet some lightening, the smart bred rage, and the rage bred

bred smart again : till both sides beginning to wax faint, and rather desirous to die accompanied, than hopeful to live victorious, the captain of the *Helots* with a blow, whose violence grew of fury, not of strength, or of strength proceeding of fury, struck *Palladius* upon the side of the head, that he reeled astonied : and withal the helmet fell off, he remaining bare-headed, but other of the *Arcadians* were ready to shield him from any harm might rise of that nakedness.

But little needed it, for his chief enemy, instead of pursuing that advantage, kneeled down, offering to deliver the pommel of his sword, in token of yielding ; withal speaking aloud unto him, that he thought it more liberty to be his prisoner, than any other's general. *Palladius* standing upon himself, and misdoubting some craft, and the *Helots*, that were next their captain, wavering between looking for some stratagem, or fearing treason ; what, said the captain, hath *Palladius* forgotten the voice of *Daiphantus*.

By that watch-word *Palladius* knew that it was his only friend *Pyrocles*, whom he had lost upon the sea, and therefore both most full of wonder, so to be met, if they had not been fuller of joy than wonder, caused the retreat to be sounded, *Daiphantus* by authority, and *Palladius* by persuasion ; to which helped well the little advantage that was of either side : and that of the *Helots* party, their captain's behaviour had made as many amazed as saw or heard of it : and of the *Arcadian* side the good old *Kalander*, striving more than his old age could achieve, was newly taken prisoner. But indeed the chief parter of the fray was the night, which with her black arms pulled their malicious fights one from the other. But he that took *Kalander*, meant nothing less than to save him, but only so long, as the captain might learn the enemies secrets, towards whom he led the old gentleman, when he caused the retreat to be sounded ; looking for no other delivery from that captivity, but by the painful taking away of all pain : when whom should he see next to
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the captain (with good tokens how valiantly he had fought that day against the *Arcadians*) but his son *Clitophon*? but now the captain had caused all the principal *Helots* to be assembled, as well to deliberate what they had to do, as to receive a message from the *Arcadians*, among whom *Palladius*'s virtue (besides the love *Kalander* bare him) having gotten principal authority, he had persuaded them to seek rather by parley to recover the father and the son, than by the sword: since the goodness of the captain assured him that way to speed, and his valour (wherewith he was of old acquainted) made him think any other way dangerous. This therefore was done in orderly manner, giving them to understand, that as they came but to deliver *Clitophon*, so offering to leave the footing they already had in the town, to go away without any farther hurt, so as they might have the father and the son without ransom delivered. Which conditions being heard and conceived by the *Helots*, *Daiphantus* persuaded them without delay to accept them. For first, said he, since the strife is within our own home, if you lose, you lose all that in this life can be dear unto you: if you win, it will be a bloody victory with no profit, but the flattering in our selves that same bad humour of revenge. Besides, it is like to stir *Arcadia* upon us, which now, by using these persons well, may be brought to some amity. Lastly, but especially, lest the king and nobility of *Laconia*, (with whom now we have made a perfect peace) should hope, by occasion of this quarrel, to join the *Arcadians* with them, and so break off the profitable agreement already concluded: in sum, as in all deliberations (weighing the profit of the good success with the harm of the evil success) you shall find this way most safe and honourable.

The *Helots*, as much moved by his authority, as persuaded by his reasons, were content therewith. Whereupon *Palladius* took order that the *Arcadians* should presently march out of the town, taking with them their prisoners, while the night with mutual diffidence might keep

keep them quiet, and e'er day came, they might be well on of their way, and so avoid those accidents which in late enemies, a look, a word, or a particular man's quarrel might engender. This being on both sides concluded on, *Kalander* and *Clitophon*, who now, with infinite joy did know each other, came to kiss the hands and feet of *Daiphantus*: *Clitophon* telling his father how *Daiphantus*, not without danger to himself, had preserved him from the furious malice of the *Helots*: and even that day going to conclude the peace (lest in his absence he might receive some hurt) he had taken him in his company, and given him armour, upon promise he should take the part of the *Helots*; which he had in this fight performed, little knowing that it was against his father; but, said *Clitophon*, here is he, who, as a father, hath now begotten me, and, as a God, hath saved me from many deaths, which already laid hold on me: which *Kalander* with tears of joy acknowledged, besides his own deliverance, only his benefit. But *Daiphantus*, who loved doing well for it self, and not for thanks, brake off those ceremonies; desiring to know how *Palladius*, for so he called *Musidorus*, was come into that company, and what his present estate was; whereof receiving a brief declaration of *Kalander*, he sent him word by *Clitophon*, that he should not as now come unto him, because he held himself not so sure a master of the *Helots* minds, that he would adventure him in their power, who was so well known with an unfriendly acquaintance; but that he desired him to return with *Kalander*, whither also he within few days, having dispatched himself of the *Helots*, would repair. *Kalander* would needs kiss his hand again for that promise, protesting he would esteem his house more blessed than a temple of the gods, if it had once received him. And then desiring pardon for *Argalus*, *Daiphantus* assured them that he would die but he would bring him (though till then kept in close prison, indeed for his safety, the *Helots* being so animated against him as else he could not have lived) and so taking their leave of him, *Kalander*,
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Clitophon, *Palladius*, and the rest of the *Arcadians* swearing that they would no farther in any sort molest the *Helots*, they straightway marched out of the town, carrying both their dead and wounded bodies with them; and by morning were already within the limits of *Arcadia*.

The *Helots* of the other side shutting their gates, gave themselves to bury their dead, to cure their wounds, and rest their wearied bodies; till (the next day bestowing the cheerful use of the light upon them) *Daiphantus* making a general convocation, spake unto them in this manner: We are first, said he, to thank the gods, that (farther than we had either cause to hope, or reason to imagine) have delivered us out of this gulf of danger, wherein we were already swallowed. For all being lost, had they not directed my return so just as they did, it had been too late to recover that, which being had, we could not keep. And had I not happened to know one of the principal men among them, by which means the truce began between us, you may easily conceive, what little reason we have to think, but that either by some supply out of *Arcadia*, or from the nobility of this country, (who would have made fruits of wisdom grow out of this occasion) we should have had our power turned to ruin, our pride to repentance and sorrow. But now, the storm, as it fell, so it ceased: and the error committed, in retaining *Clitophon* more hardly than his age or quarrel deserved, becomes a sharply learned experience, to use, in other times, more moderation.

Now have I to deliver unto you the conclusion between the kings with the nobility of *Lacedæmon*, and you; which is in all points as our selves desired: as well for that you would have granted, as for the assurance of what is granted. The towns and forts you presently have, are still left unto you, to be kept either with, or without garrison, so as you alter not the laws of the country, and pay such duties as the rest of the *Laconians* do; your selves are made, by publick decree, freemen, and so capable both to give and receive voice in election of magistrates.

strates. The distinction of names between *Helots* and *Lacedaemonians* to be quite taken away, and all indifferently to enjoy both names and privileges of *Laconians*. Your children to be brought up with theirs in the *Spartan* discipline: and so you (framing your selves to be good members of that estate) to be hereafter *fellows*, and no longer *servants*.

Which conditions, you see, carry in themselves no more contention than assurance; for this is not a peace which is made with them; but this is a peace, by which you are made of them. Lastly, a *Forgetfulness* decreed of all what is past, they shewing themselves glad to have so valiant men as you are, joyned with them, so that you are to take minds of peace, since the cause of war is finished; and as you hated them before like oppressors, so now to love them as brothers; to take care of their estate, because it is yours; and to labour by virtuous doing, that the posterity may not repent your joyning. But now one article only they stood upon, which in the end I with your commissioners have agreed unto, that I should no more tarry here, mistaking perchance my humour, and thinking me as seditious as I am young; or else it is the king *Amiclas* procuring, in respect that it was my ill hap to kill his nephew *Eurileon*; but howsoever it be, I have condescended. But so will not we, cried almost the whole assembly, counselling one another, rather to try the uttermost event, than lose him by whom they had been victorious. But he as well with general orations, as particular dealing with the men of most credit, made them thoroughly see how necessary it was to prefer such an opportunity before a vain affection; but could not prevail, till openly he sware, that he would (if at any time the *Lacedaemonians* brake this treaty) come back again, and be their captain.

So then, after a few days, setting them in perfect order, he took his leave of them, whose eyes bad him farewell with tears, and mouths with kissing the places where he stepped, and after making temples unto him, as to a demi-god;

god ; thinking it beyond the degree of humanity to have a wit so far over-going his age, and such dreadful terror proceed from so excellent beauty. But he for his sake obtained free pardon for *Argalus*, whom also (upon oath never to bear arms against the *Helots*) he delivered : and taking only with him certain principal jewels of his own, he would have parted alone with *Argalus* (whose countenance well shewed, while *Parthenia* was lost, he counted not himself delivered) but that the whole multitude would needs guard him into *Arcadia*. Where again leaving them all to lament his departure, he by enquiry got to the well-known house of *Kalander*. There was he received with loving joy of *Kalander*, with joyful love of *Palladius*, with humble, though doleful, demeanour of *Argalus*, (whom specially both he and *Palladius* regarded) with grateful serviceableness of *Clitophon*, and honourable admiration of all. For being now well viewed to have no hair on his face, to witness him a man, who had done acts beyond the degree of a man, and to look with a certain almost bashful kind of modesty, as if he feared the eyes of men, who was unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenances of death ; and as if nature had mistaken her work to have a *Mars's* heart in a *Cupid's* body : all that beheld him (and all that might behold him, did behold him) made their eyes quick messengers to their minds, that there they had seen the uttermost that in mankind might be seen. The like wonder *Palladius* had before stirred, but that *Daiphantus*, as younger and newer come, had gotten now the advantage in the moist and fickle impression of eye-sight. But while all men, saving poor *Argalus*, made the joy of their eyes speak for their hearts towards *Daiphantus* : Fortune (that belike was bid to that banquet, and meant to play the good-fellow) brought a pleasant adventure among them. It was, that as they had newly dined, there came in to *Kalander* a messenger, that brought him word, a young noble lady, near kinswoman to the fair *Helen*, queen of *Corinth*, was come thither, and desired to be lodged

in his house. *Kalander* (most glad of such an occasion) went out, and all his other worthy guests with him, saving only *Argalus*, who remained in his chamber, desirous that this company were once broken up, that he might go in his solitary quest after *Parthenia*. But when they met this lady, *Kalander* straight thought he saw his niece *Parthenia*, and was about in such familiar sort to have spoken unto her; but she, in grave and honourable manner, giving him to understand that he was mistaken; he, half ashamed, excused himself with the exceeding likeness was between them, though indeed it seemed that this lady was of the more pure and dainty complexion, she said, it might very well be, having been many times taken one for another. But as soon as she was brought into the house, before she would rest her, she desired to speak with *Argalus* publickly, who she heard was in the house. *Argalus* came hastily, and as hastily thought as *Kalander* had done, with sudden change of joy into sorrow. But she, when she had staied their thoughts with telling them her name and quality, in this sort spake unto him. My Lord *Argalus*, said she, being of late left in the court of queen *Helen* of *Corinth*, as chief in her absence, she being upon some occasion gone thence, there came unto me the lady *Parthenia*, so disfigured, as I think *Greece* hath nothing so ugly to behold. For my part, it was many days, before, with vehement oaths, and some good proofs, she could make me think that she was *Parthenia*. Yet at last finding certainly it was she, and greatly pitying her misfortune, so much the more, as that all men had even told me, as now you do, of the great likeness between us, I took the best care I could of her, and of her understood the whole tragical history of her undeserved adventure: and therewithal, of that most noble constancy in you my lord *Argalus*: which whosoever loves not, shews himself to be a hater of virtue, and unworthy to live in the society of mankind. But no outward cherishing could salve the inward sore of her mind; but a few days since she died; before her death earnestly de-

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firing, and perswading me to think of no husband but of you, as of the only man in the world worthy to be loved. Withal she gave me this ring to deliver you, desiring you, and by the authority of love commanding you, that the affection you bare her, you should turn to me; assuring you, that nothing can please her soul more, than to see you and me matched together. Now my lord, though this office be not, perchance, suitable to my estate, nor sex, who should rather look to be desired; yet, an extraordinary desert requires an extraordinary proceeding: and therefore I am come, with faithful love built upon your worthiness, to offer my self, and to beseech you to accept the offer: and if these noble gentlemen present will say it is great folly, let them withal say, it is great love. And then she staid, earnestly attending *Argalus's* answer; who, first making most hearty sighs, doing such obsequies as he could to *Parthenia*, thus answered her.

Madam, said he, infinitely am I bound unto you, for this, no more rare than noble courtesy; but much bound for the goodness I perceive you shewed to the lady *Parthenia* (with that the tears ran down his eyes, but he followed on) and as much as so unfortunate a man, fit to be the spectacle of misery, can do you service; determine you have made a purchase of a slave, while I live, never to fail you. But this great matter you propose unto me, wherein I am not so blind as not to see what happiness it should be unto me; excellent lady, know that if my heart were mine to give, you before all other should have it; but *Parthenia's* it is, though dead: there I began, there I end all matter of affection: I hope I shall not long tarry after her, with whose beauty if I had only been in love, I should be so with you, who have the same beauty; but it was *Parthenia's* self I loved, and love, which no likeness can make one, no commandment dissolve, no foulness defile, nor no death finish. And shall I receive, said she, such disgrace as to be refused? noble lady, said he, let not that hard word be used; who know your exceeding worthiness far beyond my desert: but it is

is only happiness I refuse, since of the only happiness I could and can desire, I am refused.

He had scarce spoken those words, when she ran to him, and embracing him, why then *Argalus*, said she, take thy *Parthenia*: and *Parthenia* it was indeed. But because sorrow forbad him too soon to believe, she told him the truth, with all circumstances: how being parted alone, meaning to die in some solitary place, as she happened to make her complaint, the queen *Helen* of *Corinth* (who likewise felt her part of miseries) being then walking also alone in that lovely place, heard her, and never left, till she had known the whole discourse. Which the noble queen greatly pitying, she sent to her a physician of hers, the most excellent man in the world, in hope he could help her: which in such sort as they saw he had performed, and she taking with her of the queen's servants, thought yet to make this trial, whether he would quickly forget his true *Parthenia*, or no. Her speech was confirmed by the *Corinthian* gentlemen, who before had kept her counsel, and *Argalus* easily persuaded to what more than ten thousand years of life he desired: and *Kalander* would needs have the marriage celebrated in his house, principally the longer to hold his dear guest, towards whom he was now, besides his own habit of hospitality, carried with love and duty: and therefore omitted no service that his wit could invent and his power minister.

But no way he saw he could so much pleasure them, as by leaving the two friends alone, who being shrunk aside to the banqueting-house, where the pictures were; there *Palladius* recounted unto him, that after they had both abandoned the burning ship (and either of them taking something under him, the better to support him to the shore) he knew not how, but either with over-labouring in the fight, and sudden cold, or the too much receiving of salt-water, he was past himself: but yet holding fast, as the nature of dying men is to do, the chest that was under him, he was cast on the sands, where he was taken

up by a couple of shepherds, and by them brought to life again, and kept from drowning himself, when he despaired of his safety. How after having failed to take him into the fisher-boat, he had by the shepherds persuasion come to this gentleman's house; where being dangerously sick, he had yielded to seek the recovery of health, only for that he might the sooner go seek the delivery of *Pyrocles*; to which purpose *Kalander* by some friends of his in *Messina*, had already set a ship or two abroad, when this accident of *Clitophon's* taking had so blessedly procured their meeting. Then did he set forth unto him the noble entertainment and careful cherishing of *Kalander* towards him, and so upon occasion of the pictures present, delivered with the frankness of a friend's tongue, as near as he could, word by word what *Kalander* had told him touching the strange story, with all the particularities belonging, of *Arcadia*; which did in many sorts so delight *Pyrocles* to hear, that he would needs have much of it again repeated, and was not contented till *Kalander* himself had answered him divers questions.

But first, at *Musidorus's* request, though in brief manner, his mind much running upon the strange story of *Arcadia*, he did declare by what course of adventures he was come to make up their mutual happiness in meeting. When, cousin said he, we had stripped our selves, and were both leaped into the sea, and swam a little toward the shore, I found, by reason of some wounds I had, that I should not be able to get the land, and therefore returned back again to the mast of the ship, where you found me, assuring my self, that if you came alive to shore, you would seek me; if you were lost, as I thought it as good to perish as to live, so that place as good to perish in as another. There I found my sword among some of the shrowds, wishing, I must confess, if I died, to be found with that in my hand, and withal waving it about my head, that sailers by, might have the better glimpse of me. There you missing me, I was taken up by pirates, who putting me under board prisoner, pre-

presently set upon another ship, and maintaining a long fight, in the end put them all to the sword. Amongst whom I might hear them greatly praise one young man, who fought most valiantly, who (as love is careful, and misfortune subject to doubtfulness) I thought certainly to be you. And so holding you as dead, from that time till the time I saw you, in truth I fought nothing more than a noble end, which perchance made me more hardy than otherwise I would have been. Trial whereof came within two days after: for the kings of *Lacedemon* having set out some gallies, under the charge of one of their nephews, to scour the sea of the pirates, they met with us, where our captain wanting men, was driven to arm some of his prisoners, with promise of liberty for well fighting: among whom I was one; and being boarded by the admiral, it was my fortune to kill *Euryleon* the king's nephew: but in the end they prevailed, and we were all taken prisoners, I not caring much what became of me (only keeping the name of *Daiphantus*, according to the resolution you know is between us:) but being laid in the jayl of *Tenaria*, with special hate to me for the death of *Euryleon*, the popular sort of that town conspired with the *Helots*, and so by night opened them the gates; where entering and killing all of the genteel and rich faction, for honesty-sake brake open all prisons, and so delivered me: and I moved with gratefulness, and encouraged with carelessness of life, so behaved my self in some conflicts they had within few days, that they barbarously thinking unsensible wonders of me, and withal so much the better trusting me, as they heard I was hated of the king of *Lacedemon*, their chief captain being slain, as you know by the noble *Argalus* (who helped thereunto by his persuasion) having borne a great affection unto me, and to avoid the dangerous emulation which grew among the chief, who should have the place, and also affected, as rather to have a stranger than a competitor, they elected me (God wot little proud of that dignity,) restoring unto me such things of mine as being taken first

by the pirates, and then by *Lacedemonians*, they had gotten in the sack of the town. Now being in it, so good was my success with many victories, that I made a peace for them, to their own liking, the very day that you delivered *Clitophon*; whom I, with much ado, had preserved. And in my peace the king *Amiclas*, of *Lacedemon*, would needs have me banished, and deprived of the dignity, whereunto I was exalted: which (and you may see how much you are bound to me) for your sake I was content to suffer, a new hope rising in me that you were not dead: and so meaning to travel over the world to seek you; and now here, my dear *Musidorus*! you have me. And with that, embracing and kissing each other, they called *Kalander*, of whom *Daiphantus* desired to hear the full story, which before he had recounted to *Palladius*, and to see the letter of *Philanax*, which he read and well marked.

But within some days after, the marriage between *Argalus* and the fair *Parthenia* being to be celebrated, *Daiphantus* and *Palladius* selling some of their jewels, furnished themselves of very fair apparel, meaning to do honour to their loving host; who as much for their sakes, as for their marriage, set forth each thing in most gorgeous manner. But all the cost bestowed did not so much enrich, nor all the fine decking so much beautify, nor all the dainty devices so much delight, as the fairness of *Parthenia*, the pearl of all the maids of *Mantineia*; who as she went to the temple to be married, her eyes themselves seemed a temple, wherein love and beauty were married; her lips, though they were kept close with modest silence, yet with a pretty kind of natural swelling, they seemed to invite guests that looked on them; her cheeks blushing, and withal, when she was spoken unto, a little smiling, were like roses, when their leaves are with a little breath stirred; her hair being laid at the full length down her back, bare shew as if the ~~flow~~ toward failed, yet that would conquer. *Daiphantus* marking her, O *Jupiter*? (fair he speaking to *Palladius*) how happens it, that beauty is
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only confined to *Arcadia*? But *Palladius* not greatly attending his speech, some days were continued in the solemnizing the marriage, with all conceits that might deliver delight to men's fancies.

But such a change was grown in *Daiphantus*, that (as if chearfulness had been tediousness, and good entertainment were turned to discourtesy) he would ever get himself alone, though almost when he was in company, he was alone; so little attention he gave to any that spake unto him: even the colour and figure of his face began to receive some alteration, which he shewed little to heed: but every morning early going abroad, either to the garden, or to some woods towards the desert, it seemed his only comfort to be without a comforter. But long it could not be hid from *Palladius*, whom true love made ready to mark, and long knowledge able to mark; and therefore being now grown weary of his abode in *Arcadia*, having informed himself fully of the strength and riches of the country, of the nature of the people, and manner of their laws: and seeing the court could not be visited, prohibited to all men, but to certain shepherdish people; he greatly desired a speedy return to his own country, after the many mazes of fortune he had trodden. But perceiving this great alteration in his friend, had thought first to break with him thereof, and then to hasten his return; whereof he found him but smally inclined: whereupon one day taking him alone with certain graces and countenances, as if he were disputing with the trees, began in this manner to say unto him.

A mind well trained and long exercised in virtue, my sweet and worthy cousin! doth not easily change any course it once undertakes, but upon well-grounded and well-weighed causes; for being witness to it self of its own inward good, it finds nothing without it of so high a price for which it should be altered. Even the very countenance and behaviour of such a man doth shew forth images of the same constancy, by maintaining a right harmony betwixt it and the inward good, in yielding it self

suitable to the virtuous resolution of the mind. This speech I direct to you (noble friend *Pyrocles*!) the excellency of whose mind and well chosen course in virtue, if I do not sufficiently know, having seen such rare demonstrations of it, it is my weakness, and not your unworthiness: but as indeed I know it, and knowing it, most dearly love both it, and him that hath it: so must I needs say that since our late coming into this country, I have marked in you, I will not say, an alteration, but a relenting truly, and a slackening of the main career, you had so notably begun and almost performed, and that in such sort, as I cannot find sufficient reason in my great love toward you how to allow it: for (to leave off at her secreter arguments which my acquaintance with you makes me easily find) this in effect to any man may be manifest, that whereas you were wont in all places you came, to give your self vehemently to the knowledge of those things which might better your mind, to seek the familiarity of excellent men in learning and soldiery, and lastly to put all these things in practice both by continual wise proceeding, and worthy enterprises, as occasion fell for them; you now leave all these things undone: you let your mind fall asleep: beside your countenance troubled, which surely comes not of virtue, for virtue, like the clear heaven, is without clouds: and lastly, you subject your self to solitariness, the sly enemy, that doth most separate a man from well doing. *Pyrocles*'s mind was all this while so fixed upon another devotion, that he no more attentively marked his friend's discourse, than the child that hath leave to play, marks the last part of his lesson; or the diligent pilot in a dangerous tempest doth attend the unskilful words of a passenger: yet the very sound having imprinted the general points of his speech in his heart, pierced without any mislike of so dearly an esteemed friend, and desirous by degrees to bring him to a gentler consideration of him, with a shame-faced look (witnessing he rather could not help, than did not know his fault) answered him to this purpose: excellent *Musidorus*!

fidorus! in the praise you gave me in the beginning of your speech, I easily acknowledge the force of your good will unto me; for neither could you have thought so well of me, if extremity of love hath not made your judgment partial, nor could you have loved me, so entirely, if you had not been apt to make so great, though undeserved, judgments of me; and even so must I say to those imperfections, to which, though I have ever through weakness been subject, yet you by the daily mending of your mind have of late been able to look into them which before you could not discern; so that the change you speak of, falls not out by my impairing, but by your bettering. And yet under the leave of your better judgment, I must needs say thus much (my dear cousin!) that I find not my self wholly to be condemned, because I do not with continual vehemency follow those knowledges, which you call the bettering of my mind; for both the mind it self must, like other things, sometimes be unbent, or else it will be either weakened, or broken: and these knowledges, as they are of good use; so are they not all the mind may stretch it self unto: who knows whether I feed not my mind with higher thoughts? truly, as I know not all the particulars, so yet I see the bounds of all these knowledges: but the workings of the mind, I find much more infinite than can be led unto by the eye, or imagined by any that distract their thought without themselves. And such contemplation, or, as I think, more excellent, I enjoy my solitariness, and my solitariness perchance is the nurse of these contemplations. Eagles we see flie alone, and they are but sheep which always herd together; condemn not therefore my mind sometimes to enjoy it self; nor blame not the taking of such times as serve most fit for it. And alas (dear *Musidorus*!) if I be sad, who knows better than you the just causes I have of sadness? And here *Pyrocles* suddenly stopped, like a man unsatisfied in himself, though his wit might well have served to have satisfied another. And so looking with a countenance, as though he desired he should

should know his mind without hearing him speak, and yet desirous to speak, to breathe out some part of his inward evil, sending again new blood to his face, he continued his speech in this manner: and lord, dear cousin, said he, doth not the pleasantness of this place carry in it self sufficient reward for any time lost in it? do you not see how all things conspire together to make this country a heavenly dwelling? do you not see the grass, how in colour they excel the emerald, every one striving to pass his fellow, and yet they are all kept of an equal height? and see you not the rest of these beautiful flowers, each of which would require a man's wit to know, and his life to express? do not these stately trees seem to maintain their flourishing old age with the only happiness of their seat, being clothed with a continual spring, because no beauty here should ever fade? doth not the air breathe health, which the birds, delightful both to ear and eye, do daily solemnize with the sweet consent of their voices? is not every *Echo* thereof a perfect musick? and these fresh and delightful brooks how slowly they slide away, as loth to leave the company of so many things united in perfection? and with how sweet a murmur they lament their forced departure? certainly, certainly, cousin, it must needs be that some goddess inhabiteth this region, who is the soul of this soil: for neither is any less than a goddess, worthy to be shrined in such a heap of pleasures: nor any less than a goddess could have made it so perfect a plat of the celestial dwellings. And so ended with a deep sigh, ruefully * casting his eye upon *Musidorus*, as more desirous of pity than pleading. But *Musidorus* had all this while held his look fixed upon *Pyrocles's* countenance; and with no less loving attention marked how his words proceeded from him: but in both these, he perceived such strange diversities; that they rather increased new doubts, than gave him ground to settle any judgment: for besides his eyes sometimes even great with tears, the oft changing of his colour, with a kind of shaking unstayedness over all his body, he might see in his coun-

* Woefully,

tenance

tenance some great determination mixed with fear; and might perceive in him store of thoughts, rather stirred, than digested; his words interrupted continually with sighs, which served as a burthen to each sentence, and the tenour of his speech, though of his wonted phrase, not knit to gether to one constant end, but rather dissolved in it self, as the vehemency of the inward passion prevailed: which made *Musidorus* frame his answer nearest to that humour, which should soonest put out the secret. For having in the beginning of *Pyrocles's* speech, which defended his solitariness, framed in his mind a reply against it, in the praise of honourable action, in shewing that such a kind of contemplation is but a glorious title to idleness; that in action a man did not only better himself, but benefit others: that the gods would not have delivered a soul into the body, which had arms and legs, only instruments of doing, but that it were intended the mind should employ them, and that the mind should best know his own good or evil by practice, which knowledge was the only way to increase the one, and correct the other: besides many other arguments, which the plentifulness of the matter yielded to the sharpness of his wit. When he found *Pyrocles* leave that, and fall into such an affected praising of the place, he left it likewise, and joined with him therein: because he found him in that humour utter more store of passion; and even thus kindly embracing him, he said, your words are such (noble cousin!) so sweetly and strongly handled in the praise of solitariness, as they would make me likewise yield my self up into it, but that the same words make me know, it is more pleasant to enjoy the company of him that can speak such words, than by such words to be persuaded to follow solitariness. And even so do I give you leave, sweet *Pyrocles*, ever to defend solitariness, so long as to defend it, you ever keep company. But I marvel at the excessive praises you give to this country; in truth it is not unpleasant, but yet if you would return into *Macedon*, you should either see many heavens, or find this no more than earthly.

earthly. And even *Tempe* in my *Theffalia* (where you and I, to my great happiness, were brought up together) is nothing inferior unto it. But I think you will make me see, that the vigour of your wit can shew it self in any subject : or else you feed sometimes your solitariness with the conceits of the poets, whose liberal pens can as easily travel over mountains as molehills : and so like well-disposed men, set up every thing to the highest note ; especially, when they put such words in the mouths of one of these fantastical mind-infected people, that children and musicians call *Lovers*. This word, *Lover*, did no less pierce poor *Pyrocles*, than the right tune of musick toucheth him that is sick of the *Tarantula* *. There was not one part of his body that did not feel a sudden motion, while his heart, with panting seemed to dance to the sound of that word ; yet after some pause (lifting up his eyes a little from the ground, and yet not daring to place them in the eyes of *Musidorus*) armed with the very countenance of the poor prisoner at the bar, whose answer is nothing but guilty : with much ado he brought forth this question. And alas, said he, (dear cousin !) what if I be not so much the poet (the freedom of whose pen can exercise it self in any thing) as even that miserable subject of his cunning whereof you speak ? now the eternal gods forbid, mainly cried out *Musidorus*, that ever my ear should be poisoned with so evil news of you. O let me never know that any base affection should get any lordship in your thoughts. But as he was speaking more, *Kalander* came and brake off their discourse, with inviting them to the hunting of a goodly stag, which being harboured in a wood thereby, he hoped would make them good sport, and drive away some part of *Daiphantus's* melancholy. They condescended, and so going to their lodgings, furnished themselves as liked them, *Daiphantus* writing a few words which he left sealed in a letter against their return.

Then went they together abroad, the good *Kalander*

* A venemous *Spider* (so called from *Tarento*, a city of *Naples*) whose bite is of such a Nature, that it is to be cured only by musick.

entertaining them with pleasant discoursing, how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man, how much, in the comparison thereof, he disdained all chamber-delights, that the sun (how great a journey soever he had to make) could never prevent him earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deers feeding. O said he, you will never live to my age, without you keep your selves in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness: too much thinking doth consume the spirits, and oft it falls out, that while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much *Arcadia* was changed since his youth: activity and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world, still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known: and so with pleasant company beguiled the time's haste, and shortened the way's length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples staying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it shewed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands, to beat the guiltless earth, when the hounds were at a fault, and with horns about their necks, to sound an alarm upon a silly fugitive: the hounds were straight uncoupled, and e'er long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet, than to the slender fortification of his lodging: but even his feet betrayed him; for howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies; who one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisement, sometimes the view of their faithful counsellors, the huntsmen, with open mouths then denounced war, when the war was already begun; their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouths, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion,

tion, but the skilful wood-men did find a musick. Then delight, and variety of opinion, drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet chearing their hounds with voice and horn, kept still, as it were, together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters, and even the nymph *Echo* left to bewail the loss of *Narcissus*, and became a hunter. But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of despair; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

But *Kalander*, by his skill of coasting the country, was amongst the first that came in to the besieged deer, whom when some of the younger sort would have killed with their swords, he would not suffer: but with a cross-bow sent a death to the poor beast, who with tears shewed the unkindness he took of man's cruelty.

But by the time that the whole company was assembled, and that the stag had bestowed himself liberally among them that had killed him, *Daiphantus* was missed, for whom *Palladius* carefully enquiring, no news could be given him, but by one that said, he thought he was returned home; for that he marked him, in the chief of the hunting, take a bye-way, which might lead to *Kalander's* house. That answer for the time satisfying, and they having performed all duties, as well for the stag's funeral, as the hounds triumph, they returned: some talking of the fatness of the deer's body; some of the fairness of his head; some of the hounds cunning; some of their speed, and some of their cry; till coming home, about the time that the candles begin to inherit the sun's office, they found *Daiphantus* was not to be found. Whereat *Palladius* greatly marvelling, and a day or two passing, while neither search nor enquiry could help him to knowledge, at last he lighted upon the letter which *Pyrocles* had written before he went a hunting, and left in his study among other of his writ-

writings; The letter was directed to *Palladius* himself, and contained these words.

My only friend! violence of love leads me into such a course, whereof your knowledge may much more vex you, than help me. Therefore pardon my concealing it from you, since, if I wrong you, it is in the respect I bear you. Return into Thessalia, I pray you, as full of good fortune, as I am of desire: and if I live, I will in a short time follow; if I die, love my memory.

This was all, and this *Palladius* read twice or thrice over. Ah, said he, *Pyrocles* what means this alteration? what have I deserved of thee, to be thus banished of thy counsels? heretofore I have accused the sea, condemned the pirates; and hated my evil fortune, that deprived me of thee; but now thy self is the sea, which drowns my comfort; thy self is the pirate that robs thy self from me; thy own will becomes my evil fortune. Then turned he his thoughts to all forms of guesses that might light upon the purpose and course of *Pyrocles*: for he was not so sure by his words, that it was love, as he was doubtful where the love was. One time he thought, some beauty in *Laconia* had laid hold of his eyes; another time he feared, that it might be *Parthenia's* excellency, which had broken the bands of all former resolution; but the more he thought, the more he knew not what to think, armies of objection rising against any accepted opinion.

Then as careful he was what to do himself: at length determined, never to leave seeking him, till his search should be either by meeting accomplished, or by death ended. Therefore (for all the unkindness, bearing tender respect, that his friend's secret determination should be kept from any suspicion in others) he went to *Kalandar*, and told him, that he had received a message from his friend, by which he understood he was gone back again into *Laconia*, about some matters greatly importing the poor men, whose protection he had undertaken, and that it was in any sort fit for him to follow him, but in such private wise, as not to be known, and that therefore he

he would as then bid him farewell; arming himself in a black armour, as either a badge, or prognostication of his mind: and taking only with him good store of money, and a few choice jewels, leaving the greatest number of them, and most of his apparel with *Kalander*; which he did, partly to give the more cause to *Kalander* to expect their return, and so to be the less curiously inquisitive after them: and partly to leave those honourable thanks unto him, for his charge and kindness, which he knew he would not other way receive. The good old man having neither reason to dissuade, nor hope to persuade, received the things, with mind of a keeper, not of an owner; but before he went, desired he might have the happiness, fully to know what they were; which he said, he had ever till then delayed, fearing to be any way importune: but now he could not be so much an enemy to his desires, as any longer to imprison them in silence; *Palladius* told him, that the matter was not so secret, but that so worthy a friend deserved the knowledge, and should have it as soon as he might speak with his friend; without whose consent (because their promise bound him otherwise) he could not reveal it: but bade him hold for most assured, that if they lived but a while, he should find, that they which bare the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, would give him and his, cause to think his noble courtesy well employed. *Kalander* would press him no farther, but desiring that he might have leave to go, or at least to send his son and servants with him: *Palladius* brake off all ceremonies, by telling him, his case stood so, that his greatest favour should be in making least ado of his parting. Wherewith *Kalander* knowing it to be more cumber than courtesy to strive, abstained from farther urging him, but not from hearty mourning the loss of so sweet a conversation.

Only *Clitophon* by vehement importunity obtained to go with him, to come again to *Daiphantus*, whom he named and accounted his lord. And in such private guise departed

departed *Palladius*, though having a companion to talk withal, yet talking much more with unkindness. And first they went to *Mantineia*; whereof because *Parthenia* was, he suspected there might be some cause of his abode. But finding there no news of him, he went to *Tegea*, *Ripa*, *Enispa*, *Stimphalus*, and *Phineus*, famous for the poisonous *Stygian* water, and through all the rest of *Arcadia*, making their eyes, their ears, and their tongues serve almost for nothing, but that enquiry. But they could know nothing but that in none of those places he was known. And so went they, making one place succeed to another, in like uncertainty to their search, many times encountering strange adventures, worthy to be registered in the rolls of fame: but this may not be omitted. As they past in a pleasant valley (of either side of which high hills lifted up their beetle-brows, as if they would overlook the pleasantness of their under-prospect) they were by their daintiness of the place, and the weariness of themselves, invited to light from their horses; and pulled off their bits, that they might something refresh their mouths upon the grass (which plentifully grew, brought up under the care of those well-shading trees) they themselves laid them down hard by the murmuring musick of certain waters, which spouted out of the side of the hills, and in the bottom of the valley made of many springs a pretty brook, like a common-wealth of many families: but when they had a while hearkened to the persuasion of sleep, they rose, and walked onward in that shady place, till *Clitophon* espied a piece of armour, and not far off another piece: and so the sight of one piece teaching him to look for more, he at length found all, with head-piece and shield, by the device whereof, (which was * * * * *) he straight knew it to be the armour of his cousin, the noble *Amphialus*. Whereupon (fearing some inconvenience happened unto him) he told both his doubt, and cause of doubt to *Palladius*, who, considering thereof, thought best to make no longer stay, but to follow on:

lest perchance some violence were offered to so worthy a knight, whom the fame of the world seemed to set in balance with any knight living. Yet with a sudden conceit, having long borne great honour to the name of *Amphialus*, *Palladius* thought best to take that armour, thinking thereby to learn by them that should know that armour, some news of *Amphialus*, and yet not hinder him in the search of *Daiphantus* too. So he by the help of *Clitophon* quickly put on that armour, whereof there was no one piece wanting, though hacked in some places, bewraying some fight nor long since passed. It was something too great, but yet served well enough. And so getting on their horses, they travelled but a little way, when in opening of the mouth of the valley into a fair field, they met with a coach drawn with four milk-white horses, furnished all in black, with a black-a-moor boy upon every horse, they all apparelled in white, the coach it self very richly furnished in black and white. But before they could come so near as to discern what was within, there came running upon them above a dozen horsemen, who cried to them to yield themselves prisoners, or else they should die. But *Palladius* not accustomed to grant over the possession of himself, upon so unjust titles, with sword drawn, gave them so rude an answer, that divers of them never had breath to reply again: for being well backed by *Clitophon*, and having an excellent horse under him, when he was overpressed by some, he voided them, and e'er the other thought of it, punished in him, his fellow's faults: and so either with cunning, or with force, or rather with a cunning force, left none of them either living, or able to make his life serve to others hurt. Which being done, he approached the coach, assuring the black boys they should have no hurt, who were else ready to have run away; and looking in the coach, he found in the one end, a lady of great beauty, and such a beauty, as shewed forth the beams both of wisdom and good nature, but all as much darkened as might be, with sorrow. In the other, two ladies (who by their demeanour shewed well, they

they were but her servants) holding before them a picture ; in which was a goodly gentleman, whom he knew not, painted, having in their faces a certain waiting sorrow, their eyes being infected with their mistress's weeping. But the chief lady having not so much as once heard the noise of this conflict (so had sorrow closed up all the entries of her mind, and love tied her senses to that beloved picture) now the shadow of him falling upon the picture made her cast up her eye, and seeing the armour which too well she knew, thinking him to be *Amphialus*, the lord of her desires (blood coming more freely into her cheeks, as though it would be bold, and yet there growing new again pale for fear) with a pitiful look, like one unjustly condemned, my lord *Amphialus*, said she, you have enough punished me, it is time for cruelty to leave you, and evil fortune me ; if not, I pray you (and to grant my prayer, fitter time nor place you can have) accomplish the one even now, and finish the other. With that sorrow, impatient to be slowly uttered in her often staying speeches, poured it self so fast into tears, that *Palladius* could not hold her longer in error, but pulling off his helmet, Madam, said he, I perceive you mistake me ; I am a stranger in these parts, set upon, without any cause given by me, by some of your servants ; whom, because I have in my just defence evil intreated, I came to make my excuse to you, whom seeing such as I do, I find greater cause why I should crave pardon of you. When she saw his face, and heard his speech, she looked out of the coach ; and seeing her men, some slain, some lying under their dead horses, and striving to get from under them, without making more account of the matter ; truly, said she, they are well served that durst lift up their arms against that armour. But Sir Knight, said she, I pray you tell me, how came you by this armour ? for if it be by the death of him that owned it, then have I more to say unto you. *Palladius* assured her it was not so, telling her the true manner how he found it. It is like enough, said she, for that agrees with the manner he hath lately

lately used. But I beseech you, Sir, said she, since your prowess hath bereft me of my company, let it yet so far heal the wounds it self hath given, as to guard me to the next town. How great soever my business be, fair lady, said he, it shall willingly yield to so noble a cause: but first, even by the favour you bear to the lord of this noble armour, I conjure you to tell me the story of your fortune herein; lest hereafter, when the image of so excellent a lady in so strange a plight come before mine eyes, I condemn my self of want of consideration in not having demanded thus much. Neither ask I it without protestation, that wherein my sword and faith may avail you, they shall bind themselves to your service. Your conjuration, fair knight, said she, is too strong for my poor spirit to disobey, and that shall make me (without any other hope, my ruin being but by one unrelievable) to grant your will herein: and to say the truth, a strange niceness were it in me to refrain that from the ears of a person representing so much worthiness, which I am glad even to rocks and woods to utter. Know you then that my name is *Helen*, queen by birth, and hitherto possessed of the fair city and territory of *Corinth*. I can say no more of my self, but that I am beloved of my people; and may justly say beloved, since they are content to bear with my absence, and folly. But I being left by my father's death, and accepted by my people, in the highest degree that country could receive; as soon, or rather, before that my age was ripe for it, my court quickly swarmed full of suitors: some perchance loving my estate, others my person; but once, I know all of them, howsoever my possessions were in their heart, my beauty, such as it is, was in their mouths, many strangers of princely and noble blood, and all of mine own country, to whom either birth or virtue gave courage to avow so high a desire.

Among the rest, or rather before the rest, was the lord *Philoxenus*, son and heir to the virtuous nobleman *Timotheus*; which *Timotheus* was a man both in power, riches, paren-

parentage, and, which passed all these, goodness, and, which followed all these, love of the people, beyond any of the great men of my country. Now this son of his, I must say truly, not unworthy of such a father, bending himself by all means of serviceableness to me, and setting forth of himself to win my favour, was thus far of me, that in truth I less disliked him than any of the rest; which, in some proportion, my countenance delivered unto him. Though I must protest it was a very false ambassador, if it delivered at all any affection, whereof my heart was utterly void, I as then esteeming myself born to rule, and thinking foul scorn willingly to submit myself to be ruled.

But while *Philoxenus* in good sort pursued my favour, and perchance nourished himself with over-much hope, because he found I did in some sort acknowledge his value; one time among the rest he brought with him a dear friend of his, with that she looked upon the picture before her, and straight sighed, and straight tears followed, as if the idol of duty ought to be honoured with such oblations, and then her speech stayed the tale, having brought her to that look, but that look having quite put her out of her tale. But *Palladius* greatly pitying so sweet a sorrow in a lady, whom by fame he had already known and honoured; besought for her promise sake, to put silence so long unto her moaning, till she had recounted the rest of this story. Why, said she, this is the picture of *Amphialus*: what need I say more unto you? What ear is so barbarous but hath heard of *Amphialus*? who follows deeds of arms, but every where finds monuments of *Amphialus*? who is courteous, noble, liberal, but he that hath the example before his eyes of *Amphialus*? where are all heroical parts, but in *Amphialus*? O *Amphialus*, I would thou wert not so excellent, or I would I thought thee not so excellent, and yet would I not that I would so, with that she wept again; till he again soliciting the conclusions of her story; then you must, said she, know the story of *Amphialus*: for his will is my life,

his life my history : and indeed in what can I better employ my lips than in speaking of *Amphialus* ?

This knight then, whole figure you see, but whose mind can be painted by nothing but by their true shape of virtue, is brother's son to *Basilus*, king of *Arcadia* ; and in his childhood esteemed his heir : till *Basilus* in his old years, marrying a young and fair lady, had of her, those two daughters, so famous for their perfection in beauty : which put by their young cousin from that expectation. Whereupon his mother (a woman of an haughty heart, being daughter to the king of *Argos*) either disdaining, or fearing, that her son should live under the power of *Basilus*, sent him to that lord *Timotheus* (between whom and her dead husband there had passed straight bands of mutual hospitality) to be brought up in company with his son *Philoxenus*.

A happy resolution for *Amphialus*, whose excellent nature was by this means trained on with as good education, as any prince's son in the world could have ; which otherwise it is thought his mother, far unworthy of such a son, would not have given him ; the good *Timotheus* no less loving him than his own son. Well, they grew in years ; and shortly occasions fell aptly to try *Amphialus*, and all occasions were but steps for him to climb fame by. Nothing was so hard, but his valour overcame ; which yet still he so guided with true virtue ; that, although no man was in our parts spoken of, but he, for his manhood, yet, as though therein he excelled himself, he was commonly called the courteous *Amphialus*. An endless thing it were for me to tell, how many adventures, terrible to be spoken of, he atchieved ; what monsters, what giants, what conquests of countries, sometimes using policy, sometimes force, but always virtue well followed, and but followed by *Philoxenus* : between whom and him, so fast a friendship by education was knit, that at last *Philoxenus* having no greater matter to employ his friendship in, than to win me, therein desired, and had his uttermost furtherance : to that purpose brought

brought he him to my court, where truly I may justly witness with him, that what his wit could conceive (and his wit can conceive as far as the limits of reason stretched) was all directed to the setting forward the suit of his friend *Philoxenus*: mine ears could hear nothing from him, but touching the worthiness of *Philoxenus*, and of the great happiness it would be unto me to have such a husband; with many arguments, which God knows, I cannot well remember, because I did not much believe. For why should I use many circumstances to come to that where already I am, and ever while I live must continue? in few words, while he pleaded for another, he won me for himself: if at least, with that she sighed, he would account it winning; for his fame had so framed the way to my mind, that his presence, so full of beauty, sweetness, and noble conversation, had entered there before he vouchsafed to call for the keys. O lord, how did my soul hang at his lips while he spake! O when he in feeling manner would describe the love of his friend, how well, thought I, doth love between those lips! when he would with daintiest eloquence stir pity in me toward *Philoxenus*, why sure, said I to my self, *Helen*, be not afraid, this heart cannot want pity: and when he would extol the deeds of *Philoxenus*, who indeed had but waited on him therein, alas, thought I, good *Philoxenus*, how evil doth it become thy name to be subscribed to this letter? what shall I say? nay, what should I not say, (noble knight!) who am not ashamed, nay am delighted, thus to express my own passions?

Days past, his eagerness for his friend never decreased, my affection to him ever increased. At length, in way of ordinary courtesy, I obtained of him, who suspected no such matter, this his picture, the only *Amphialus*, I fear that I shall ever enjoy: and grown bolder, or madder, or bold with madness, I discovered my affection unto him. But lord, I shall never forget, how anger and courtesy, at one instant appeared in his eyes, when he

heard that motion : how with his blush he taught me shame. In sum, he left nothing unassayed, which might disgrace himself, to grace his friend, in sweet terms making me receive a most resolute refusal of himself. But when he found that his presence did far more persuade for himself, than his speech could do for his friend, he left my court ; hoping that forgetfulness, which commonly waits upon absence, would make room for his friend ; to whom he would not utter thus much, I think, for a kind fear not to grieve him, or perchance, though he cares little for me, of a certain honourable gratefulness, not yet to discover so much of my secrets : but, as it should seem, meant to travel into far countries, until his friend's affections either ceased or prevailed. But within a while, *Philoxenus* came to see how onward the fruits were of his friend's labour, when (as in truth I cared not much how he took it) he found me sitting, beholding this picture, I know not with how affectionate countenance, but I am sure with a most affectionate mind. I straight found jealousy and disdain took hold of him, and yet the froward pain of mine own heart made me so delight to punish him, whom I esteemed to be the chiefest let in my way ; that when he with humble gesture, and vehement speeches sued for my favour, I told him, that I would hear him more willingly, if he would speak for *Amphialus*, as well as *Amphialus* had done for him : he never answered me, but pale and quaking, went straight away ; and straight my heart misgave me some evil success : and yet, though I had authority enough to have stayed him (as in these fatal things it falls out, that the high working powers make second causes unwittingly accessory to their determinations) I did no farther, but sent a footman of mine (whose faithfulness to me I well knew) from place to place to follow him, and bring me word of his proceedings : which (alas!) have brought forth that which I fear I must ever rue.

For he had travelled scarce a day's journey out of my country, but that, not far from this place, he overtook

Amphi-

Amphialus, who, by succouring a distressed lady, had been here stayed: and by and by called him to fight with him, protesting that one of them two should die. You may easily judge how strange it was to *Amphialus*, whose heart could accuse it self of no fault, but too much affection toward him; which he, refusing to fight with him, would fain have made *Philoxenus* understand, but, as my servant since told me, the more *Amphialus* went back, the more he followed calling him traitor and coward, yet never telling the cause of this strange alteration. Ah *Philoxenus*, said *Amphialus*, I know I am no traitor, and thou well knowest I am no coward: but I pray thee content thy self with this much, and let this satisfy thee, that I love thee, since I bear thus much of thee: but he, leaving words, drew his sword and gave *Amphialus* a great blow or two; which, but for the goodness of his armour, would have slain him: and yet so far did *Amphialus* contain himself, stepping aside, and saying to him: Well, *Philoxenus*, and thus much villany am I content to put up, not any longer for thy sake, (whom I have no cause to love, since thou dost injure me, and wilt not tell me the cause) but for thy virtuous father's sake to whom I am so much bound; I pray thee go away, and conquer thy own passions and thou shalt make me soon yield to be thy servant. But he would not attend his words, but still struck so fiercely at *Amphialus*, that in the end, (nature prevailing above determination) he was fain to defend himself, and withal so to offend him, that by an unlucky blow the poor *Philoxenus* fell dead at his feet? having had time only to speak some words, whereby *Amphialus* knew it was for my sake: which when *Amphialus* saw, he forthwith gave such tokens of true-felt sorrow, that as my servant said, no imagination could conceive greater woe. But that by and by an unhappy occasion made *Amphialus* pass himself in sorrow: for *Philoxenus* was but newly dead, when there comes to the same place, the aged and virtuous *Timotheus*; who (having heard of his son's sudden and passi-

passionate manner of parting from my court) had followed him as speedily as he could : but alas not so speedily, but that he found him dead before he could overtake him. Though my heart be nothing but a stage of tragedies, yet I must confess, it is even unable to bear the miserable representation thereof, knowing *Amphialus* and *Timotheus* as I have done. Alas, what sorrow, what amazement, what shame was in *Amphialus*, when he saw his dear foster-father find him the killer of his only son? In my heart I know, he wished mountains had lain upon him, to keep him from that meeting. As for *Timotheus's*, sorrow of his son, and, I think principally, unkindness of *Amphialus* so devoured his vital spirits, that, able to say no more, but *Amphialus*, *Amphialus*, have I? he sank to the earth, and presently died.

But not my tongue, though daily used to complaints; no, nor if my heart, which is nothing but sorrow, were turned to tongues, durst it undertake to shew the unspeakableness of his grief. But, because this serves to make you know my fortune, he threw away his armour, even this which you have now upon you, which at the first sight I vainly hoped he had put on again; and then, as ashamed of the light, he ran into the thickest of the woods, lamenting, and even crying out so pitifully, that my servant, though of a fortune not used to much tenderness, could not refrain weeping when he told it me. He once overtook him; but *Amphialus* drawing his sword, which was the only part of his arms, God knows to what purpose, he carried about him, threatened to kill him, if he followed him; and withal bade him deliver this bitter message, that he well enough found, I was the cause of all this mischief; and that if I were a man, he would go over the world to kill me: but bade me assure my self, that of all creatures in the world he most hated me. Ah Sir knight, whose ears I think by this time are tired with the rugged ways of these misfortunes, now weigh my case, if at least you know what love is. For this cause
have

have I left my country, putting in hazard how my people will in time deal by me, adventuring what perils or dishonours might ensue, only to follow him, who proclaimeth hate against me, and to bring my neck unto him, if that may redeem my trespass, and assuage his fury. And now Sir, said she, you have your request, I pray you take pains to guide me to the next town, that there I may gather such of my company again, as your valour hath left me. *Palladius* willingly condescended: but e'er they began to go, there came *Clitophon*, who having been something hurt by one of them, had pursued him a good way: at length overtaking him, and ready to kill him, understood they were servants to the fair queen *Helen*, and that the cause of this enterprise was for nothing, but to make *Amphialus* prisoner, whom they knew their mistress sought; for she concealed her sorrow, nor cause of her sorrow from no body.

But *Clitophon*, very sorry for this accident, came back to comfort the queen, helping such as were hurt in the best sort that he could, and framing friendly constructions of this rashly undertaken enmity, when, in comes another, till that time unseen, all armed, with his beaver down, who first looking round about upon the company, as soon as he espied *Palladius*, he drew his sword, and making no other prologue, let fly at him. But *Palladius*, sorry for so much harm as had already happened, fought rather to retire and ward, thinking he might be some one that belonged to the fair queen, whose case in his heart he pitied. Which *Clitophon* seeing, stepped between them, asking the new come knight the cause of this quarrel; who answered him, that he would kill that thief, who had stoln away his master's armour, if he did not restore it. With that *Palladius* looked upon him, and saw that he of the other side had *Palladius's* own armour upon him: truly said *Palladius*, if I have stoln this armour, you did not buy that; but you shall not fight with me upon such a quarrel; you shall have this armour willingly, which I did only put on to do honour to the owner. But

Clito-

Clitophon straight knew by his words and voice, that it was *Ismenus*, the faithful and diligent page of *Amphialus*: and therefore telling him that he was *Clitophon*, and willing him to acknowledge his error to the other, who deserved all honour, the young gentleman pulled off his head-piece; and, lighting, went to kiss *Palladius*'s hands, desiring him to pardon his folly, caused by extreme grief, which easily might bring forth anger: sweet gentleman, said *Palladius*, you shall only make me this amends, that you shall carry this your lord's armour from me to him, and tell him from an unknown knight, who admires his worthiness, that he cannot cast a greater mist over his glory, than by being so unkind to so excellent a princess as this queen is. *Ismenus* promised he would as soon as he durst find his master: and with that went to do his duty to the queen, whom in all these encounters astonishment made hardy: but as soon as she saw *Ismenus*, looking to her picture, *Ismenus*, said she, here is my lord, where is yours? or come you to bring me some sentence of death from him? if it be so, welcome be it. I pray you speak, and speak quickly. Alas Madam, said *Ismenus*, I have lost my lord; with that tears came unto his eyes, for as soon as the unhappy combat was concluded with the death both of father and son, my master, casting off his armour, went his way: forbidding me upon pain of death to follow him. Yet divers days I followed his steps, till lastly I found him, having newly met with an excellent spaniel, belonging to his dead companion *Philoxenus*. The dog straight fawned on my master, for old knowledge: but never was there thing more pitiful than to hear my master blame the dog for loving his master's murtherer, renewing afresh his complaints with the dumb counsellor, as if they might comfort one another in their miseries. But my lord having espied me, rose up in such rage, that in truth I feared he would kill me: yet as then he said only, if I would not displease him, I should not come near him, till he sent for me: too hard a commandment for me to disobey: I yielded, leaving

leaving him only waited on by his dog, and as I think seeking out the most solitary places, that this, or any other country can grant him: and I returning where I had left his armour, found another instead thereof, and (disdaining I must confess that any should bear the armour of the best knight living) armed my self therein to play the fool, as even now I did. Fair *Ismenus*, said the queen, a fitter messenger could hardly be to unfold my tragedy, I see the end, I see my end.

With that, sobbing, she desired to be conducted to the next town, where *Palladius* left her to be waited on by *Clitophon*, at *Palladius* earnest intreaty, who desired alone to take that melancholy course of seeking his friend; and therefore changing armours again with *Ismenus*, who went withal to a castle belonging to his master) he continued his quest for his friend *Daiphantus*.

So directed he is course to *Laconia*, as well among the *Helots* as *Spartans*: there indeed he found his fame flourishing, his Monuments engraved in marble, and yet more durably in men's memories; but the universal lamenting his absented presence, assured him of his present absence. Thence into the *Elean* province, too see whether at the olympian games, there celebrated, he might in such concourse bless his eyes with so desired an encounter: but that huge and sportful assembly grew to him a tedious loneliness, esteeming no body found, since *Daiphantus* was lost. Afterward he passeth through *Achaia* and *Sicyonia*, to the *Corinthians*, proud of their two seas, to learn whether by the straight of that *Isthmus*, it were possible to know of his passage. But finding every place more dumb than other to his demands, and remembering that it was late taken love, which had wrought this new course, he returned again, after two months travel in vain, to make a fresh search in *Arcadia*; so much the more, as then first he bethought himself of the picture of *Philoclea*, which resembling her he had once loved, might perhaps awake again that sleeping passion. And having already past over the greatest part of *Arcadia*, one day coming under the side
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of the pleasant mountain *Menalus*, his horse, nothing guilty of his inquisitiveness, with flat tiring taught him, *that discreet stays make speedy journies*: and therefore lighting down, and unbridling his horse, he himself went to repose himself in a little wood he saw thereby. Where lying under the protection of a shady tree, with intention to make forgetting sleep comfort a sorrowful memory, he saw a sight which persuaded, and obtained of his eyes, that they would abide yet a while open. It was the appearing of a lady, who because she walked with her side toward him, he could not perfectly see her face; but so much he might see of her, that was a surety for the rest, that all was excellent.

Well might he perceive the hanging of her hair in fairest quantity, in locks some curled, and some as it were forgotten, with such a careless care, and an art, so hiding art, that she seemed she would lay them for a pattern, whether nature simply, or nature helped by cunning, be the more excellent: the rest whereof was drawn into a coronet of gold richly set with pearl, and so joyned all over with gold wires, and covered with feathers of divers colours, that it was not unlike to an helmet, such a glittering shew it bare, and so bravely it was held up from the head. Upon her body she wore a doublet of sky-colour sattin, covered with plates of gold, and, as it were, nailed with precious stones, that in it she might seem armed; the nether part of her garment was full of stuff, and cut after such a fashion, that though the length of it reached to the ankles, yet in her going one might sometimes discern the small of her leg, which with the foot was dressed in a short pair of crimson velvet buskins, in some places open, as the ancient manner was, to shew the fairness of the skin. Over all this she wore a certain mantle, made in such manner, that coming under her right arm, and covering most of that side, it had no fastening on the left side, but only upon the top of the shoulder, where the two ends met, and were closed together with a very rich jewel: the device whereof, as he after saw,
was

was this ; an *Hercules* made in little form, but set with a distaff in his hand, as he once was by *Omphale's* commandment, with a word in greek, but thus to be interpreted, *Never more valiant*. On the same side, on her thigh she wore a sword, which as it witnessed her to be an *Amazon*, or one following that profession, so it seemed but a needless weapon, since her other forces were without withstanding. But this lady walked out-right, till he might see her enter into a fine close arbor : it was of trees, whose branches so lovingly interlaced one the other, that it could resist the strongest violence of eyesight ; but she went into it by a door she opened, which moved him, as warily as he could, to follow her ; and by and by he might hear her sing this song, with a voice no less beautiful to his ears, than her goodliness was full of harmony to his eyes :

T*ransform'd in shew ; but more transform'd in mind,
I cease to strive, with double conquest foil'd :
For, woe is me, my powers all I find
With outward force, and inward treason, spoil'd.
For from without, came to mine eyes the blow,
Whereto mine inward thoughts, did faintly yield :
Both these conspir'd poor reason's overthrow ;
False in my self, thus have I lost the field.
Thus are my eyes still captive to one sight,
Thus all my thoughts are slaves to one thought still :
Thus reason to his servants yields his right,
Thus is my power transformed to your will :
What marvel then, I take a woman's hue,
Since what I see, think, know, is all but you ?*

The ditty gave him some suspicion, but the voice gave him almost assurance, who the singer was. And therefore boldly thrusting open the door, and entering into the arbour, he perceived indeed that it was *Pyrocles* thus disguised ; wherewith not receiving so much joy to have found him, as grief, so, to have found him, amazedly looking upon him
(as

(as *Apollo* is painted when he saw *Daphne* suddenly turned into a laurel) he was not able to bring forth a word. So that *Pyrocles* (who had as much shame as *Musidorus* had sorrow) rising to him would have formed a substantial excuse; but his insinuation being of blushing, and his division of sighs, his whole oration stood upon a short narration, which was the causer of this metamorphosis. But by that time *Musidorus* had gathered his spirits together, and yet casting a ghastful countenance upon him as, if he would conjure some strange spirits, he thus spake unto him.

And is it possible, that this is *Pyrocles*, the only young prince in the world, formed by nature, and framed by education to the true exercise of virtue? or is it indeed some *Amazon* that hath counterfeited the face of my friend, in this sort to vex me? for likelier sure I would have thought it, that any outward face might have been disguised, than that the face of so excellent a mind could have been thus blemished. O sweet *Pyrocles*, separate your self a little, if it be possible, from your self, and let your own mind look upon your own proceedings; so shall my words be needless, and you best instructed. See with your self, how fit it will be for you in this your tender youth, born so great a prince, and of so rare not only expectation, but proof, desired of your old father, and wanted of your native country, now so near your home, to divert your thoughts from the way of goodness, to lose, nay to abuse your time. Lastly, to overthrow all the excellent things you have done, which have filled the world with your fame; as if you should drown your ship in the long desired haven: or like an ill player, should mar the last act of his tragedy. Remember, for I know you know it, that if we will be men, the reasonable part of our soul is to have absolute commandment; against which if any sensual weakness arise, we are to yield all our sound forces to the overthrowing of so unnatural a rebellion wherein how can we want courage, since we are to deal against so weak an adversary, that in
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it self is nothing but weakness ? nay, we are to resolve, that if reason direct it, we must do it ; and if we must do it, we will do it : for, *to say I cannot, is childish ; and I will not, womanish.* And see how extremely every way you endanger your mind ; for to take this womanish habit, without you frame your behaviour accordingly, is wholly vain : *your behaviour can never come kindly from you, but as the mind is proportioned unto it.* So that you must resolve, if you will play your part to any purpose, whatsoever peevish imperfections are in that sex, to soften your heart to receive them, the very first downstep to all wickedness : for do not deceive your self, my dear cousin, *there is no man suddenly either excellently good, or extremely evil ;* but grows either as he holds himself up in virtue, or lets himself slide to viciousness. And let us see, what power is the author of all these troubles ; forsooth, love, love, a passion, and the basest and fruitlessest of all passions : fear breedeth wit ; anger is the cradle of courage ; joy openeth and enableth the heart : sorrow, as it closeth, so it draweth it inward to look to the correcting of it self ; and so all of them generally have power towards some good by the direction of reason. But this bastard *Love* (for indeed the name of love is most unworthily applied to so hateful a humour) as it is *engendered betwixt lust and idleness,* as the matter it works upon, is nothing but a certain base weakness, which some gentle fools call a gentle heart : as his adjoynd companions be unquietness, longings, fond comforts, faint discomforts, hopes, jealousies, ungrounded rages, causeless yielding, so is the highest end it aspires unto, a little pleasure with much pain before, and great repentance after. But that end how endless it runs to infinite evils, were fit enough for the matter we speak of ; but not for your ears, in whom indeed there is so much true disposition to virtue ; yet thus much of his worthy effects in your self is to be seen, that (besides your breaking laws of hospitality with *Kalander*, and of friendship with me) it utterly subverts the course of nature, in making

reason give place to sense, and man to woman. And truly I think hereupon it first gat the name of love: for indeed the true love hath that excellent nature in it, that it doth transform the very essence of the lover into the thing loved; uniting, and as it were incorporating it with a secret and inward working. And herein do these kinds of loves imitate the excellent: for as the love of heaven makes one heavenly, the love of virtue, virtuous; so doth the love of the world make one become worldly: and this effeminate love of a woman, doth so womanize a man, that, if he yield to it, it will not only make him an *Amazon*, but a launder, a distaff, a spinner, or whatsoever other vile occupation their idle heads can imagine, and their weak hands perform. Therefore, to trouble you no longer with my tedious, but loving words, if either you remember what you are, what you have been, or what you must be; if you consider what it is that moved you, or by what kind of creature you are moved, you shall find the cause so small, the effect so dangerous, your self so unworthy to run into the one, or to be driven by the other, that I doubt not, I shall quickly have occasion rather to praise you for having conquered it, than to give you farther counsel, how to do it. But in *Pyrocles* this speech wrought no more, but that he, who before he was espied, was afraid; after, being perceived, was ashamed, now being hardly rubbed upon, left both fear and shame, and was moved to anger. But the exceeding good will he bare to *Musidorus* striving with it; he thus partly to satisfy him, but principally to loose the reins to his own motions, made him answer: cousin! whatsoever good disposition nature hath bestowed upon me, or howsoever that disposition hath been by bringing up confirmed, this I must confess, that I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom, to think light of the sex, of whom I have my life, since if I be any thing, which your friendship rather finds, than I acknowledge, I was, to come to it, born of a woman, and nursed of a woman. And certainly, for this point of your speech doth
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nearest touch me; it is strange to see the unmanlike cruelty of mankind, who not content with their tyrannous ambition, to have brought the other's virtuous patience under them, like childish masters, think their masterhood nothing, without doing injury to them, who, if we will argue by reason, are framed of nature with the same parts of the mind for the exercise of virtue, as we are. And for example, even this estate of *Amazons*, which I now for my greatest honour do seek to counterfeit, do well witness, that if generally the sweetness of their disposition did not make them see the vainness of these things, which we account glorious, they neither want valour of mind, nor yet doth their fairness take away their force. And truly we men, and praisers of men, should remember, that if we have such excellencies, it is reason to think them excellent creatures, of whom we are: since a *Kite* never brought forth a good flying hawk. But to tell you true, as I think it superfluous to use any words of such a subject, which is so praised in it self as it needs no praises; so withal I fear, lest my conceit, not able to reach unto them, bring forth words, which for their unworthiness may be a disgrace to them I so inwardly honour. Let this suffice that they are capable of virtue, and virtue, you your selves say, is to be loved, and I too, truly: but this I willingly confess, that it *likes me much better, when I find virtue in a fair lodging, than when I am bound to seek it in an ill favoured creature, like a pearl in a dunghill.* As for my fault of being an uncivil guest to *Kalander*, if you could feel what an inward guest my self am host unto, ye would think it were excusable, in that I rather perform the duties of an host, than the ceremonies of a guest. And for my breaking the laws of friendship with you, which I would rather die, than effectually do, truly I could find in my heart to ask you pardon for it, but that your now handling of me gives me reason to confirm my former dealing. And here *Pyrocles* stayed, as to breathe himself, having been transported with a little vehemency, because it seemed him *Musidorus* had over-bitterly glanced against

the reputation of woman-kind : but then quieting his countenance, as well as out of an unquiet mind it might be, he thus proceeded on : and poor love, said he, dear cousin, is little beholding unto you, since you are not content to spoil it of the honour of the highest power of the mind, which notable men have attributed unto it ; but ye deject it below all other passions, in truth somewhat strangely ; since, if love receive any disgrace, it is by the company of these passions you prefer before it. For those kinds of bitter objections, as, that lust, idleness, and a weak heart, should be, as it were, the matter and form of love, rather touch me, dear *Musidorus*, than love ; but I am good witness of my own imperfections, and therefore will not defend my self : but herein I must say, you deal contrary to your self : for if I be so weak, then can you not with reason stir me up as you did, by remembrance of mine own virtue : or if indeed I be virtuous, then must ye confess, that love hath his working in a virtuous heart ; and so no doubt hath it, whatsoever I be : for, if we love virtue, in whom shall we love it but in a virtuous creature ? without your meaning be, I should love this word *Virtue*, where I see it written in a book. Those troublesome effects you say it breeds, be not the faults of love, but of him that loves, as an unable vessel to bear such a liquor, like evil eyes not able to look on the sun ; or like a weak brain, soonest overthrown with the best wine. Even that heavenly love you speak of, is accompanied in some hearts with hopes, griefs, longings, and despairs ; and in that heavenly love, since there are two parts, the one the love it self ; the other the excellency of the thing loved ; I, not able at the first leap to frame both in me, do now, like a diligent workman, make ready the chief instrument, and first part of that great work, which is love it self ; which when I have a while practised in this sort, then you shall see me turn it to greater matters. And thus gently you may, if it please you, think of me. Neither doubt ye, because I wear a woman's apparel,

rel, I will be the more womanish, since I assure you, for all my apparel, there is nothing I desire more, than fully to prove my self a man in this enterprize. Much might be said in my defence, much more for love, and most of all for that divine creature, which hath joyned me and love together. But these disputations are fitter for quiet schools than my troubled brains, which are bent rather in deeds to perform, than in words to defend the noble desire that possesseth me. O lord, said *Musidorus*, how sharp-witted you are to hurt your self; No, answered he, but it is the hurt you speak of, which makes me so sharp-witted. Even so, said *Musidorus*, as every base occupation makes one sharp in that practice, and foolish in all the rest. Nay rather, answered *Pyrocles*, as *each excellent thing once well learned serves for a measure of all other knowledges*. And is that become, said *Musidorus*, a measure for other things, which never received measure in it self? it is counted without measure, answered *Pyrocles*, because the workings of it are without measure; but otherwise, in nature it hath measure, since it hath an end allotted unto it. The beginning being so excellent, I would gladly know the end; *Enjoying*, answered *Pyrocles*, with a deep sigh. O, said *Musidorus*, now set ye forth the baseness of it, since if it end in enjoying, it shews all the rest was nothing. Ye mistake me, answered *Pyrocles*, I speak of the end to which it is directed; which end ends not, no sooner than the life. Alas, let your own brain disenchant you, said *Musidorus*. My heart is too far possessed, said *Pyrocles*. But the head gives you direction: and the heart gives me life, answered *Pyrocles*.

But *Musidorus* was so grieved to see his well beloved friend obstinate, as he thought, to his own destruction, that it forced him with more than accustomed vehemency to speak these words. Well, well, said he, you list to abuse your self; it was a very white and red virtue, which you could pick out of a painterly glose of a visage. Confess the truth, and you shall find the utmost

was but beauty; a thing, which though it be in as great excellency in your self as may be in any; yet I am sure you make no farther reckoning of it, than of an outward fading benefit nature bestowed upon you. And yet such is your want of a true grounded virtue, which must be like it self in all points; that what you wisely account a trifle in your self, you fondly become a slave unto in another. For my part I now protest, I have left nothing unsaid, which my wit could make me know, or my most entire friendship to you requires of me; I do now beseech you, even for the love betwixt us, if this other love have left any in you towards me, and for the remembrance of your old careful father, (if you can remember him that forget your self) lastly, for *Pyrocles*' own sake, who is now upon the point of falling or rising, to purge your self of this vile infection: otherwise give me leave to leave off this name of friendship, as an idle title of a thing which cannot be, where virtue is abolished. The length of these speeches before had not so much cloyed *Pyrocles*, though he were very impatient of long deliberations, as this last farewell of him he loved as his own life, did wound his soul. For thinking himself afflicted, he was the apter to conceive unkindness deeply: insomuch that shaking his head, and delivering some shew of tears, he thus uttered his grief: alas, said he, prince *Musidorus*, how cruelly you deal with me; if you seek the victory, take it; and if ye list, the triumph: have you all the reason of the world, and with me remain all the imperfections; yet such as I can no more lay from me, than the crow can be persuaded by the swan to cast off all his black feathers. But truly you deal with me like a physician, that, seeing his patient in a pestilent fever, should chide him instead of ministring help, and bid him be sick no more; or rather like such a friend, that visiting his friend condemned to perpetual prison, and loaden with grievous fetters, should will him to shake off his fetters, or he would leave him. I am sick, and sick to the death; I am prisoner, neither is there any redress,
but

but by her to whom I am a slave. Now if you list, leave him that loves you in the highest degree: but remember ever to carry this with you, that you abandon your friend in his greatest extremity.

And herewith the deep wound of his love being rubbed afresh, with this new unkindness, began as it were to bleed again, in such sort that he was unable to bear it any longer, but gushing out abundance of tears, and crossing his arms over his woeful heart, he sunk down to the ground: which sudden trance went so to the heart of *Musidorus*, that falling down by him, and kissing the weeping eyes of his friend, he besought him not to make account of his speech; which if it had been over-vehement, yet was it to be borne withal, because it came out of love much more vehement, that he had not thought fancy could have received so deep a wound; but now finding in him the force of it, he would no farther contrary it, but imploy all his service to medicine it, in such sort as the nature of it required. But even this kindness made *Pyrocles* the more melt in the former unkindness, which his manlike tears well shewed, with a silent look upon *Musidorus*, as who should say. And is it possible that *Musidorus* should threaten to leave me? and this struck *Musidorus's* mind and senses so dumb too, that for grief being not able to say any thing, they rested with their eyes placed one upon the other, in such sort, as might well paint out the true passion of unkindness to be never aright, but betwixt them that most dearly love.

And thus remained they a time, till at length *Musidorus* embracing him, said, and will you thus shake off your friend? it is you that shake me off, said *Pyrocles*, being for my unperfectness unworthy of your friendship. But this *Musidorus*, shews you more unperfect, to be cruel to him that submits himself unto you; but since you are unperfect, said he smiling, it is reason you be governed by us wise and perfect men. And that authority will I begin to take upon me, with three absolute commandments: the first, that you increase not your evil with

farther griefs: the second, that you love her with all the powers of your mind: and the last commandment shall be, you command me to do what service I can towards the attaining of your desires. *Pyrocles's* heart was not so oppressed with the two mighty passions of love and unkindness, but that it yielded to some mirth at this commandment of *Musidorus*, that he should love, so that something clearing his face from his former shews of grief; Well, said he, dear cousin! I see by the well chusing of your commandments, that you are far fitter to be a prince than a counsellor, and therefore I am resolved to employ all my endeavour to obey you, with this condition, that the commandments ye command me to lay upon you, shall only be, that you continue to love me, and look upon my imperfections with more affection than judgment. Love you, said he, alas, how can my heart be separated from the true imbracing of it, without it burst, by being too full of it? But, said he, let us leave off these flowers of new begun friendship; and now I pray you again tell me, but tell it me fully, omitting no circumstance, the story of your affections, both beginning and proceeding; assuring your self, that there is nothing so great, which I will fear to do for you, nor nothing so small which I will disdain to do for you. Let me therefore receive a clear understanding, which many times we miss, while those things we account small, as a speech, or a look, are omitted, like as a whole sentence may fail of his congruity by wanting one particle. Therefore *between friends all must be laid open, nothing being superfluous nor tedious.* You shall be obeyed, said *Pyrocles*, and here are we in as fit a place for it as may be; for this arbour nobody offers to come into but my self, I using it as my melancholy retiring place, and therefore that respect is borne unto it: yet if by chance any should come, say that you are a servant sent from the queen of *Amazon* to seek me, and then let me alone for the rest. So sate they down, and *Pyrocles* thus said,

Cousin! said he, then began the fatal overthrow of all
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my liberty, when walking among the pictures in *Kalander's* house, you your self delivered unto me what you had understood of *Philoclea*, who much resembling (though I must say, much surpassing) the lady *Zelma*, whom so well I loved; there were mine eyes infected, and at your mouth did I drink my poison. Yet alas, so sweet was it unto me, that I could not be contented, till *Kalander* had made it more and more strong with his declaration. Which the more I questioned, the more pity I conceived of her unworthy fortune; and when with pity once my heart was made tender, according to the aptness of the humour, it received quickly a cruel impression of that wonderful passion, which to be defined is impossible, because no words reach to the strange nature of it: they only know it, which inwardly feel it; it is called love. Yet did I not (poor wretch!) at first know my disease, thinking it only such a wonted kind of desire to see rare sights, and my pity to be no other, but the fruits of a gentle nature. But even this arguing with my self came of farther thoughts, and the more I argued, the more my thoughts encreased. Desirous I was to see the place where she remained, as though the architecture of the lodges would have been much for my learning; but more desirous to see her self, to be judge, forsooth, of the painter's cunning. For thus at the first did I flatter my self, as though my wound had been no deeper: but when within short time I came to the degree of uncertain wishes, and that those wishes grew to unquiet longings, when I could fix my thoughts upon nothing, but that within little varying they should end with *Philoclea*: when each thing I saw, seemed to figure out some part of my passions; when even *Parthenia's* fair face became a lecture to me of *Philoclea's* imagined beauty; when I heard no word spoken, but that me thought it carried the sound of *Philoclea's* name; then indeed, then I did yield to the burthen, finding my self prisoner, before I had leisure to arm my self: and that I might well, like the spaniel, gnaw upon the chain that ties him; but I should sooner mar my teeth, than procure

liberty: yet I take to witness the eternal spring of virtue, that I had never read, heard, nor seen any thing; I had never any taste of Philosophy, nor inward feeling in my self, which for a while I did not call to my succour. But, alas, what resistance was there, when e'er long my very reason was, you will say, corrupted, I must confess, conquered, and that methought even reason did assure me, that all eyes did degenerate from their creation, which did not honour such beauty? nothing in truth could hold any plea with it, but the reverend friendship I bear unto you. For as it went against my heart to break any way from you, so did I fear, more than any assault, to break it to you: finding, as it is indeed, that to *a heart fully resolute, counsel is tedious, but reprehension is loathsome*: and that there is *nothing more terrible to a guilty heart, than the eye of a respected friend*. This made me determine with my self, thinking it a *less fault in friendship to do a thing without your knowledge, than against your will*, to take this secret course; which conceit was most builded up in me, the last day of my parting and speaking with you, when upon your speech with me, and my but naming love, when else perchance I would have gone farther, I saw your voice and countenance so change, as it assured me, my revealing it should but purchase your grief with my cumber, and therefore, (dear *Musidorus!*) even ran away from my well-known chiding; for having written a letter, which I know not whether you find or no, and taking my chief jewels with me, while you were in the midst of your sport, I got a time, as I think, unmarked by any, to steal away I cared not whither, so I might escape you, and so came I to *Ithonia* in the province of *Messenia*, where lying secret, I put this in practice, which before I had devised. For remembering by *Philanax's* letter and *Kalander's* speech, how obstinately *Basilus* was determined not to marry his daughters, and therefore fearing lest any publick dealing should rather increase her captivity, than further my love; love (the refiner of invention) had put in my head thus to disguise my

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my self, that under that mask I might, if it were possible, get access, and what access could bring forth, commit to fortune and industry, determining to bear the countenance of an *Amazon*. Therefore in the closest manner I could, naming my self *Zelmane*, for that dear lady's sake, to whose memory I am so much bound, I caused this apparel to be made, and bringing it near the lodges, which are hard at hand, by night thus dressed my self, resting till occasion might make me to be found by them whom I sought; which the next morning happened as well as mine own plot could have laid it. For after I had run over the whole pedigree of my thoughts, I gave my self to sing a little, which as you know, I ever delighted in, so now especially, whether it be the nature of this clime to stir up poetical fancies, or rather as I think, of love, whose scope being pleasure, will not so much as utter his griefs, but in some form of pleasure.

But I had sung very little, when (as I think, displeased with my bad musick) comes master *Dametas* with a hedging bill in his hand, chafing and swearing by the pantable of *Pallas*, and such other oaths as his rustical bravery could imagine; and when he saw me, I assure you, my beauty was not more beholding to him than my harmony; for leaning his hands upon his bill, and his chin upon his hands, with the voice of one that playeth *Hercules* in a play, but never had his fancy in his head, the first word he spake unto me, was, am not I *Dametas*? why am not I *Dametas*? he needed not to name himself, for *Kalander's* description had set such a note upon him, as made him very notable unto me; and therefore the height of my thoughts would not descend so much as to make him answer, but continued on my inward discourses; which he (perchance witness of his own unworthiness, and therefore the apter to think himself contemned) took in so heinous manner, that standing upon his tiptoes, and staring, as if he would have had a mote pulled out of his eye,

eye. Why, said he, thou woman, or boy, or both, whatsoever thou be, I tell thee, here is no place for thee here is no place for thee, get thee gone, I tell thee it is the prince's pleasure, it is *Dametas's* pleasure. I could not chuse but smile at him, seeing him look so like an ape that had newly taken a purgation; yet taking my self with the manner, spake these words to my self: O spirit, said I, of mine, how canst thou receive any mirth in the midst of thine agonies? and thou mirth, how dardest thou enter into a mind so grown of late thy professed enemy? thy spirit, said *Dametas*, dost thou think me a spirit? I tell thee I am *Basilus's* officer, and have charge of him and his daughters. O only pearl, said I sobbing, that so vile an oyster should keep thee? by the comb-case of *Diana*, sware *Dametas*, this woman is mad: oysters and pearls? dost thou think I will buy oysters? I tell thee once again, get thee packing, and with that lifted up his bill to hit me with the blunt end of it: but indeed that put me quite out of my lesson; so that I forgot all *Zelmaneship*, and drawing out my sword, the baseness of the villain yet made me stay my hand, and he who, as *Kalander* told me, (from his child-hood even feared the blade of a sword) ran back, backward, with his hands above his head, at least twenty paces, gaping and staring, with the very grace, I think, of the clowns, that by *Latona's* prayers were turned into frogs. At length staying, finding himself without the compass of blows, he fell to a fresh scolding, in such mannerly manner, as might well shew he had passed thro' the discipline of a tavern; but seeing me walk up and down without marking what he said, he went his way, as I perceived after, to *Basilus*: for within a while he came unto me, bearing indeed shows in his countenance of an honest and well-minded gentleman, and with as much courtesy as *Dametas* with rudeness saluting me: fair lady, said he, it is nothing strange, that such a solitary place as this should receive solitary persons; but much do I marvel, how such a beauty, as yours is, should be suffered to be thus alone. I, that now knew it was my
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part to play, looking with a grave majesty upon him, as if I found in my self cause to be revered. *They are never alone*, said I, *that are accompanied with noble thoughts*. But those thoughts, replied *Basilus*, cannot in this your loneliness neither warrant you from suspicion in others, nor defend you from melancholy in your self: I then shewing a mislike that he pressed me so far; I seek no better warrant, said I, than my own conscience, nor no greater pleasure than mine own contentation. Yet virtue seeks to satisfy others, said *Basilus*. Those that be good, said I, and they will be satisfied as long as they see no evil: yet will the best in this country, said *Basilus*, suspect so excellent beauty being so weakly guarded. Then are the best but stark naught, answered I; for *open suspecting others, comes of secret condemning themselves*: but in my country, whose manners I am in all places to maintain and reverence, the *general goodness*, which is nourished in our hearts, makes *every one think the strength of virtue in another, whereof they find the assured foundation in themselves*. Excellent lady, said he, you praise so greatly, and yet so wisely, your country, that I must needs desire to know what the nest is, out of which such birds do fly. You must first deserve it, said I, before you may obtain it. And by what means, said *Basilus*, shall I deserve to know your estate? By letting me first know yours, answered I. To obey you, said he, I will do it, although it were so much more reason yours should be known first, as you do deserve in all points to be preferred. Know you, fair lady, that my name is *Basilus*, unworthily lord of this country: the rest, either fame hath already brought to your ears, or (if it please you to make this place happy by your presence) at more leisure you shall understand of me: I that from the beginning assured my self it was he, but would not seem I did so, to keep my gravity the better, making a piece of reverence unto him; mighty prince, said I, let my not knowing you serve for the excuse of my boldness, and the little reverence I do you, impute to the manner of my country,

try, which is the invincible land of the *Amazons*: my self niece to *Senicia*, queen thereof, lineally descended of the famous *Penthesilea*, slain by the bloody hand of *Pyr- rhus*: I, having in this my youth determined to make the world see the *Amazons* excellencies, as well in private, as in publick virtue, have passed some dangerous adventures in diverse countries, till the unmerciful sea deprived me of my company; so that shipwrack casting me not far hence, uncertain wandering brought me to this place. But *Basilus* (who now began to taste of that, which since he had swallowed up, as I will tell you) fell to more cunning intreating my abode, than any greedy host should use to well-paying passengers. I thought nothing could shoot righter at the mark of my desires; yet had I learned already so much: that it was against my womanhood to be forward in my own wishes. And therefore he (to prove whether intercessions in fitter mouths might better prevail) commanded *Dametas* to bring forthwith his wife and daughters thither, three ladies, although of diverse, yet of excellent beauty.

His wife in grave matron-like attire, with countenance and gesture suitable, and of such fairness, being in the strength of her age, as if her daughters had not been by, might with just price have purchased admiration: but they being there, it was enough that the most dainty eye would think her a worthy mother of such children. The fair *Pamela*, whose noble heart I find doth greatly disdain, that the trust of her virtue is reposed in such a lout's hands, as *Dametas*, had yet, to shew an obedience, taken on shepherdish apparel, which was but of russet-cloath cut after their fashion: with a straight body, open breasted, the nether part full of plaits, with long and wide sleeves: but believe me she did apparel her apparel, and with the preciousness of her body made it most sumptuous. Her hair at the full length, wound about with gold lace, only by the comparison to shew how far her hair doth excel in colour: betwixt her breasts (which sweetly rose up like two fair mountaints in the pleasant vale of *Tempe*)

Tempe) there hung a very rich diamond set but in a black horn: the word I have since read is this, *Yet still my self*. And thus particularly have I described them, because you may know that mine eyes are not so partial, but that I marked 'em too. But when the ornament of the earth, the model of heaven, the triumph of nature, the life of beauty, the queen of love, young *Philoclea* appeared in her nymph-like apparel, so near nakedness as one might well discern part of her perfections; and yet so apparelled, as did shew she kept best store of her beauty to her self: her hair (alas too poor a word, why should I not rather call them her beams) drawn up into a net able to have caught *Jupiter* when he was in the form of an eagle; her body (O sweet body!) covered with a light taffeta garment, (so cut, as the wrought smock came thro' it in many places, enough to have made your restrained imagination have thought what was under it:) with the cast of her black eyes, black indeed, whether nature so made them, that we might be the more able to behold and bear their wonderful shining, or that she, goddess-like, would work this miracle with her self, in giving blackness the price above all beauty. Then, I say, indeed methought the lillies grew pale for envy; the roses methought blushed to see sweeter roses in her cheeks; and the apples methought fell down from the trees, to do homage to the apples of her breast; then the clouds gave place, that the heavens might more freely smile upon her, at the least the clouds of my thoughts quite vanished; and my sight, then more clear and forcible than ever, was so fixed there, that, I imagine, I stood like a well wrought image, with some life in shew, but none in practice. And so had I been like enough to have stayed long time, but that *Gynecia* stepping between my sight and the only *Philoclea*, the change of object made me recover my senses; so that I could with reasonable good manner receive the salutation of her, and of the princess *Pamela*, doing them yet no farther reverence than one princess useth to another. But when I came to the never enough praised *Philoclea*, I could not but fall down on my knees, and taking by
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force her hand, and kissing it, I must confess with more than womanly ardency, divine lady, said I, let not the world, nor these great princesses marvel, to see me, contrary to my manner, do this special honour unto you, since, all both men and women, do owe this to the perfection of your beauty. But she blushing, like a fair morning in *May*, at this my singularity, and causing me to rise, noble lady, said she, it is no marvel to see your judgment much mistaken in my beauty, since you begin with so great an error, as to do more honour unto me than to them, to whom I my self owe all service. Rather, answered I with a bowed down countenance, that shews the power of your beauty, which forced me to do such an error, if it were an error. You are so well acquainted, said she sweetly, most sweetly smiling, with your own beauty, that it makes you easily fall into the discourse of beauty. Beauty in me? (said I, truly sighing) alas, if there be any, it is in my eyes, which your blessed presence hath imparted unto them.

But then, as I think *Basilus* willing her so to do, Well, said she, I must needs confess I have heard, that it is a *great happiness to be praised of them that are most praise-worthy*: and well I find that you are an invincible *Amazon*, since you will overcome, though in a wrong matter. But if my beauty be any thing, then let it obtain thus much of you, that you will remain some while in this company, to ease your own travel and our solitariness. First let me die, said I, before any word spoken by such a mouth should come in vain. And thus with some other words of entertaining, was my staying concluded, and I led among them to the lodge; truly a place for pleasantness, not unfit to flatter solitariness; for it being set upon such unsensible rising of the ground, as you are come to a pretty height before almost you perceive that you ascend, it gives the eye lordship over a good large circuit, which according to the nature of the country, being diversified between hills and dales, woods and plains, one place more clear, another more darksome, it seems a pleasant picture

picture of nature, with lovely lightsomeness and artificial shadows. The lodge is of a yellow stone, built in the form of a star, having round about a garden framed into like points; and beyond the garden ridings cut out, each answering the angles of the lodge: at the end of one of them is the other smaller lodge, but of like fashion, where the gracious *Pamela* liveth; so that the lodge seemeth not unlike a fair comet, whose tail stretcheth it self to a star of less greatness.

So *Gynecia* her self bringing me to my lodging, anon after I was invited and brought down to sup with them in the garden, a place not fairer in natural ornaments, than artificial inventions; where, in a banquetting-house, among certain pleasant trees, whose heads seemed curled with the wrappings about of vine-branches, the table was set near to an excellent water-work; for, by the casting of the water in most cunning manner, it makes, with the shining of the sun upon it, a perfect rain-bow, not more pleasant to the eye than to the mind, so sensible to see the proof of the heavenly *Iris*. There were birds also made so finely, that they did not only deceive the sight with their figure, but the hearing with their songs, which the watery instruments did make their gorge deliver. The table at which we sate was round, which being fast to the floor whereon we sate, and that divided from the rest of the buildings, with turning a vice, which *Basilus* at first did to make me sport, the table, and we about the table, did all turn round, by means of water which ran under, and carried it about as a mill. But alas, what pleasure did it to me, to make divers times the full circle round about, since *Philoclea*, being also set, was carried still in equal distance from me, and that only my eyes did overtake her? which when the table was stayed, and we began to feed, drank much more eagerly of her beauty, than my mouth did of any other liquor. And so was my common sense deceived, being chiefly bent to her, that, as I drank the wine and withal stole a look on her, me seemed I tasted her deliciousness. But alas, the one thirst

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was much more inflamed than the other quenched. Sometimes my eyes would lay themselves open to receive all the darts she did throw ; sometimes close up with admiration, as if with a contrary fancy, they would preserve the riches of that sight they had gotten, or cast my lids as curtains over the image of beauty her presence had painted in them. True it is, that my reason, now grown a servant to passion, did yet often tell his master, that he should more moderately use his delight. But he, that of a rebel was become a prince, disdained almost to allow him the place of a counsellor : so that my senses delights being too strong for any other resolution, I did even loose the reins unto them ; hoping that, going for a woman my looks would pass, either unmarked or unsuspected.

Now thus I had, as me thought, well played my first act, assuring my self, that under that disguisement, I should find opportunity to reveal my self to the owner of my heart. But who would think it possible, though I feel it true, that in almost eight weeks space I have lived here, having no more company but her parents ; and I being a familiar, as being a woman, and watchful, as being a lover, yet could never find opportunity to have one minute's leisure of private conference : the cause whereof is as strange, as the effects are to me miserable. And (alas!) this it is.

At the first sight that *Basilus* had of me, I think *Cupid* having headed his arrows with my misfortune, he was stricken, taking me to be such as I profess, with great affection towards me, which since is grown to such a doting love, that till I was fain to get this place, sometimes to retire unto freely, I was even choaked with his tediousness. You never saw fourscore years dance up and down more lively in a young lover ; now, as fine in his apparel, as if he would make me in love with a cloak, and verse for verse with the sharpest-witted lover in *Arcadia*. Do you not think that this is a faller of wormwood, while mine eyes feed upon the *Ambrosia* of *Philoclea's* beauty

beauty? but this is not all, no, this is not the worst: for he, good man, were easy enough to be dealt with; but, as I think, love and mischief having made a wager which should have most power in me, have set *Gynecia* also on such a fire toward me, as will never, I fear, be quenched but with my destruction. For, she being a woman of excellent wit, and of strong-working thoughts, whether she suspected me by my over-vehement shows of affection to *Philoclea* (which love forced me unwisely to utter, while hope of my mask foolishly encouraged me) or that she hath taken some other mark of me, that I am not a woman; or what devil it is hath revealed it unto her, I know not: but so it is, that all her countenances, words, and gestures are even miserable portraitures of a desperate affection. Whereby a man may learn, that these avoidings of company do but make the passions more violent, when they meet with fit subjects. Truly it were a notable dumb show of *Cupid's* kingdom, to see my eyes, languishing with over-vehement longing, direct themselves to *Philoclea* and *Basilus*, as busy about me as a bee, and indeed as cumbersome, making such vehement suits to me, who neither could, if I would, nor would, if I could, help him, while the terrible wit of *Gynecia*, carried with the beer of violent love, runs through us all. And so jealous is she of my love to her daughter, that I could never yet begin to open my mouth to the inevitable *Philoclea*, but that her unwished presence gave my tale a conclusion before it had a beginning. And surely, if I be not deceived, I see such shows of liking, and, if I be acquainted with passions, of almost a passionate liking in the heavenly *Philoclea* towards me, that I may hope her ears would not abhor my discourse. And for good *Basilus*, he thought it best to have lodged us together, but that the eternal hatefulness of my destiny made *Gynecia's* jealousy stop that, and all other my blessings. Yet must I confess, that one way her love doth me pleasure; for since it was my foolish fortune, or unfortunate folly, to be known by her, that keeps her from bewray-

ing me to *Basilus*. And thus, my *Musidorus*, you have my tragedy played unto you by my self, which I pray the gods may not indeed prove a tragedy. And therewith he ended, making a full point of a hearty sigh.

Musidorus recommended to his best discourse, all which *Pyrocles* had told him. But therein he found such intricateness, that he could see no way to lead him out of the maze; yet perceiving his affection so grounded, that striving against it, did rather anger than heal the wound, and rather call his friendship in question than give place to any friendly counsel: Well, said he, dear cousin! since it hath pleased the gods to mingle your other excellencies with this humour of love; yet happy it is, that your love is imployed upon so rare a woman: for certainly *a noble cause doth ease much a grievous case*. But as it stands now, nothing vexeth me, as that I cannot see wherein I can be serviceable unto you. I desire no greater service of you, answered *Pyrocles*, than that you remain secretly in this country, and sometimes come to this place, either late in the night, or early in the morning, where you shall have my key to enter, because as my fortune either amends or impairs, I may declare it unto you, and have your counsel and furtherance: and hereby I will of purpose lead her, that is the praise, and yet the stain of all womankind, that you may have so good a view, as to allow my judgment: and as I can get the most convenient time, I will come unto you; for, tho' by reason of yonder wood you cannot see the lodge, it is hard at hand. But now, said she, it is time for me to leave you, and towards evening we will walk out of purpose hitherward, therefore keep your self close in that time. But *Musidorus*, bethinking himself that his horse might happen to bewray him, thought it best to return, for that day, to a village not far off, and dispatching his horse in some sort, the next day early to come a foot thither, and so to keep that course afterward, which *Pyrocles* very well liked of. Now farewell, dear cousin, said he, from me, no more *Pyrocles*, nor *Daiphantus* now, but
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Zelmane: *Zelmane* is my name, *Zelmane* is my title, *Zelmane* is the only hope of my advancement. And with that word going out, and seeing that the coast was clear, *Zelmane* dismissed *Musidorus*, who departed as full of care to help his friend, as before he was to dissuade him.

Zelmane returned to the lodge, where (inflamed by *Philoclea*, watched by *Gynecia*, and tired by *Basilus*) she was like a horse desirous to run, and miserably spurred, but so short reined as he cannot stir forward; *Zelmane* sought occasion to speak with *Philoclea*; *Basilus* with *Zelmane*; and *Gynecia* hindered them all. If *Philoclea* happened to sigh, and sigh she did often, as if that sigh were to be waited on, *Zelmane* sighed also, whereto *Basilus* and *Gynecia* soon made up four parts of sorrow. Their affection increased their conversation; and their conversation increased their affection. The respect borne, bred due ceremonies; but the affection shined so through them, that the ceremonies seemed not ceremonies. *Zelmane's* eyes were (like children before sweet meat) eager, but fearful of their ill-pleasing governors. Time, in one instant, seeming both short and long unto them: short, in the pleasingness of such presence: long, in the stay of their desires.

But *Zelmane* failed not to entice them all many times abroad, because she was desirous her friend *Musidorus*, near whom of purpose she led them, might have full sight of them. Sometimes angling to a little river near hand, which for the moisture it bestowed upon the roots of flourishing trees, was rewarded with their shadow. There would they sit down, and pretty wagers be made between *Pamela* and *Philoclea*, which could soonest beguile silly fishes, while *Zelmane* protested that the fit prey for them was hearts of princes. She also had an angle in her hand; but the taker was so taken, that she had forgotten taking. *Basilus* in the mean time would be the cook himself of what was so caught, and *Gynecia* sit still, but with no still pensiveness. Now she brought them to see a feeled dove, who, the blinder she was, the higher she strove. Ano-

ther time a kite, which having a gut cunningly pulled out of her, and so let fly, caused all the kites in that quarter, who, as oftentimes the world is deceived, thinking her prosperous, when indeed she was wounded, made the poor kite find, that *opinion of riches may well be dangerous.*

But these recreations were interrupted by a delight of more gallant show; for one evening, as *Basilus* returned from having forced his thoughts to please themselves in such small conquest, there came a shepherd, who brought him word, that a gentleman desired leave to do a message from his lord unto him. *Basilus* granted, whereupon the gentleman came; and after the dutiful ceremonies observed in his master's name; told him, that he was sent from *Phalantus* of *Corinth*, to crave licence, that, as he had done in many other courts, so, he might in his presence, defy all *Arcadian* knights in the behalf of his mistress's beauty, who would besides her self in person be present, to give evident proof what his lance should affirm. The conditions of his challenge were, that the defendant should bring his mistress's picture, which being set by the image of *Artesia*, so was the mistress of *Phalantus* named, who in six courses should have the better of the other, in the judgment of *Basilus*, with him both the honours and the pictures should remain. *Basilus* (though he had retired himself into that solitary dwelling, with intention to avoid, rather than to accept any matters of drawing company, yet, because he would entertain *Zelmane*, that she might not think the time so gainful to him, loss to her) granted him to pitch his tent for three days not far from the lodge, and to proclaim his challenge, that what *Arcadian* knight, for none else but upon his peril was licensed to come, would defend what he honoured against *Phalantus*, should have the like freedom of access and return.

This obtained and published, *Zelmane* being desirous to learn what this *Phalantus* was, having never known him farther than by report of his good justing, in so much as he

he was commonly called, *The fair man of arms*; *Basilus* told her that he had had occasion by one very inward with him, to know in part the discourse of his life, which was that he was bastard-brother to the fair *Helen* queen of *Corinth*, and dearly esteemed of her, for his exceeding good parts, being honourably courteous, and wronglessly valiant, considerately pleasant in conversation and an excellent courtier without unfaithfulness; who, finding his sister's unpersuadable melancholy, through the love of *Amphialus*, had for a time left her court, and gone into *Laconia*, where, in the war against the *Helots*, he had gotten the reputation of one, that both durst and knew. But as it was rather choice than nature, that led him to matters of arms, so as soon as the spur of honour ceased, he willingly rested in peaceable delights, being beloved in all companies for his lovely qualities, and, as a man may term it, winning chearfulness; whereby to the prince and court of *Laconia*, none was more agreeable than *Phalantus*: and he not given greatly to struggle with his own disposition, followed the gentle current of it, having a fortune sufficient to content, and he content with a sufficient fortune. But in that court he saw, and was acquainted with this *Artesia*, whose beauty he now defends, became her servant, said himself, and perchance thought himself her lover. But certainly, said *Basilus*, many times it falls out, that these young companions make themselves believe they love at their first liking of a likely beauty; loving, because they will love for want of other business, not because they feel indeed that divine power, which makes the heart find a reason in passion, and so, God knows, as inconstantly leave upon the next chance that beauty casts before them. So therefore taking love upon him like a fashion, he courted this lady *Artesia*, who was as fit to pay him in his own money as might be: for she thinketh she did wrong to her beauty, if she were not proud of it, called her disdain of him chastity, and placed her honour in little setting by his honouring her; determining never to marry,

but him whom she thought worthy of her; and that was one in whom all worthinesses were harboured. And to this conceit not only nature had bent her; but the bringing up she received at my Sister-in-law *Cecropia*, had confirmed her; who having in her widowhood taken this young *Artesia* into her charge, because her Father had been a dear friend of her dead husband's, had taught her to think that there is no wisdom but in including both heaven and earth in ones self; and that love, courtesy, gratefulness, friendship, and all other virtues are rather to be taken on, than taken in one's self. And so good a disciple she found of her, that liking the fruits of her own planting, she was content, if so her son could have liked of it, to have wished her in marriage to my nephew *Amphialus*. But I think that desire hath lost some of his heat, since she hath known, that such a queen as *Helen* is, doth offer so great a price as a kingdom, to buy his favour; for, if I be not deceived in my good sister *Cecropia*, she thinks no face so beautiful, as that which looks under a crown. But *Artesia* indeed liked well of my nephew *Amphialus*: For I can never deem that love which in haughty hearts proceeds of a desire only to please, and, as it were, peacock themselves; but yet she hath shewed vehemency of desire that way, I think because all her desires be vehement, insomuch that she hath both placed her only brother, a fine youth, called *Ismenus*, to be his 'squire, and her self is content to wait upon my sister, till she may see the uttermost what she may work in *Amphialus*; who being of a melancholy (though I must say, truly courteous and noble) mind, seems to love nothing less than love: and of late having, through some adventure, or inward discontentment, withdrawn himself from any body's knowledge, where he is; *Artesia* the easier condescended to go to the court of *Laconia*, whither she was sent for by the king's wife, to whom she is somewhat allied.

And there, after the war of the *Helots*, this knight *Phalantus*, at least for tongue-delight, made himself her
servant,

servant, and she so little caring, as not to shew mislike thereof, was content only to be noted to have a notable servant. For truly one in my court, nearly acquainted with him, within these few days made me a pleasant description of their love, while he with chearful looks would speak sorrowful words, using the phrase of his affection in so high a style, that *Mercury* would not have wooed *Venus* with more magnificent eloquence; but else, neither in behaviour, nor action, accusing in himself any great trouble in mind, whether he sped or no. And she, on the other side, well finding how little it was, and not caring for more, yet taught him, that often it falleth out but a foolish-witness, to speak more than one thinks.

For she made earnest benefit of his jest, forcing him in respect of his profession, to do her such services, as were both cumbersome and costly unto him, while he still thought he went beyond her, because his heart did not commit the idolatry. So that lastly, she, I think, having in mind to make the fame of her beauty an orator for her to *Amphialus*, (persuading herself perhaps, that it might fall out in him as it doth in some that have delightful meat before them, and have no stomach to it, before other folks praise it) she took the advantage one day, upon *Phalantus's* unconscionable praifings of her, and certain cast-away vows how much he would do for her sake, to arrest his word as soon as it was out of his mouth, and by the virtue thereof to charge him to go with her thro' all the courts of *Greece*, and with the challenge now made to give her beauty the principality over all other. *Phalantus* was entrapped, and saw round about him, but could not get out. Exceedingly perplexed he was, as he confessed to him that told me the tale, not for doubt he had of himself, (for indeed he had little cause, being accounted, with his lance especially, whereupon the challenge is to be tried) as perfect as any that *Greece* knoweth; but because he feared to offend his sister *Helen*, and withal, as he said, he could not so much believe his love, but that he must think in his heart, whatsoever his mouth affirmed, that
both

both she, my daughters, and the fair *Parthenia*, (wife to a most noble gentleman, my wife's near kinsman) might far better put in their claim for that prerogative. But his promise had bound him prentice, and therefore it was now better with willingness to purchase thanks, than with a discontented doing to have the pain and not the reward; and therefore went on, as his faith, rather than love, did lead him. And now hath he already passed the courts of *Laconia*, *Elis*, *Argos*, and *Corinth*: and, as many times it happens, that a good pleader makes a bad cause to prevail, so hath his lance brought captives to the triumph of *Artesia's* beauty, such, as though *Artesia* be among the fairest, yet in that company were to have the preheminency: for in those courts many knights, that had been in other far countries, defended such as they had seen, and liked in their travel: but their defence had been such as they had forfeited the pictures of their ladies, to give a forced false testimony to *Artesia's* excellency. And now lastly is he come hither, where he hath leave to try his fortune. But I assure you, if I thought it not in due and true consideration an injurious service and churlish courtesy, to put the danger of so noble a title in the deciding of such a dangerless combat, I would make young master *Phalantus* know, that your eyes can sharpen a blunt lance, and that age, which my gray hairs, only gotten by the loving care of others, make seem more than it is, hath not diminished in me the power to protect an undeniable verity: with that he bustled up himself, as though his heart would fain have walked abroad. *Zelmane* with an inward smiling gave him outward thanks, desiring him to reserve his force for worthier causes. So passing their time according to their wont, they waited for the coming of *Phalantus*, who the next morning having already caused his tents to be pitched near to a fair tree, hard by the lodge, had upon the tree made a shield to be hanged up, which the defendant should strike, that would call him to the maintaining his challenge. The *Impressa* in
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the shield, was a heaven full of stars, with a speech signifying, that it was *the beauty which gave it the praise*.

Himself came in next after a triumphant chariot, made of carnation-velvet, enriched with purple and pearl, wherein *Artesia* sat, drawn by four winged horses with artificial flaming mouths, and fiery wings, as if she had newly borrowed them of *Phœbus*. Before her marched, two after two, certain footmen pleasantly attired, who between them held one picture after another of them, that by *Phalantus* well running had lost the prize in the race of beauty, and at every pace they staid, turned the pictures to each side so leisurely, that with perfect judgment they might be discerned. The first that came in, following the order of the time wherein they had been won, was the picture of *Andromana*, queen of *Iberia*, whom a *Laconian* knight having some time, and with special favour, served, though some years since returned home, with more gratefulness than good fortune defended. But therein *Fortune* had borrowed wit; for indeed she was not comparable to *Artesia*; not because she was a good deal elder, for time had not yet been able to impoverish her store thereof, but an exceeding red hair, with small eyes, did, like ill companions, disgrace the other assembly of most commendable beauties.

Next after her was borne the counterfeit of the princess of *Elis*, a lady that taught the beholders no other point of beauty, but this, That as *liking is not always the child of beauty*, so *whatsoever liketh is beautiful*; for in that visage there was neither majesty, grace, favour, nor fairness; yet she wanted not a servant that would have made her fairer than the fair *Artesia*. But he wrote her praises with his helmet in the dust, and left her picture to be as a true witness of his overthrow, as his running was of her beauty.

After her was the goodly *Artaxia*, great queen of *Armenia*, a lady upon whom nature bestowed, and well placed her most delightful colours; and withal, had proportioned her without any fault, quickly to be discovered
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ed by the senses, yet altogether seemed not to make up that harmony, that *Cupid* delights in, the reason whereof might seem a mannish countenance, which overthrew that lovely sweetness, the noblest power of womankind, far fitter to prevail by parley, than by battel.

Of a far contrary consideration was the representation of her that next followed, which was *Erona* queen of *Lycia*, who though of so brown a hair, as no man should have injured it to have called it black, and that in the mixture of her cheeks the white did so much overcome the red, tho' what was, was very pure, that it came near to paleness, and that her face was a thought longer than the exact *Symmetrians* perhaps would allow: yet love play'd his part so well in every part, that it caught hold of the judgment, before it could judge, making it first love, and after acknowledge it fair; for there was a certain delicacy, which in yielding conquered, and with a pitiful look made one find cause to crave help himself.

After her came two ladies, of noble, but not of royal birth: the former was named *Baccha*, who though very fair, and of a fatness rather to allure, than to mislike, yet her breasts over-familiarly laid open, with a made countenance about her mouth, between simpering and smiling, her head bowed somewhat down, seemed to languish with over-much idleness, and with an inviting look cast upward dissuaded with too much persuading, while hope might seem to over-run desire.

The other, whose name was written *Leucippe*, was of a fine daintiness of beauty, her face carrying in it a sober simplicity, like one that could do much good, and meant no hurt, her eyes having in them such a cheerfulness, as nature seemed to smile in them, though her mouth and cheeks obeyed to that pretty demureness, which the more one marked, the more one would judge the poor soul apt to believe, and therefore the more pity to deceive her.

Next came the queen of *Laconia*, one that seemed born in the confines of beauty's kingdom: for all her lineaments were neither perfect possessors thereof, nor absolute

solute strangers thereto: but she was a queen, and therefore beautiful.

But she that followed, conquered indeed with being conquered, and might well have made all the beholders wait upon her triumph, while her self were led captive. It was the excellently fair queen *Helen*, whose jacinth-hair curled by nature, but intercurled by art, like a fine brook through golden sands, had a rope of fair pearl, which now hiding, now hidden by the hair, did as it were play at fast and loose each with other, mutually giving and receiving richness. In her face so much beauty and favour expressed, as if *Helen* had not been known, some would rather have judged it the painter's exercise, to show what he could do, than the counterfeiting of any living pattern; for no fault the most fault-finding wit could have found, if it were not, that to the rest of the body the face was somewhat too little: but that little was such a spark of beauty, as was able to inflame a world of love; for every thing was full of a choice fineness, that if it wanted any thing in majesty, it supplied it with increase in pleasure; and if at the first it struck not admiration, it ravished with delight. And no indifferent soul there was, which if it could resist from subjecting it self to make it his princess, that would not long to have such a play-fellow. As for her attire, it was costly and curious, though the look, fixed with more sadness than it seemed nature had bestowed to any that knew her fortune, bewrayed, that as she used those ornaments, not for her self, but to prevail with another, so she feared that all would not serve. Of a far differing, though esteemed equal, beauty, was the fair *Parthenia*, who next waited on *Artesia's* triumph, tho' far better she might have sat in the throne. For in her every thing was goodly and stately; yet so that it might seem that great mindedness was but the ancient-bearer to the humbleness. For her great grey-eye, which might seem full of her own beauty: a large and exceedingly fair forehead, with all the rest of her face and body, cast in the mould of nobleness, was yet so attired, as might shew,
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the mistress thought it either not to deserve, or not to need any exquisite decking, having no adorning but cleanliness; and so far from all art, that it was full of carelessness: unless that carelessness it self, in spite of it self, grew artificial. But *Basilus* could not abstain from praising *Parthenia*, as the perfect picture of a womanly virtue, and wisely faithfulness: telling withal *Zelmane*, how he had understood, that when in the court of *Laconia*, her picture, maintained by a certain *Scycionian* knight, was lost, through want rather of valour, than justice, her husband, the famous *Argalus*, would in a chafe have gone and redeemed it with a new tryal. But she, more sporting than sorrowing for her undeserved champion, told her husband, she desired to be beautiful in no body's eye but his: and that she would rather mar her face as evil as ever it was, than that it should be a cause to make *Argalus* put on armour. Then would *Basilus* have told *Zelmane* that which he already knew, of the rare tryal of that coupled affection: but the next picture made their mouthes give place to their eyes.

It was of a young maid, which fate pulling out a thorn out of a lamb's foot, with her look so attentive upon it, as if that little foot could have been the circle of her thoughts; her apparel so poor, as it had nothing but the inside to adorn it; a sheep-hook lying by her, with a bottle upon it. But with all that poverty, beauty played the prince, and commanded as many hearts as the greatest queen there did. Her beauty and her estate made her quickly to be known to be the fair shepherdess *Urania*, whom a rich knight called *Lacemon*, far in love with her, had unluckily defended.

The last of all in place, because last in the time of her being captive, was *Zelmane*, daughter to the king *Plexirtus*: who at the first sight seemed to have some resembling of *Philoclea*, but with more marking, comparing it to the present *Philoclea*, who indeed had no paragon but her sister, they might see, it was but such a likeness as an imperfect glass doth give; answerable enough in some features

tures and colours, but erring in others. But *Zelmane* sighing, turning to *Basilus*, alas Sir, said she, here be some pictures which might better become the tombs of their mistresses, than the triumph of *Artesia*. It is true sweetest lady, said *Basilus*, some of them be dead, and some other captive; but that hath happened so late, as it may be the knights that defended their beauty, knew not so much: without we will say, as in some other hearts I know it would fall out, that death it self could not blot out the image which love hath engraven in them. But diverse besides these, said *Basilus*, hath *Phalantus*, won, but he leaves the rest, carrying only such, who either for greatness of estate, or of beauty may justly glorify the glory of *Artesia's* triumph.

Thus talked *Basilus* with *Zelmane*, glad to make any matter subject to speak of with his mistress, while *Phalantus*, in this pompous manner, brought *Artesia* with her gentlewoman into one tent, by which he had another: where they both waited who would first strike upon the shield, while *Basilus* the judge appointed sticklers and trumpets, to whom the other should obey. But none that day appeared, nor the next, till already it had consumed half his allowance of light; but then there came in a knight, protesting himself as contrary to him in mind, as he was in apparel. For *Phalantus* was all in white, having in his bases and caparison imbroidered a waving water: at each side whereof he had nettings cast over, in which were diverse fishes naturally made, and so prettily, that as the horse stirred, the fishes seemed to strive, and leap in the net.

But the other knight, by name *Nestor*, by birth an *Arcadian*, and in affection vowed to the fair shepherdess, was all in black, with fire burning both upon his armour and horse. His *impressa* in his shield, was a fire made of junipter, with this word, *More easy, and more sweet*. But this hot knight was cooled with a fall, which at the third course he received of *Phalantus*, leaving his picture to keep company with the other of the same stamp; he going

ing away remedilessly chafing at his rebuke. The next was *Polycetes*, greatly esteemed in *Arcadia*, for deeds he had done in arms: and much spoken of for the honourable love he had long borne to *Gynecia*, which *Basilus* himself was content not only to suffer, but to be delighted with: he carried it in so honourable and open plainness, setting to his love no other mark, than to do her faithful service. But neither her fair picture, nor his fair running, could warrant him from overthrow, and her from becoming as then the last of *Artesia's* victories; a thing *Gynecia's* virtues would little have reckoned at another time, nor then, if *Zelmane* had not seen it. But her champion went away as much discomfited, as discomfited. Then *Thelamon* for *Pelexena*, and *Eurilion* for *Elpine*, and *Leon* for *Zoana*, all brave knights, all fair ladies, with their going down, lifted up the balance of his praise for activity, and hers for fairness.

Upon whose loss, as the beholders were talking, there comes into the place where they ran, a shepherd stripling (for his height made him more than a boy, and his face would not allow him a man) brown of complexion, whether by nature or by the sun's familiarity, but very lovely withal, for the rest so perfect proportioned, that nature shewed, she doth not like men, who flubber up matters of mean account. And well might his proportion be judged, for he had nothing upon him but a pair of slops, and upon his body a goat skin, which he cast over his shoulder, doing all things with so pretty a grace, that it seemed ignorance could not make him do amiss, because he had a heart to do well; holding in his right hand a long staff, and so coming with a look full of amiable fierceness, as in whom choler could not take away the sweetness; he came towards the king, and making a reverence (which in him was comely, because it was kindly.) My liege lord, said he, I pray you hear a few words; for my heart will break if I say not my mind to you: I see here the picture of *Urania*, which I cannot tell how, nor why these men when they fall down, they say, is not so fair as yonder
gay

gay woman. But pray God I may never see my old mother alive, if I think she be any more matched to *Urania*, than a goat is to a fine lamb ; or than the dog that keeps our flock at home, is like your white grayhound, that pulled down the stag last day.

And therefore I pray you let me be dressed as they be, and my heart gives me, I shall tumble him on the earth : for indeed he might as well say, that a cowslip is as white as a lilly : or else I care not, let him come with his great staff, and I with this in my hand, and you shall see what I can do to him. *Basilus* saw it was the fine shepherd *Lalus*, whom once he had afore him in pastoral sports, and had greatly delighted in his wit full of pretty simplicity, and therefore laughing at his earnestness, he bad him be content, since he saw the pictures of so great queens were fain to follow their champions fortune. But *Lalus*, even weeping ripe, went among the rest, longing to see some body that would revenge *Urania's* wrong ; and praying heartily for every body that ran against *Phalantus*, then beginning to feel poverty, that he could not set himself to that tryal. But by and by, even when the sun, like a noble heart, began to shew his greatest countenance in his lowest estate, there came in a knight, called *Phebilus*, a gentleman of that country, for whom hateful fortune had borrowed the dart of love, to make him miserable by the sight of *Philoclea*. For he had even from her infancy loved her, and was stricken by her before she was able to know what quiver of arrows her eyes carried ; but he loved and despaired, and the more he despaired, the more he loved. He saw his own worthiness, and thereby made her excellency have more terrible aspect upon him : he was so secret therein, as not daring to be open, that to no creature he ever spake of it, but his heart made such silent complaints within it self, that while all his senses were attentive thereto, cunning judges might perceive his mind ; so that he was known to love, though he denied, or rather was the better known, because he denied it. His armour and his attire was for a

sea colour; his *Impressa*, the fish called *Sepia*, which being in the net, casts a black ink about it self, that in the darkness thereof it may 'scape: his word was, *Not so*. *Philoclea's* picture with almost an idolatrous magnificence was borne in by him. But straight jealousy was a har-binger for disdain in *Zelmane's* heart, when she saw any, but her self, should be avowed a champion for *Philoclea*: infomuch that she wished his shame, 'till she saw him shamed. For at the second course he was stricken quite from out of the saddle, so full of grief and rage withal, that he would fain with the sword have revenged it, but that being contrary to the order set down, *Basilus* would not suffer: so that wishing himself in the bottom of the earth, he went his way, leaving *Zelmane* no less angry with his loss, than she would have been with his victory. For if she thought before a rival's praise would have angered her, her lady's disgrace did make her much more forget what she then thought, while that passion reigned so much the more, as she saw a pretty blush in *Philoclea's* cheeks bewray a modest discontentment. But the night commanded truce for those sports, and *Phalantus*, though intreated, would not leave *Artesia*; who in no case would come into the house, having, as it were, sucked of *Cecropia's* breath a mortal mislike against *Basilus*.

But the night measured by the short ell of sleep, was soon past over, and the next morning had given the watchful stars leave to take their rest, when a trumpet summoned *Basilus* to play his judge's part: which he did, taking his wife and daughters with him; *Zelmane* having locked her door, so as they would not trouble her for that time: for already there was a knight in the field, ready to prove *Helen of Corinth* had received great injury, both by the erring judgment of the challenger, and the unlucky weakness of her former defender. The new knight was quickly known to be *Clitophon*, *Kalander's* son of *Basilus's* sister, by his armour, which all gilt, was so well handled, that it shewed like a glittering sand and gravel, interlaced with silver rivers: his device he had put in the
picture

picture of *Helen* which he defended ; it was the *Ermion* with a speech that signified, *Rather dead than spotted*. But in that armour since he had parted from *Helen*, who would no longer his company, finding him to enter into terms of affection, he had performed so honourable actions, still seeking for his two friends by the names of *Palladius* and *Daiphantus*, that though his face were covered, his being was discovered, which yet *Basilus*, which had brought him up in his court, would not seem to do ; but glad to see the tryal of him, of whom he had heard very well, he commanded the trumpets to found, to which the two brave knights obeying, they performed their courses ; breaking their six staves, with so good, both skill in the hitting, and grace in the manner, that it bred some difficulty in the judgment. But *Basilus* in the end gave sentence against *Clitophon*, because *Phalantus* had broken more staves, upon the head, and that once *Clitophon* had received such a blow, that he had lost the reins of his horses, with his head well-nigh touching the crooper of the horse. But *Clitophon* was so angry with the judgment, wherein he thought he had received wrong, that he omitted his duty to his prince, and uncle ; and suddenly went his way still in the quest of them, whom as then he had left by seeking, and so yielded the field to the next comer.

Who, coming in about two hours after, was no less marked than all the rest before, because he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor device, his armour of as old a fashion, besides the rusty poor-ness, that it might better seem a monument of his grandfather's courage : about his middle he had, instead of baces, a long cloak of silk, which as unhandfomly, as it needs must, became the wearer : so that all that looked on, measured his length on the earth already, since he had to meet one who had been victorious of so many gallants. But he went on towards the shield, and with a sober grace struck it ; but as he let his sword fall upon it, another knight, all in black came rustling in, who struck the shield almost as soon as he, and so strongly, that he brake

the shield in two : the ill apparelled knight, for so the beholders called him, angry with that, as he accounted, insolent injury to himself, hit him such a sound blow, that they that looked on said, it well became a rude arm. The other answered him again in the same case, so that launces were put to silence, the swords were so busy.

But *Phalantus* angry of this defacing shield, came upon the black knight, and with the pommel of his sword set fire to his eyes, which presently was revenged, not only by the black, but the ill apparelled knight, who disdained another should enter into his quarrel, so as, who ever saw a matachin dance to imitate fighting, this was a fight that did imitate the matachin: for they being but three that fought, every one had two adversaries, striking him, who struck the third, and revenging perhaps that of him which he had received of the other. But *Basilus* rising himself came to part them, the sticklers authority scarcely able to persuade cholerick hearers; and part them he did.

But before he could determine, comes in a fourth, halting on foot, who complained to *Basilus*, demanding justice on the black knight, for having by force taken away the picture of *Pamela* from him, which in little form he wore in a tablet, and covered with silk had fastened it to his helmet, purposing for want of a bigger, to paragon the little one with *Artesia's* length, not doubting but even in that little quantity, the excellency of that would shine thorough the weakness of the other: as the smallest star doth thorough the whole element of fire. And by the way he had met with this black knight, who had, as he said, robbed him of it. The injury seemed grievous, but when it came fully to be examined, it was found, that the halring knight meeting the other, asking the cause of his going thitherward, and finding it was to defend *Pamela's* divine beauty against *Artesia's*, with a proud jollity commanded him to leave that quarrel only for him, who was only worthy to enter into it. But the black knight obeying no such commandments, they fell

fell to such a bickering, that he gat a halting, and lost his picture. This understood by *Basilus*, he told him he was now fitter to look to his own body, than another's picture, and so, uncomforted therein, sent him away to learn of *Æsculapius*, that he was not fit for *Venus*. But then the question arising, who should be the former against *Phalantus*, of the black or the ill apparelled knight, who now had gotten the reputation of some sturdy lout, he had so well defended himself; of the one side, was alledged the having a picture, which the other wanted: of the other side, the first striking the shield; but the conclusion was, that the ill apparelled knight should have the precedence, if he delivered the figure of his mistress to *Phalantus*; who asking him for it, certainly, said he, her liveliest picture, if you could see it, is in my heart, and the best comparison I could make of her, is of the sun and all the other heavenly beauties. But because perhaps all eyes cannot taste the divinity of her beauty, and would rather be dazzled, than taught by the light, if it be not clouded by some meaner thing; know ye then, that I defend that same lady, whose image *Phebilus* so feebly lost yesternight, and instead of another, if you overcome me, you shall have me your slave to carry that image in your mistress' triumph. *Phalantus* easily agreed to the bargain, which already he made his own.

But when it came to the tryal, the ill apparelled knight, chusing out the greatest staves in all the store, at the first course gave his head such a remembrance, that he lost almost his remembrance, he himself receiving the encounter of *Phalantus* without any extraordinary motion: and at the second, gave him such a counterbuff, that because *Phalantus* was so perfect a horse-man, as not to be driven from the saddle, the saddle with broken girths was driven from the horse; *Phalantus* remaining angry and amazed, because now being come almost to the last of his promised enterprise, that disgrace befel him, which he had never before known.

But the victory being by the judges given, and the trumpets witnessed to the ill apparelled knight; *Phalantus* disgrace was ingrieved in lieu of comfort of *Artesia*, who telling him she never looked for other, bade him seek some other mistress. He excusing himself, and turning over the fault to fortune, Then let that be your ill fortune too, said she, that you have lost me.

Nay, truly madam, said *Phalantus*, it shall not be so; for I think the loss of such a mistress will prove a great gain, and so concluded; to the sport of *Basilus*, to see young folks love, that came in masked with so great pomp, go out with so little constancy. But *Phalantus* first professing great service to *Basilus* for his courteous intermitting his solitary course for his sake, would yet conduct *Artesia* to the castle of *Cecropia*, whither she desired to go: vowing in himself, that neither heart, nor mouth-love, should ever any more intangle him, and with that resolution he left the company. Whence all being dismissed (among whom the black knight went away repining at his luck, that had kept him from winning the honour, as he knew he should have done to the picture of *Pamela*) the ill apparelled knight (who was only desired to stay, because *Basilus* meant to shew him to *Zelmane*) pull'd off his helmet, and then was known himself to be *Zelmane*: who that morning, as she told, while the others were busy, had stoln out of the prince's stable, which was a mile off from the lodge, had gotten a horse, they knowing it was *Basilus*' pleasure she should be obeyed, and borrowing that homely armour for want of a better, had come upon the spur to redeem *Philoclea*'s picture, which, she said, she could not bear, being one of that little wilderness company, should be in captivity, if the cunning she had learned in her country of the noble *Amazons*, could withstand it; and under that pretext fain she would have given a secret passport to her affection. But this act painted at one instant redness in *Philoclea*'s face, and paleness in *Gynecia*'s; but brought forth no other countenances but of admiration, no speeches but of commendations;

ons: all these few, besides love, thinking they honoured themselves, in honouring so accomplished a person as *Zelmane*: whom daily they sought with some or other sports to delight; for which purpose *Basilus* had, in a house not far off, servants, who though they came not uncalled, yet at call were ready.

And so many days were spent, and many ways used, while *Zelmane* was like one that stood in a tree waiting a good occasion to shoot, and *Gynecia* a blancher, which kept the dearest deer from her. But the day being come, on which according to an appointed course, the shepherds were to assemble, and make their pastoral sports before *Basilus*, *Zelmane*, fearing lest many eyes, and coming divers ways, might hap to 'spy *Musidorus*, went out to warn him thereof.

But before she could come to the arbour, she saw walking from her-ward, a man in sheperdish apparel, who being in the sight of the lodge, it might seem he was allowed there. A long cloak he had on, but that cast under his right arm, wherein he held a sheep hook, so finely wrought, that it gave a bravery to poverty, and his raiments, though they were mean, yet received they handsomness by the grace of the wearer; though he himself went but a kind of languishing pace, with his eyes sometimes cast up to heaven, as though his fancies strove to mount higher; sometimes thrown down to the ground, as if the earth could not bear the burthen of his sorrows; at length, with a lamentable tune, he sung these few verses.

*Come shepherd's weeds, become your master's mind:
Yield outward shew, what inward change he tries:
Nor be abash'd, since such a guest you find,
Whose strongest hope in your weak comfort lies.*

*Come shepherd's weeds, attend my woeful cries:
Disuse your selves from sweet Menalca's voice:
For other be those tunes which sorrow ties,
From those clear notes which freely may rejoyce.*

*Then pour out plaint, and in one word say this :
Helpless is plaint, who spoils himself of blifs.*

And having ended, he struck himself on the breast, saying, O miserable wretch, whither do thy destinies guide thee? the voice made *Zelmane* hasten her pace to overtake him; which having done, she plainly perceived that it was her dear friend *Musidorus*; whereat marvelling not a little, she demanded of him, whether the goddess of those woods had such a power to transform every body; or whether, as in all enterprizes else he had done, he meant thus to match her in this new alteration. Alas, said *Musidorus*, what shall I say, who am loath to say, and yet fain would have said? I find indeed, that *all is but lip-wisdom, which wants experience.* I now, woe is me, do try what love can do. O *Zelmane*, who will resist it, must either have no wit, or put out his eyes: can any man resist his creation? certainly by love we are made, and to love we are made. Beasts only cannot discern beauty, and let them be in the roll of beasts that do not honour it. The perfect friendship *Zelmane* bore him, and the great pity she, by good tryal, had of such cases, could not keep her from smiling at him, remembering how vehemently he had cried out against the folly of lovers; and therefore a little to punish him, why how now dear cousin, said she, you that were last day so high in the pulpit against lovers, are you now become so mean an auditor? remember that love is a passion, and that a worthy man's reason must ever have the masterhood. I recant, I recant, cried *Musidorus*, and withal falling down prostrate, O thou celestial or infernal spirit of love, or what other heavenly or hellish title thou list to have, for effects of both I find in my self, have compassion on me, and let thy glory be as great in pardoning them that be submitted to thee, as in conquering those that were rebellious. No, no, said *Zelmane*, I see you well enough; you make but an interlude of my mishaps, and do but counterfeit thus to make me see the deformity of my passions:

sions: but take heed, that this jest do not one day turn to earnest. Now I beseech thee, said *Musidorus*, taking her fast by the hand, even for the truth of our friendship, of which, if I be not altogether an unhappy man, thou hast some remembrance, and by those secret flames which I know have likewise nearly touched thee, make no jest of that, which hath so earnestly pierced me thorough, nor let that be light unto thee, which is to me so burdensome, that I am not able to bear it. *Musidorus* both in words and behaviour, did so lively deliver out his inward grief, that *Zelmane* found indeed, he was thoroughly wounded: but there rose a new jealousy in her mind, lest it might be with *Philoclea*, by whom, as *Zelmane* thought, in right all hearts and eyes should be inherited. And therefore desirous to be cleared of that doubt, *Musidorus* shortly, as in haste and full of passionate perplexedness, thus recounted his case unto her.

The day, said he, I parted from you, I being in mind to return to a town from whence I came hither, my horse being before tired, would scarce bear me a mile hence, where being benighted, the sight of a candle, I saw a good way off, guided me to a young shepherd's house, by name *Menalcas*, who seeing me to be a straying stranger, with the right honest hospitality which seems to be harboured in the *Arcadian* breasts, and, though not with curious costliness, yet with cleanly sufficiency entertained me: and having by talk with him, found the manner of the country something more in particular, than I had by *Kalander's* report, I agreed to sojourn with him in secret, which he faithfully promised to observe. And so hither to your harbour divers times repaired, and here by your means had the sight, O that it had never been so, nay, O that it might ever be so, of the goddess, who in a definite compass can set forth infinite beauty. All this while *Zelmane* was racked with jealousy. But he went on, for, said he, I lying close, and in truth thinking of you; and saying thus to my self, O sweet *Pyrocles*, how art thou bewitched? where is thy virtue? where

where is the use of thy reason? how much am I inferior to thee in the state of the mind? and yet know I that all the heavens cannot bring me such a thralldom. Scarcely, think I, had I spoken this word, when the ladies came forth; at which sight, I think the very words returned back again to strike my soul; at least, an unmeasurable sting I felt in my self, that I had spoken such words. At which sight? said *Zelmane*, not able to bear him any longer. O, said *Musidorus*, I know your suspicion; No; no, banish all such fear, it was, it is, and must be *Pamela*. Then all is safe, said *Zelmane*, proceed dear *Musidorus*. I will not, said he, impute it to my late solitary life, which yet is prone to affections, nor to the much thinking of you (though that called the consideration of love into my mind, which before I ever neglected) nor to the exaltation of *Venus*, nor revenge of *Cupid*, but even to her, who is the planet, nay, the goddess, against which, the only shield must be my sepulchre. When I first saw her, I was presently stricken, and I (like a foolish child, that when any thing hits him, will strike himself again upon it) would needs look again, as tho' I would persuade mine eyes, that they were deceived. But alas, well have I found, that *love to a yielding heart is a king; but to a resisting, is a t rant*. The more with arguments I shook the stake, which he had planted in the ground of my heart, the deeper still it sank into it. But what mean I to speak of the causes of my love, which is as impossible to describe, as to measure the back-side of heaven? let this word suffice, I love.

And that you may know I do so, it was I that came in black armour to defend her picture, where I was both prevented, and beaten by you. And so, I that waited here to do you service, have now my self most need of succour. But whereupon got you your self this apparel, said *Zelmane*? I had forgotten to tell you, said *Musidorus*, though that were one principal matter of my speech; so much am I now master of my own mind. But thus it happened: being returned to *Menalca's* house, full of torment-

tormenting desire, after a while fainting under the weight, my courage stirred up my wit to seek for some relief, before I yielded to perish. At last this came into my head, that every evening, that I had to no purpose last used my horse and armour I told *Menalcas*, that I was a *Thessalian* gentleman, who by mischance having killed a great favourite of the prince of that country, was pursued so cruelly, that in no place but either by favour or corruption, they would obtain my destruction; and that therefore I was determined, till the fury of my persecutors might be asswaged, to disguise my self among the shepherds of *Arcadia*, and, if it were possible, to be one of them that were allowed the prince's presence; because if the worst should fall, that I were discovered, yet having gotten the acquaintance of the prince, it might happen to move his heart to protect me. *Menalcus*, being of an honest disposition, pitied my case, which my face, thro' my inward torment, made credible; and so, I giving him largely for it, let me have this raiment, instructing me in all particularities, touching himself, or my self, which I desired to know: yet not trusting so much to his constancy, as that I would lay my life, and life of my life upon it, I hired him to go into *Thessalia* to a friend of mine, and to deliver him a letter from me; conjuring him to bring me as speedy an answer as he could, because it imported me greatly to know, whether certain of my friends did yet possess any favour, whose intercessions I might use for my restitution. He willingly took my letter, which being well sealed, indeed contained other matter. For I wrote to my trusty servant *Calodorus*, whom you know, as soon as he had delivered the letter, he should keep him prisoner in his house, not suffering him to have conference with any body, till he knew my further pleasure: in all other respects that he should use him as my brother. And is *Menalcas* gone, and I here a poor shepherd; more proud of this estate than of any kingdom, so manifest it is, that the highest point outward things can bring one unto, is the contentment of

of the mind, with which no estate; without which, all estates be miserable. Now have I chosen this day, because, as *Menalcas* told me, the other shepherds are called to make their sports, and hope that you will with your credit, find means to get me allowed among them. You need not doubt, answered *Zelmane*, but that I will, be your good mistress: marry, the best way of dealing must be by *Dametas*, who since his blunt brain hath perceived some favour the prince doth bear unto me (as without doubt *the most servile flattery is lodged most easily in the grossest capacity*, for their ordinary conceit draweth a yielding to their greater, and then have they not wit to discern the right degrees of duty) is much more serviceable unto me, than I can find any cause to wish him. And therefore despair not to win him: for every present occasion will catch his senses; and his senses are masters of his silly mind; only reverence him, and reward him, and with that bridle and saddle you shall well ride him. O heaven and earth, said *Musidorus*, to what a pass are our minds brought, that from the right line of virtue, are wryed to these crooked shifts? but O love, it is thou that doest it: thou changest name upon name; thou disguisest our bodies, and disfigurest our minds. But indeed thou hast reason; for *though the ways be foul, the journey's end is most fair and honourable*.

Now more sweet *Musidorus*, said *Zelmane*, of these philosophies; for here comes the very person of *Dametas*. And so he did indeed, with a sword by his side, a forest-bill on his neck, and a chopping-knife under his girdle: in which well provided sort, he had ever gone since the fear *Zelmane* had put him in. But he no sooner saw her, but with head and arms he laid his reverence afore her, enough to have made any man forswear all courtesy. And then in *Basilus'* name he did invite her to walk down to the place, where that day they were to have the pastorals.

But when he 'spied *Musidorus* to be none of the shepherds allowed in that place, he would fain have persuaded himself to utter some anger, but that he durst not; yet muttering and champing, as though his cud troubled him, he gave occasion to *Musidorus* to come near him, and feign

feign his tale of his own life : that he was a younger brother of the shepherd *Menalcas*, by name *Dorus*, sent by his father in his tender age to *Athens*, there to learn some cunning more than ordinary, that he might be the better liked of the prince : and that after his father's death, his brother *Menalcas*, lately gone thither to fetch him home, was also deceased, where, upon his death, he had charged him to seek the service of *Dametas*, and to be wholly and ever guided by him, as one in whose judgment and integrity the prince had singular confidence. For token whereof, he gave to *Dametas* a good sum of gold in ready coin : which *Menalcas* had bequeathed unto him, upon condition he should receive this poor *Dorus* into his service, that his mind and manners might grow the better by his daily example. *Dametas*, that of all manners of style could best conceive of golden eloquence, being withal tickled by *Musidorus's* praises, had his brain so turned, that he became slave to that, which he that sued to be his servant offered to give him ; yet for countenance sake, he seemed very squeamish, in respect of the charge he had of the princess *Pamela*. But such was the secret operation of the gold, helped with the persuasion of the amazon *Zelmane* (who said it was pity so handsome a young man should be any where else than with so good a master) that in the end he agreed (if that day he behaved himself so to liking of *Basilus*, as he might be contented) that then he would receive him into his service.

And thus went they to the lodge, where they found *Gynecia* and her daughters ready to go to the field, to delight themselves there a while, until the shepherds coming : whither also taking *Zelmane* with them, as they went, *Dametas* told them of *Dorus*, and desired he might be accepted there that day instead of his brother *Menalcas*. As for *Basilus*, he stayed behind to bring the shepherds, with whom he meant to confer, to breed the better *Zelmane's* liking, which he only regarded, while the other beautiful band came to the fair field appointed for the shepherdish pastimes. It was indeed a place of delight ;

light ; for through the midst of it there ran a sweet brook, which did both hold the eye open with her azure streams, and yet seek to close the eye with the purling noise it made upon the pebble stones it ran over : the field it self being set in some places with roses, and in all the rest constantly preserving a flourishing green : the roses added such a ruddy shew unto it, as though the field were bashful at his own beauty : about it, as if it had been to inclose a theatre, grew such sort of trees, as either excellency of fruit, stateliness of growth, continual greenness, or poetical fancies, have made at any time famous. In most part of which there had been framed by art such pleasant arbours, that, one answering another, they became a gallery aloft from tree to tree almost round about, which below gave a perfect shadow ; a pleasant refuge then from the cholerick look of *Phœbus*.

In this place while *Gynecia* walked hard by them, carrying many unquiet contentions about her, the ladies fate them down, inquiring divers questions of the shepherd *Dorus* ; who, keeping his eye still upon *Pamela*, answered with such a trembling voice, and abashed countenance, and oftentimes so far from the matter, that it was some sport to the young ladies, thinking it want of education, which made him so discountenanced with unwonted presence. But *Zelmane* that saw in him the glass of her own misery, taking the hand of *Philoclea*, and with burning kisses setting it close to her lips (as if it should stand there like a hand in the margin of a book, to note some saying worthy to be marked) began to speak these words : O love, since thou art so changeable in mens estates, how art thou so constant in their torments ? when suddenly there came out of a wood a monstrous lion, with a she-bear not far from him, of a little less fierceness, which, as they guest, having been hunted in forests far off, were by chance comthither, where before such beasts had never been seen. Then care, not fear ; or fear, not for themselves, altered something the countenances of the two lovers ; but so, as any man might perceive, was rather an assembling of powers

powers, than dismayedness of courage. *Philoclea* no sooner espied the lion, but that obeying the commandment of fear, she leaped up, and ran to the lodge-ward, as fast as her delicate legs could carry her, while *Dorus* drew *Pamela* behind a tree, where she stood quaking like a partridge, on which the hawk is even ready to seize. But the lion, seeing *Philoclea* run away, bent his race to herward, and was ready to seize himself on the prey, when *Zelmane* (to whom danger then was a cause of dreadlessness, all the composition of her elements being nothing but fiery) with swiftness of desire crossed him, and with force of affection struck him such a blow upon his chine, that she opened all his body: wherewith the valiant beast turning her with open jaws, she gave him such a thrust through his breast, that all the lion could do, was with his paw to tear off the mantle and sleeve of *Zelmane* with a little scratch, rather than a wound, his death-blow having taken away the effect of his force: but therewithal he fell down, and gave *Zelmane* leisure to take off his head, to carry it for a present to her lady *Philoclea*: who all this while, not knowing what was done behind her, kept on her course like *Arethusa* when she ran from *Alpheus*; her light apparel being carried up with the wind, that much of those beauties, she would at another time have willingly hidden, was presented to the sight of the twice wounded *Zelmane*. Which made *Zelmane* not follow her over-hastily, lest she should too soon deprive her self of that pleasure: but carrying the lion's head in her hand, did not fully overtake her, 'till they came to the presence of *Basilus*. Neither were they long there, but that *Gynecia* came thither also; who had been in such a trance of musing, that *Zelmane* was fighting with the lion, before she knew of any lion's coming: but then affection resisting, and the soon ending of the fight preventing all extremity of fear, she marked *Zelmane's* fighting: and when the lion's head was off, as *Zelmane* ran after *Philoclea*, so she could not find in her heart but run after *Zelmane*: so that it was a new fight, fortune had prepared
to

to those woods, to see these great personages thus run one after the other, each carried forward with an inward violence; *Philoclea* with such fear, that she thought she was still in the lion's mouth; *Zelmane* with an eager and impatient delight; *Gynecia* with wings of love, flying she neither knew, nor cared to know whither. But now being all come before *Basilus*, amazed with this sight, and fear having such possession in the fair *Philoclea*, that her blood durst not yet come to her face, to take away the name of paleness from her most pure whiteness, *Zelmane* kneeled down, and presented the lion's head unto her: only lady, said she, here see you the punishment of that unnatural beast, which contrary to his own kind would have wronged prince's blood, guided with such traiterous eyes, as durst rebel against your beauty. Happy am I, and my beauty both (answered the sweet *Philoclea* then blushing, for fear had bequeathed his room to his kinsman bashfulness) that you, excellent *Amazon*, were there to teach him good manners. And even thanks to that beauty, answered *Zelmane*, which can give an edge to the bluntest swords. There *Philoclea* told her father how it had happened: but as she had turned her eyes in her tale to *Zelmane*, she perceived some blood upon *Zelmane's* shoulder, so that starting with the lovely grace and pity, she shewed it to her father and mother; who, as the nurse sometimes with over-much kissing may forget to give the babe suck, so had they with too much delighting, in beholding and praising *Zelmane*, left off to mark whether she needed succour. But then they ran both unto her, like a father and mother to an only child, and, though *Zelmane* assured them it was nothing, would needs see it, *Gynecia* having skill in chirurgery, an art in those days much esteemed, because it served to virtuous courage, which even ladies would, ever with the contempt of cowards, seem to cherish. But looking upon it (which gave more inward bleeding wounds to *Zelmane*, for she might sometimes feel *Philoclea's* touch, whilst she helped her mother) she found it was indeed of no importance; yet

yet applied she a precious balm unto it, of power to heal a greater grief.

But even then, and not before, they remembered *Pamela*, and therefore *Zelmane*, thinking of her friend *Dorus*, was running back to be satisfied, when they might all see *Pamela* coming between *Dorus* and *Dametas*, having in her hand the paw of a bear, which the shepherd *Dorus* had newly presented unto her, desiring her to accept it, as of such a beast, which though she deserved death for her presumption, yet was her wit to be esteemed, since she could make so sweet a choice. *Dametas* for his part came piping and dancing, the merriest man in a parish: but when he came so near as he might be heard of *Basilus*, he would needs break through his ears with this joyful song of their good success.

NOW thanked be the great god Pan,
Which thus preserves my loved life:
Thanked be I, that keep a man,
Who ended hath this bloody strife:
For if my man must praises have,
What then must I, that keep the knave?

For as the Moon the eye doth please,
With gentle beams not hurting sight:
Yet hath sir Sun the greatest praise,
Because from him doth come her light:
So if my man must praises have,
What then must I, that keep the knave?

Being all now come together, and all desirous to know each other's adventures, *Pamela's* noble heart would needs gratefully make known the valiant mean of her safety, which, directing her speech to her mother, she did in this manner: as soon, said she, as ye were all run away, and that I hoped to be in safety, there came out of the same woods a horrible foul bear, which (fearing belike to deal, while the lion was present, as soon as he was gone)

came furiously towards the place where I was, and this young shepherd left alone by me, I truly (not guilty of any wisdom, which since they lay to my charge, because they say, it is the best refuge against that beast, but even pure fear bringing forth that effect of wisdom) fell down flat on my face, needing not counterfeit being dead, for indeed I was little better. But this young shepherd with a wonderful courage, having no other weapon but that knife you see, standing before the place where I lay, so behaved himself, that the first sight I had, when I thought my self already near *Charon's* ferry was the shepherd shewing me his bloody knife in token of victory. I pray you (said *Zelmane* speaking to *Dorus*, whose valour she was careful to have manifested) in what sort, so ill weaponed, could you atchieve this enterprize? Noble lady, said *Dorus*, the manner of these beasts fighting with any man, is to stand up upon their hinder feet, and so this did, and being ready to give me a shrewd embracement, I think the god *Pan*, ever careful of the chief blessing of *Arcadia*, guided my hand so just to the heart of the beast, that neither she could once touch me, nor (which is the only matter in this worthy remembrance) breed any danger to the princess. For my part, I am rather, with all subjected humbleness, to thank her excellencies, since the duty thereunto gave me heart to save my self, than to receive thanks for a deed, which was her only inspiring. And this *Dorus* spake, keeping affection as much as he could back from coming into his eyes and gestures. But *Zelmane*, that had the same character in her heart, could easily decypher it, and therefore to keep him the longer in speech, desired to understand the conclusion of the matter, and how the honest *Dametas* was escaped. Nay, said *Pamela*, none shall take that office from my self, being so much bound to him as I am, for my education. And with that word, scorn borrowing the countenance of mirth, somewhat she smiled, and thus spake on: when, said she, *Dorus* made me assuredly perceive, that all cause of fear was passed, the truth is,
I was

I was ashamed to find my self alone with this shepherd ; and therefore looking about me, if I could see any body, at length we both perceived the gentle *Dametas*, lying with his head and breast as far he could thrust himself into a bush, drawing up his legs as close unto him as he could : for, like a man of a very kind nature, soon to take pity of himself, he was fully resolved not to see his own death. And when this shepherd pushed him, bidding him to be of good cheer ; it was a great while e're we could persuade him that *Dorus* was not the bear : so that he was fain to pull him out by the heels, and shew him the beast as dead as he could wish it : which, you may believe me, was a very joyful sight unto him. But then he forgot all courtesy ; for he fell upon the beast, giving it many a manful wound : swearing by much, it was not well such beasts should be suffered in a commonwealth. And then my governor, as full of joy, as before of fear, came dancing and singing before, as even now you saw him. Well, well, said *Basilus*, I have not chosen *Dametas* for his fighting, not for his discouraging, but for his plainness and honesty, and therein I know he will not deceive me. But then he told *Pamela* (not so much because she should know it, as because he would tell it) the wonderful act *Zelmane* had performed, which *Gynecia* likewise spake of, both in such extremity of praising, as was easy to be seen, the construction of their speech might best be made by the grammar rules of affection. *Basilus* told with what a gallant grace she ran with the lion's head in her hand, like another *Pallas* with the spoils of *Gorgon*. *Gynecia* sware she saw the very face of the young *Hercules* killing the *Nemean* lion ; and all with a grateful assent confirmed the same praises ; only poor *Dorus* (though of equal desert, yet not proceeding of equal estate) should have been left forgotten, had not *Zelmane* again with great admiration begun to speak of him ; asking, whether it were the fashion or no, in *Arcadia*, that shepherds should perform such valorous enterprises.

This *Basilus*, having the quick sense of a lover, took, as though his mistress had given him a secret reprehension, that he had not shewed more gratefulness to *Dorus*; and therefore, as nimbly as he could, inquired of his estate, adding promise of great rewards: among the rest, offering to him, if he would exercise his courage in foldiery, he would commit some charge unto him under his lieutenant *Philanax*. But *Dorus*, whose ambition climbed by another stair, having first answered touching his estate, that he was brother to the shepherd *Menalcas*; who among others was wont to resort to the prince's presence, and excused his going to foldiery, by the unaptness he found in himself that way, he told *Basilus*, that his brother in his last testament had willed him to serve *Dametas*, and therefore, for due obedience thereunto, he would think his service greatly rewarded, if he might obtain by that mean to live in the sight of his prince, and yet practise his own chosen vocation. *Basilus*, liking well his goodly shape and handsome manner, charged *Dametas* to receive him like a son into his house; saying, that his valour, and *Dametas's* truth would be good bulwarks against such mischiefs, as, he stuck not to say, were threatened to his daughter *Parnela*.

Dametas, no whit out of countenance with all that had been said, because he had no worse to fall into than his own, accepted *Dorus*; and withal telling *Basilus* that some of the shepherds were come, demanded in what place he would see their sports, who first, curious to know whether it were not more requisite for *Zelmane's* hurt to rest, than sit up at those pastimes; and she, that felt no wound but one, earnestly desired to have the pastorals, *Basilus* commanded it should be at the gate of the lodge, where the throne of the prince being according to the ancient manner, he made *Zelmane* sit between him and his wife therein, who thought her self between drowning and burning; and the two young ladies of either side the throne, and so prepared their eyes and ears to be delighted by the shepherds.

But

But before all of them were assembled to begin their sports, there came a fellow who being out of breath, or seeming so to be for haste, with humble hastiness told *Basilus*, that his mistress, the lady *Cecropia*, had sent him to excuse the mischance of her beast ranging in that dangerous sort, being happened by the folly of the keeper, who thinking himself able to rule them, had carried them abroad, and so was deceived: whom yet, if *Basilus* would punish for it, she was ready to deliver. *Basilus* made no other answer, but that his mistress, if she had any more such beasts, should cause them to be killed: and then he told his wife and *Zelmae* of it, because they should not fear those woods, as though they harboured such beasts where the like had never been seen. But *Gynecia* took a farther conceit of it, mistrusting greatly *Cecropia*, because she had heard much of the devilish wickedness of her heart, and that particularly she did her best to bring up her son *Amphialus*, being brother's son to *Basilus*, to aspire to the crown, as next heir male after *Basilus*, and therefore saw no reason but that she might conjecture, it proceeded rather of some mischievous practice, than of misfortune. Yet did she only utter her doubt to her daughters, thinking, since the worst was past, she would attend a farther occasion, lest overmuch haste might seem to proceed of the ordinary mislike between sisters-in-law, only they marvelled that *Basilus* looked no farther into it, who, good man, thought so much of his late conceived common-wealth, that all other matters were but digressions unto him. But the shepherds were ready, and with well handling themselves, called their senses to attend their pastimes.

Basilus, because *Zelmae* so would have it, used the artificial day of torches, to lighten the sports their invention could minister: and because many of the shepherds were but newly come, he did in a gentle manner chastise their negligence, with making them, for that night, the torch bearers; and the other he willed with all freedom of speech and behaviour to keep their accustomed me-

thod : which while they prepared to do, *Dametas*, who much disdained, since his late authority, all his old companions, brought his servant *Dorus* in good acquaintance and allowance of them, and himself stood like a director over them, with nodding, gaping, winking, or stamping, shewing how he did like or mislike those things he did not understand. The first sports the shepherds shewed, were full of such leaps and gambols as being according to the pipe, which they bare in their mouths, even as they danced, made a right picture of their chief god *Pan*, and his companions the *Satyrs*. Then would they cast away their pipes, and holding hand in hand dance as it were in a braule, by the only cadence of their voices, which they would use in singing some short couplets, whereto the one half beginning, the other half should answer as the one half, saying;

We love, and have our loves rewarded.

The others would answer,

We love, and are no whit regarded.

The first again,

We find most sweet affection's snare.

With like tune it should be as in a choire sent back again,

That sweet, but sowre, despairful care.

A third time likewise thus :

Who can despair, whom hope doth bear ?

The answer,

And who can hope, that feels despair ?

Then joyning all their voices, and dancing a faster measure, they would conclude with some such words :

As without breath no pipe doth move,

No musick kindly without love.

Having thus varied both their song and dances into divers sorts of inventions, their last sport was, one of them to provoke another to a more large expressing of his passions : which *Thyrsis* (accounted one of the best singers amongst them) having marked in *Dorus's* dancing, no less

less good grace and handsome behaviour, than extreme tokens of a troubled mind, began first with his pipe, and then with his voice, thus to challenge *Dorus*, and was by him answered in the under-written sort.

ECLOGUE.

THYRSIS and DORUS.

Thyr. **C**ome *Dorus*, come, let songs thy sorrows signify,
And if for want of use thy mind ashamed is,
That very shame with love's high title dignify.

No style is held for base where love well named is:
Each ear sucks up the words a true-love scattereth,
And plain speech oft, than quaint phrase better framed is.

Dor. Nightingales seldom sing; the pye still chattereth;
The wood cries most, before it thoroughly kindled be;
Deadly wounds inward bleed, each sleight sore, mattereth.

Hardly they heard, which by good hunters singled be:
Shallow brooks murmur most, deep, silent slide away,
Nor true-love, his loves with others mingled be.

Thyr. If thou wilt not be seen, thy face go hide away,
Be none of us, or else maintain our fashion:
Who frowns at others feasts, doth better bide away.

But if thou hast a love, in that love's passion
I challenge thee by shew of her perfection,
Which of us two deserveth most compassion.

Dor. Thy challenge great, but greater my protection:
Sing then, and see (for now thou hast inflamed me)
Thy health too mean a match for my infection.

No though the heaven's for high attempts have blamed me,
Yet high is my attempt. O muse historify
Her praise, whose praise to learn your skill hath framed me.

Thyr. Muse hold your peace; but thou my god Pan glorify
My *Kala's* gifts, who with all good gifts filled is,
Thy pipe, O Pan, shall help though I sing sorrily.

*A heap of sweet she is, where nothing spilled is ;
Who though she be no Bee, yet full of honey is :*

A Lilly-field, with plough of Rose which tilled is :

Mild as a lamb, more dainty than a coney is :

Her eyes my eye sight is, her conversation

More glad to me, than to a miser money is.

What coy account she makes of estimation ?

How nice to touch ? how all her speeches poised be ?

A nymph thus turned, but mended in translation.

Dor. Such Kala is : but ah my fancies raised be

In one, whose name to name were high presumption ;

Since virtue's all, to make her title pleased be ;

O happy gods, which by inward assumption

Enjoy her soul, in bodies fair possession,

And keep it joyn'd, fearing your seats consumption.

How oft with rain of tears skies make confession,

Their dwellers wrapt with sight of her perfection,

From heav'nly throne to her heav'n use digression ?

Of best things then what world shall yield confection

To liken her : deck yours with your comparison :

She is her self of best things the collection.

Thyr. How oft my doleful fire cry'd to me, tarry son,

When first he spied my love ? how oft he said to me,

Thou art no soldier fit for Cupid's garrison ?

My son keep this, that my long toil hath laid to me :

Love well thine own, methinks wool's whiteness passeth all :

I never found long love such wealth hath paid to me.

This wind he spent : but when my Kala glasseth all

My sight in her fair limbs, I then assure my self,

Not rotten sheep, but high crowns she surpasseth all :

Can I be poor, that her gold hair procure my self ?

Want I white wool, whose eyes her white skin garnished ?

Till I get her, shall I to keep inure my self ?

Dor. How oft, when reason saw, love of her harnessed

With armour of my heart, he cried, O vanity !

To set a pearl in steel so meanly varnished ?

Look to thy self, reach not beyond humanity.

Her mind, beams, state, far from the weak wings banished ;

And love which lover hurts is inhumanity.

Thus

*Thus reason said? but she came, reason vanished;
Her eyes so mastering me, that such objection
Seem'd but to spoil the food of thoughts long famished,
Her peerless height my mind to high erection
Draws up; and if hope-failing end life's pleasure,
Of fairer death how can I make election?*

*Thyrsis. Once my well waiting eyes espy'd my treasure,
With sleeves turn'd up, loose hair, and breasts enlarged,
Her father's corn, moving her fair limbs, measure.*

*O cried I, if so mean work be discharged:
Measure my case how by thy beauties filling
With seeds of woes my heart brim full is charged.*

*Thy father bids thee save, and chides for spilling;
Save then my soul, spill not my thoughts well heaped,
No lovely praise was ever got by killing:
These bold words she did bear, this fruit I reaped,
That she whose look alone might make me blessed,
Did smile on me, and then away she leaped.*

*Dorus. Once, O sweet once, I saw with dread oppressed
Her whom I dread; so that with prostrate lying
Her length, the earth in love's chief cloathing dressed,
I saw that riches fall, and fell a crying;
Let not dead earth enjoy so dear a cover,
But deck therewith my soul for your sake dying:*

*Lay all your fear upon your fearful lover:
Shine eyes on me that both our lives be guarded;
So I your sight, you shall your selves recover,
I cried, and was with open rays rewarded:
But straight they fled summon'd by cruel honour,
Honour, the cause desert is not regarded.*

*Thyrsis. This maid, thus made for joys, O Pan! bemoan her,
That without love she spends her years of love:
So fair a field would well become an owner.*

*And if enchantment can a hard heart move,
Teach me what circle may acquaint her sprite,
Affection's charms in my behalf to prove.*

*The circle is my, round about her, sight,
The power I will invoke dwells in her eyes:
My charm should be, she haunt me day and night.*

Dor.

Dorus. Far other case, O muse, my sorrow tries,
 Bent to such one in whom my self must say,
 Nothing can mend one point that in her lies.

What circle then in so rare force bears sway?
 Whose sprite all sprites can foil, raise, damn, or save:
 No charm holds her, but well possess she may,
 Possess she doth, and makes my soul her slave;
 My eyes the bands, my thoughts the fatal knot,
 No thral like them that inward bondage have.

Thyrsis. Kala, at length conclude my ling'ring lot:

Disdain me not, although I be not fair,
 Who is an heir of many hundred sheep,
 Do beauties keep which never sun can burn,
 Nor storms do turn: fairness serves oft to wealth,
 Yet all my health I place in your good will:
 Which if you will, O do, bestow on me
 Such as you see; such still you shall me find,
 Constant and kind, my sheep your food shall breed,
 Their wool your weed, I will you musick yield
 In flow'ry field; and as the day begins
 With twenty gins we will the small birds take,
 And pastimes make, as nature things hath made.
 But when in shade we meet of myrtle boughs,
 Then love allows our pleasures to enrich,
 The thought of which doth pass all worldly pelf.

Dorus. Lady your self whom neither name I dare,
 And titles are but spots to such a worth,
 Here plaints come forth from dungeon of my mind.
 The noblest kind rejects not others woes.

I have no shews of wealth: my wealth is you,
 My beauties hue your beams, my health your deeds:
 My mind for weeds your virtues livery wears.
 My food is tears, my tunes waymenting yield,
 Despair my field, the flowers spirits wars:
 My day new cares, my gins my daily sight,
 In which do light small birds of thoughts o'rethrown:
 My pastimes none: time passes on my fall:
 Nature made all, but me of dolours made,
 I find no shade, but where my sun doth burn:

No place to turn; without, within it fries:

Nor help by life or death, who living dies.

*Thyrsis. But if my Kala thus my suit denies,
Which so much reason bears:*

Let crows pick out mine eyes, which too much saw.

If she still hate love's law,

My earthly mould doth melt in wat'ry tears.

*Dorus. My earthly mould doth melt in wat'ry tears,
And they again resolve*

*To air of sighs, sighs, to the heart fire turn,
Which doth to ashes burn.*

Thus doth my life within it self dissolve.

*Thyrsis. Thus doth my life within it self dissolve,
That I grow like the beast,*

*Which bears the bit a weaker force doth guide,
Yet patience must abide.*

Such weight it hath, which once is full possess'd.

*Dorus. Such weight it hath, which once is full possess'd,
That I become a vision,*

Which hath in others held his only being.

And lives in fancy seeing,

O wretched state of man in self-division!

Thyrsis. O wretched state of man in self-division!

O well thou say'st! a feeling declaration!

Thy tongue hath made of Cupid's deep incision.

But now hoarse voice, doth fail this occupation,

And others long to tell their love's condition

Of singing thou hast got the reputation.

Dorus. Of singing thou hast got the reputation,

Good Thyrsis mine; I yield to thy ability;

My heart doth seek another estimation.

But ah my muse, I would thou had'st facility

To work my Goddess so by thy invention

On me to cast those eyes where shine nobility:

Seen and unknown; heard, but without attention.

*Dorus did so well in answering Thyrsis, that every one de-
fired to hear him sing something alone. Seeing therefore
a lute*

a lute lying under the princess *Pamela's* feet glad to have such an errand to approach her, he came, but came with a dismayed grace, all his blood stirred betwixt fear and desire, and playing upon it with such a sweetness, as every body wondered to see such skill in a shepherd, he sung unto it, with a sorrowing voice, these elegiac verses :

Dor. Fortune, nature, love, long have contended about me.
Which should most miseries cast on a worm that I am,

Fortune thus gan say, misery and misfortune is all one,
And of misfortune, fortune hath only the gift.

With strong foes on land, on sea with contrary tempests,
Still do I cross this wretch, what so he taketh in hand.

Tush, tush, said nature, this is all but a trifle, a man's self
Gives haps or mishaps, even as he ordereth his heart.

But so his humour I frame, in a mould of choler adusted,
That the delights of life shall be to him dolorous.

Love smiled, and thus said ; what joyn'd to desire is unhappy :
But if he nought do desire, what can Heraclitus ail ?

None but I work by desire : by desire have I kindled in his
Infernal agonies into a beauty divine : (soul

Where thou poor nature left'st all thy due glory, to fortune
Her virtue is sovereign, fortune a vassal of hers.

Nature abash'd went back : fortune blush'd : yet she replied
And even in that love shall I reserve him a spite. (thus :

Thus, thus, alas ! woeful by nature, unhappy by fortune ;
But most wretched I am, now love awakes my desire.

Dorus when he had sung thus ; having had all the while a free beholding of the fair *Pamela* (who could have well spared such honour ; and defended the assault he gave unto her face with bringing a fair stain of shamefacedness unto it) let fall his arms, and remained so fastened in his thoughts, as if *Pamela* had grafted him there to grow in continual imagination. But *Zelmane* espying it, and fearing he should too much forget himself, she came to him, and took out of his hand the lute, and laying fast hold of *Philoclea's* face with her eyes, she sung these sapphicks, speaking as it were to her own hope.

*If mine eyes can speak to do hearty errand,
Or mine eyes language she do hap to judge of,
So that eyes message be of her received,*

Hope we do live yet.

*But if eyes fail then, when I most do need them,
Or if eyes language be not unto her known,
So that eyes message do return rejected,*

Hope we do both die.

*Yet dying, and dead, do we sing her honour;
So become our tombs monument of her praise;
So becomes our loss the triumph of her gain;*

Hers be the glory.

*If the spheres sensless do yet hold a musick,
If the swan's sweet voice be not heard, but as death,
If the mute timber when it hath the life lost*

Yieldeth a lute's tune.

*Are then human lives privileg'd so meanly,
As that hateful death, can abridge them of power
With the vow of truth to record to all worlds*

That we be her spoils?

*Thus not ending, ends the due praise of her praise:
Fleshly vail consumes; but a soul hath his life,
Which is held in love; love it is, that hath joyn'd*

Life to this our soul.

*But if eyes can speak to do hearty errand,
Or mine eyes language she doth hap to judge of,
So that eyes message be of her received*

Hope we do live yet.

Great was the pleasure of *Basilus*, and greater would have been *Gynecia's*, but that she found too well it was intended to her daughter. As for *Philoclea*, she was sweetly ravished withal. When *Dorus*, desiring in a secret manner to speak of their cases, perchance the parties intended might take some light of it, making low reverence to *Zelmane*, began this provoking song in Hexameter verse unto her. Whereunto she soon finding whither his words were directed, in like tune and verse, answered as followeth:

DORUS,

DORUS.

ZELMANE.

Dor. Lady reserved by the heavens to do pastors company
honour,

Joyning your sweet voice to the rural muse of a desert,
Here you fully do find the strange operation of love,
How to the woods love runs as well as rides to the palace,
Neither he bears reverence to a prince, nor pity to a beggar,
But, like a point in midst of a circle, is still of a nearness,
All to a lesson he draws; neither hills nor caves can avoid him.

Zel. Worthy shepherd by my song to my self all favour is
happ'ned,

That to the sacred muse my annoys somewhat be revealed,
Sacred muse, who in one contains what nine do in all them,
But O happy be you, which safe from fiery reflections
Of Phœbus' violence in shade of sweet Cyparissus
Or pleasant myrtle may teach the unfortunate Echo
In these woods to resound the renowned name of goddess.
Happy be you that may to the saint, your only Idea,
(Although simply attir'd) your manly affection utter.
Happy be those mishaps which justly proportion holding,
Give right sound to the ears, and enter aright to the judgment:
But wretched be the souls, which veil'd in a contrary subject,
How much more we do love, so the less our loves be believed.
What skill salueth a sore of a wrong infirmity judged?
What can justice avail to a man that tells not his own case?
You though fears do abash, in you still possible hopes be:
Nature against we do seem to rebel, seem fools in a vain suit.
But so unheard, condemn'd, kept thence we do seek to abide in,
Self-lost in wand'ring, banished that place we do come from,
What mean is there alas, we can hope our loss to recover
What place is there left, we may hope our ways to recomfort?
Unto the heavens? our wings be too short: earth thinks us a
burden,

Air we do still with sighs increase: to the fire? we do want none,
And yet his outward heat our tears would quench, but an in-
ward

Fire no liquor can cool: Neptune's realm would not avail us.

Happy

Happy shepherd, with thanks to the Gods, still think to be thankful

That to thy advancement their wisdoms have thee abased.

Dor. Unto the gods with a thankful heart all thanks I do render,

That to my advancement their wisdoms have me abased.

*But yet alas! O but yet alas! our haps, be but hard haps,
Which must frame contempt to the fittest purchase of honour.*

*Well may a pastor plain, but alas his plaints be not esteem'd:
Silly shepherd's poor pipe, when his harsh sound testifies anguish,*

Into the fair looker on, pastime, not passion, enters.

*And to the woods or brooks, who do make such dreary recital?
What be the pangs they bear, and whence those pangs be derived*

*Pleased to receive that name by rebounding answer of Echo,
May hope thereby to ease their inward horrible anguish,
When trees dance to the pipe, and swift streams stay by the musick,*

*Or when an Echo begins unmov'd to sing them a love-song;
Say then, what vantage do we get by the trade of a pastor?
(Since no estates be so base, but love vouchsafeth his arrow,
Since no refuge doth serve from wounds we do carry about us,
Since outward pleasures be but halting helps, to decayed souls)
Save that daily we may discern what fire we do burn in.*

*Far more happy be you, whose greatness gets a free access;
Whose fair bodily gifts are fram'd most lovely to each eye,
Virtue you have, of virtue you have left proof to the whole world.*

*And virtue is grateful, with beauty and richness adorned.
Neither doubt you a whit; time will your passion utter.
Hardly remains fire hid where skill is bent to the hiding,
But in a mind that would his flames should not be repressed,
Nature worketh enough with a small help for the revealing:
Give therefore to the muse great praise, in whose very likeness*

You do approach to the fruit your only desires be to gather.
Zel.

Zel. First shall fertile grounds not yield increase of a good seed,

*First the rivers shall cease to repay their floods to the ocean :
First may a trusty greyhound transform himself to a tyger.
First shall virtue be vice, and beauty be counted a blemish,
E'er that I leave with song of praise her praise to solemnize,
Her praise, whence to the world all praise hath his only beginning :*

*But yet well I do find each man most wise in his own case.
None can speak of a wound with skill, if he have not a wound felt :*

Great to thee my state seems, thy state is bless'd by my judgment :

*And yet neither of us great or blest deemeth his own self,
For yet (weigh this alas !) great is not great to the greater.
What judge you doth a hillock shew, by the lofty olympus ?
Such my minute greatness, doth seem compar'd to the greatest.
When cedars to the ground fall down by the weight of an emmot,*

*Or when a rich ruby's price be the worth of a walnut,
Or to the sun for wonders seem small sparks of a candle :
Then by my high cedar, rich ruby, and only shining sun,
Virtues, riches, beauties of mine shall great be reputed.
Oh, no, no, worthy shepherd, worth can never enter a title,
Where proofs justly do teach, thus match'd, such worth, to be nought worth :*

*Let not a puppet abuse thy sprite, kings crowns do not help them
From the cruel headach, nor shoes of gold do the gout heal :
And precious couches full oft are shak'd with a fever.
If then a bodily evil in a bodily gloze be not hidden,
Shall such morning dews be an ease to the heat of a love's fire ?*

Dor. O glittering miseries of man, if this be the fortune
Of those fortune lulls ? so small rests, rests in a kingdom ?
What marvel tho' a prince transform himself to a pastor ?
Come from marble bowers many times the gay harbour of anguish,

Unto a silly caban, though weak, yet stronger against woes.
Is

Now by thy words I begin, most famous lady, to gather
 Comfort into my soul, I do find, I do find what a blessing
 Is chanced to my life, that from such muddy abundance
 Of carking agonies, to states which will be adherent,
 Destiny keeps me aloof; for if all this state to thy virtue
 Joyn'd by thy beauty adorn'd be no means these griefs to abolish:
 If neither by that help, thou canst climb up to thy fancy,
 Nor yet fancy so dress'd do receive more plausible hearing:
 Then do I think indeed, that better it is to be private
 In sorrows torments, than, tied to the pomps of a palace.
 Nurse inward maladies, which have not scope to be breath'd
 out:

But perforce digest all bitter joys of horror
 In silence, from a man's own self with company robbed.
 Better yet do I live, that though by my thoughts I be plunged
 Into my lifes bondage, yet may I disburden a passion
 (Oppress'd with ruinous conceits) by the help of an out-cry:
 Not limited to a whispering note, the lament of a courtier.
 But sometimes to the woods, sometimes to the heav'n do decypher
 With bold clamour unheard, unmark'd, what I seek, what I
 suffer:

And when I meet these trees, in the earth's fair livery cloathed,
 Ease do I feel, such ease as falls to one wholly diseased,
 For that I find in them part of my state represented.
 Laurel shews what I seek, by the myrrh is shew'd how I
 seek it,

Olive paints me the peace that I must aspire to by conquest:
 Myrtle makes my request; my request is crown'd with a
 willow:

Cypress promiseth help, but a help where comes no re-comfort:
 Sweet juniper saith this, though I burn, yet I burn in a sweet
 fire.

Yew doth make me think what kind of bow the boy holdeth,
 Which shoots strongly without any noise, and deadly without
 smart.

Fir-trees great and green, fix'd on a high hill but a barren,
 Like to my noble thoughts, still new, well plac'd, to me fruit-
 less.

Fig that yields most pleasant fruits, his shadow is hurtful :
 Thus be her gifts most sweet, thus more danger to be near her.
 Now in a palm when I mark, how he doth rise under a burden,
 And may I not, say I then, get up though grief be so weighty ?
 Pine is a mast to a ship, to my ship shall hope for a mast serve.
 Pine is high, hope is as high, sharp leav'd, sharp yet be my hope's
 buds.

Elm embrac'd by a vine, embracing fancy reviveth :
 Poplar changeth his hue from a rising sun to a setting :
 Thus to my sun do I yield, such looks her beams do afford me.
 Old aged oak cut down, of new work serves to the building :
 So my desires by my fear cut down, be the frames of her honour.
 As he make spears which shields do resist, her force no repulse
 takes.

Palms do rejoyce to be joyned by the match of a male to a fe-
 male,

And shall sensive things be so senseless as to resist sense ?
 Thus be my thoughts dispers'd, thus thinking nurseth a thinking,
 Thus both trees and each thing else, be the books of a fancy.
 But to the cedar, queen of woods, when I lift my be-tear'd eyes,
 Then do I shape to my self that form which reigns so within me,
 And think there she doth dwell and hear what plaints I do utter :
 When that noble top doth nod I believe she salutes me,
 When by the wind it maketh a noise, I do think she doth answer.
 Then kneeling to the ground, oft thus do I speak to that image :
 Only jewel, O only jewel, which only deservest,
 That men's hearts be thy seat, and endless fame be thy servant,
 O descend for a while, from this great height to behold me.
 But nought else do behold, else is nought worth the beholding,
 Save what a work by thy self is wrought : and since I am alter'd
 Thus by thy work, disdain not that which is by thy self done.
 In mean caves oft treasure abides, to an hostry a king comes.
 And so behind foul clouds full oft fair stars do lie hidden.

Zel. Hardy shepherd, such as thy merits, such may be her
 insight

Justly to grant thee reward, such envy I bear to thy fortune.
 But to my self what wish can I make for a salve to my sorrows,
 Whom both nature seems to debar from means to be helped,

And

*And if a mean were found, fortune th' whole course of it
hinnders?*

*Thus plagu'd how can I frame to my sore any hope of amend-
ment?*

Whence may I shew to my mind any light of possible escape?

Bound, and bound by so noble bands, as loth to be unbound,

Faylor I am to my self, prison and prisoner to mine own self.

Yet be my hopes thus plac'd, here fix'd lives all my re-comfort,

That that dear diamond, where wisdom holdeth a sure seat,

Whose force had such force so to transform, nay to reform me,

Will at length perceive these flames by her beams to be kindled,

And will pity the wound festered so strangely within me.

O be it so, grant such an event, O gods, that event give,

And for a sure sacrifice I do daily oblation offer

*Of mine own heart, where thoughts be the temple, sight is an
altar.*

But cease worthy shepherd, now cease we to weary the hearers

With moneful melodies; for enough our griefs be revealed,

If by the parties meant our meanings rightly be marked,

And sorrows do require some respite unto the senses.

What exclaiming praises *Basilus* gave to this *Eclogue* any man may guess, that knows love is better than a pair of spectacles to make every thing seem greater which is seen through it: and then is never tongue-tied where fit commendation, whereof womankind is so liquorish, is offered unto it. But before any other came in to supply the place, *Zelma* having heard some of the shepherds by chance name *Strephon* and *Claius*, supposing thereby they had been present, was desirous both to hear them for the fame of their friendly love, and to know them for their kindness towards her best loved friend. Much grieved was *Basilus*, that any desire of his mistress should be unsatisfied, and therefore to represent them unto her, as well as in their absence it might be, he commanded one *Lamon*, who had at large set down their country pastimes and first love to *Urania*, to sing the whole discourse which he did in this manner.

A shepherd's tale no height of style desires,
 To raise in words what in effect is low :
 A plaining song plain-singing voice requires,
 For warbling notes from inward chearing flow.
 I then whose burd'ned breast but thus aspires
 Of shepherds two the silly cause to show.

Need not the stately muses help invoke,
 For creeping rimes, which often sighings choke.
 But you, O you, that think not tears too dear,
 To spend for harms, although they touch you not :
 And deign to deem your neighbours mischief near,
 Although they be of meaner parents got :
 You I invite with easy ears to hear

The poor-clad truth of love's wrong-order'd lot.
 Who may be glad, be glad you be not such :
 Who share in woe, weigh others have as much.

There was, (O seldom blessed word of was !)

A pair of friends, or rather one call'd two,
 Train'd in the life which no short-bitten grass
 In shine or storm must set the clouted shoe :

He, that the other in some years did pass,

And in those gifts that years distribute do,

Was Claius call'd, (ah Claius, woeful wight !)

The later born, yet too soon Strephon height.

Epirus high was honest Claius' nest,

To Strephon Æoles' land first breathing lent :

But east and west were joyn'd by friendship's best.

As Strephon's ear and heart to Claius bent,

So Claius' soul did in his Strephon rest.

Still both their flocks flocking together went,

As if they would of owner's humour be,

As eke their pipes did well, as friends agree.

Claius for skill of herbs and shepherds art,

Among the wisest was accounted wise ;

Yet not so wise, as of unstained heart :

Strephon was young, yet mark with humble eyes

*How elder rul'd their flocks and cur'd their smart,
 So that the grave did not his words despise.
 Both free of mind, both did clear dealing love,
 And both had skill in verse their voice to move.
 Their chearful minds, 'till poysoned was their chear,
 The honest sports of earthly lodging prove;
 Now for a clod-like hare in form they peer,
 Now bold and cudgel squirrels leap do move.
 Now the ambitious lark with mirror clear
 They catch, while he (fool!) to himself makes love:
 And now at keels they try a harmless chance,
 And now their cur they teach to fetch and dance.
 When merry May first early calls the morn,
 With merry maids a maying they do go:
 Then do they pull from sharp and niggard thorn
 The plenteous sweets, can sweets so sharply grow?)
 Then some green gowns are by the lasses worn
 In chastest plays, 'till home they walk arow,
 Whilst dance about the may-pole is begun,
 When, if need were they could at Quintain* run:
 While thus they ran a low, but levell'd race,
 While thus they liv'd, this was indeed a life,
 With nature pleas'd, content with present case,
 Free of proud fears, brave begg'ry, smiling strife
 Of clime-fall court, the envy hatching place:
 While those restless desires in great men rise,
 To visit so low folks did much disdain,
 This while, though poor, they in themselves did reign.
 One day (O day, that shin'd to make them dark!)
 While they did ward sun-beams with shady bay
 And Claius taking for his youngling cark
 (Lest greedy eyes to them might challenge lay)
 Busy with oker did their shoulders mark,
 (His mark a pillar was devoid of stay,*

* A rural sport, chiefly used at marriages, wherein, running a tilt on horse-back with poles, at a large stake fixed in the ground, against which, he that breaks most poles, gains the prize.

As bragging that free of all passions mone,
 Well might he others bear, but lean to none :)
 Strephon with leafy twigs of laurel tree,
 A garland made on temples for to wear,
 For he then chosen was the dignity
 Of village-lord, that Whitsuntide to bear :
 And full, poor fool, of boyish bravery,
 With triumphs shows would shew he nought did fear.
 But fore-accounting oft makes builders miss,
 They found, they felt, they had no lease of blifs,
 For e'er that either had his purpose cone,
 Behold, beholding well it doth deserve,
 They saw a maid who thitherward did run,
 To catch her sparrow which from her did swerve,
 As she a black-silk capon him begun,
 To set for foil of his milk-white to serve.
 She chirping ran, he peeping flew away,
 'Till hard by them both he and she did stay.
 Well for to see they kept themselves unseen,
 And saw this fairest maid of fairer mind :
 By fortune mean; in nature born a queen,
 How well apaid she was her bird to find :
 How tenderly her tender hands between
 In ivory cage she did the micher bind :
 How rosy moist'ned lips about his beak
 Moving, she seem'd at once to kiss, and speak.
 Chast'ned but thus, and thus his lesson taught,
 The happy wretch she put into her breast,
 Which to their eyes the bowels of Venus brought,
 For they seem'd made even of sky metal best,
 And that the byass of her blood was wrought.
 Betwixt them two the peeper took his nest,
 Where snugging well he well appear'd content,
 So to have done amiss, so to be shent.
 This done, but done with captive-killing grace,
 Each motion seeming shot from beauty's bow,
 With length laid down, she deck'd the lovely place.
 Prond grew the grass that under her did grow,

BOOK I. *Pembroke's* ARCADIA. 151

The trees spread out their arms to shade her face,
But she on elbow lean'd, with sighs did show
No grass, no trees, nor yet her sparrow might
The long perplexed mind breed long delight.
She troubled was (alas that it might be!)
With tedious brawlings of her parents dear,
Who would have her in will and word agree
To wed Antaxius their neighbour near.
A herdman rich, of much account was he,
In whom no evil did reign, nor good appear.
In some such one she lik'd not his desire.
Fain would be free but dreadeth parents ire,
Kindly (sweet soul!) she did unkindness take
That bagged baggage of a miser's mud,
Should price of her, as in a market, make;
But gold can gild a rotten piece of wood:
To yield she found her noble heart did ake,
To strive she fear'd how it with virtue stood.
This doubting clouds o'ercasting heav'nly brain,
At length in rows of kiss-cheeks tears they rain.
Cupid the wag, that lately conquer'd had
Wise counsellors, stout captains, puissant kings,
And ty'd them fast to lead his triumph bad,
Glutted with them, now plays with meanest things;
So oft in feasts with costly changes clad
To crammed maws a sprat new stomach brings.
So lords with sport of stagg and heron full,
Sometimes we see small birds from nests do pull,
So now for prey these shepherds two he took,
Whose metal stiff he knew he could not bend
With hear-say pictures, or a window-look;
With one good dance, or letter finely penn'd,
That were in court a well proportion'd hook,
Where piercing wits do quickly apprehend,
Their senses rude plain objects only move,
And so must see great cause before they love,
Therefore love arm'd in her now takes the field,
Making her beams his bravery and might:

Her hands which pierc'd the soul's sev'n double shield,
Were now his dart leaving his wonted fight.
Brave crest to him her scorn gold hair did yield,
His complete harness was her purest white.
But fearing lest all white might seem too good,
In cheeks and lips the tyrant threatens blood.
Besides this force, within her eyes he kept
A fire to burn the prisoners he gains,
Whose boiling heart increased as she wept :
For ev'n in forge, cold water fire maintains.
Thus proud and fierce unto the hearts he stepp'd
Of them poor souls : and cutting reason's reins,
Made them his own before they had it wist,
But if they had, could sheep-hooks this resist ?
Claius straight felt, and groaned at the blow,
And call'd, now wounded, purpose to his aid :
Strephon, fond boy, delighted did not know
That it was love that shin'd in shining maid :
But lickrous, poison'd, fain to her would go,
If him new learned manners had not stay'd.
For then Urania homeward did arise,
Leaving in pain their well-fed hungry eyes.
She went, they stay'd, or rightly for to say,
She stay'd in them, they went in thought with her :
Claius indeed would fain have pull'd away
This mote from out his eye, this inward bur,
And now proud rebel' gan for to gainsay
The lesson which but late he learn'd too far :
Meaning with absence to refresh the thought
To which her presence such a fever brought.
Strephon did leap with joy and jollity,
Thinking it just more therein to delight,
Than in good dog, fair field, or shading tree.
So have I seen trim-books in velvet dight,
With golden leaves, and painted babery
Of silly boys please unacquainted sight :
But when the rod began to play his part,
Fain would, but could not, fly from golden smart.

He

BOOK I. *Pembroke's* ARCADIA. 153

*He quickly learn'd Urania was her name,
 And straight, for failing, grav'd it in his heart :
 He knew her haunt, and haunted in the same,
 And taught his sheep her sheep in food to thwart,
 Which soon as it did hateful question frame,
 He might on knees confess his faulty part,
 And yield himself unto her punishment,
 While nought but game, the self hurt wanton meant.
 Nay even unto her home he oft would go,
 Where bold and hurtless many play he tries,
 Her parents liking well it should be so,
 For simple goodness shined in his eyes.
 There did he make her laugh in spite of woe,
 So as good thoughts of him in all arise,
 While into none doubt of his love did sink,
 For not himself to be in love did think,
 But glad desire, his late embosom'd guest
 Yet but a babe, with milk of sight he nurst.
 Desire the more he suck'd, more sought the breast,
 Like dropsy-folk still drink to be a thirst,
 'Till one fair ev'n an hour e're sun did rest,
 Who then in Lyon's cave did enter first,
 By neighbours pray'd she went abroad thereby,
 At barley-break * her sweet swift foot to try.
 Never the earth on his round shoulders bare
 A maid train'd up from high or low degree,
 That in her doings better could compare
 Mirth with respect, few words with courtesie,
 A careless comeliness with comely care.
 Self-guard with mildness, sport with majesty :
 Which made her yield to deck this shepherd's band,
 And still, believe me, Strephon was at hand.
 A field they go, where many lookers be,
 And thou seek-sorrow Claius them among :
 Indeed thou said'st it was thy friend to see
 Strephon, whose absence seem'd unto thee long,*

* Running-matches made by the country girls, with each other, as hereafter described.

While

While most with her he less did keep with thee.
No, no, it was in spite of wisdom's song
Which absence wish'd: love play'd a victor's part:
The heav'n-love load-stone drew thy iron heart.
Then couples three, be streight allotted there,
They of both ends the middle two do fly,
The two that in mid-place, hell called were,
Must strive with waiting foot, and watching eye
To catch of them, and them to hell to bear,
That they, as well as they, hell may supply:
Like some which seek to salve their blotted name
With others blot, 'till all do taste of shame.
There may you see, soon as the middle two
Do coupled towards either couple make,
They false and fearful do their hands undo,
Brother his brother, friend doth friend forsake,
Heeding himself, cares not how fellow do,
But of a stranger mutual help doth take:
As perjur'd cowards in adversity,
With sight of fear, from friends, to frimb'd, do fly,
These sports shepherds devis'd such faults to show.
Geron, though old yet gamesome, kept one end
With Cosma, for whose love Pas past in woe
Fair Nous with Pas the lot to hell did send:
Pas thought it hell, while he was Cosma fro.
At other end Uran did Strephon lend
Her happy making hand, of whom one look
From Nous and Cosma all their beauty took.
The play began: Pas durst not Cosma chace,
But did intend next bout with her to meet,
So he with Nous to Geron turn'd their race,
With whom to joyn fast ran Urania sweet:
But light legg'd Pas had got the middle space,
Geron strove hard, but aged were his feet,
And therefore finding force now faint to be,
He thought gray hairs afforded subtlety.

And

Book I. *Pembroke's* ARCADIA. 155

And so when Pas' hand reached him to take,
The fox on knees and elbows tumbled down:
Pas could not stay, but over him did rake,
And crown'd the earth with his first touching crown:
His heels grown proud did seem at heav'n to shake,
But Nous, that slipp'd from Pas, did catch the clown:
So laughing all, yet Pas to ease some dell
Geron with Uran were condemn'd to hell.
Cosma this while to Strephon safely came,
And all to second Barley-break are bent:
The two in hell did coward Cosma frame;
Who should to Pas, but they would her prevent.
Pas mad with fall, and madder with the shame,
Most mad with beams which he thought Cosma sent,
With such mad haste he did to Cosma go,
That to her breast he gave a noisome blow,
She quick, and proud, and who did Pas despise,
Up with her fist, and took him on the face,
Another time, quoth she, become more wise.
Thus Pas did kiss her hand with little grace,
And each way luckless, yet in humble guise
Did hold her fast for fear of more disgrace,
While Strephon might with pretty Nous have met,
But all this while another course he fet.
For as Urania after Cosma ran;
He ravished with sight how gracefully
She mov'd her limbs, and drew the aged man,
Lest Nous to cast the loved beauty nigh,
Nous cry'd and chaf'd, but he no other can.
'Till Uran seeing Pas to Cosma flie,
And Strephon single, turned after him,
Strephon so chac'd did seem in milk to swim.
He ran, but ran with eye o're shoulder cast,
More marking her, than how himself did go,
Like Numid lions by the hunters chac'd,
Though they do fly, yet backwardly do glow
With proud aspect, disdaining greater haste:

What

*What rage in them, that love in him did show.
 But God gives them instinct the man to shun,
 And he by law of Barley-break must run.
 But as his heat with running did augment,
 Much more his sight increas'd his hot desire:
 So is in her the best of nature spent,
 The air her sweet race mov'd doth blow the fire.
 Her feet be pursuivants from Cupid sent,
 With whose fine steps all loves and joys conspire.
 The hidden beauties seem'd in wait to lie,
 To down proud hearts that would not willing die.
 Thus, fast he fled from her he follow'd sore,
 Still shunning Nous to lengthen pleasing race;
 Till that he spied old Geron could no more,
 Than did he slack his love-instructed pace.
 So that Uran, whose arm old Geron bore,
 Laid hold on him with most lay-holding grace.
 So caught him, seem'd he caught of joys the bell,
 And thought it heav'n so to be drawn to hell,
 To hell he goes, and Nous with him must dwell,
 Nous sware it was no right; for his default
 Who would be caught, that she should go to hell:
 But so she must. And now the third assault
 Of barley-break among the six besel,
 Pas Cosma match'd, yet angry with his fault;
 The other end Geron with Uran guard.
 I think you think Strephon bent thitherward.
 Nous counsell'd Strephon Geron to pursue,
 For he was old, and easy would be caught:
 But he drew her as love his fancy drew,
 And so to take the gem Urania sought.
 While Geron old came safe to Cosma true
 Though him to meet at all she stirred nought.
 For Pas, whether it were for fear or love,
 Mov'd not himself, nor suffered her to move:
 So they three did together idly stay,
 While dear Uran, whose course was Pas to meet,*

(*He staying thus*) was fain abroad to stay
 With larger round, to shun the following feet.
Strephon, whose eyes on her back parts did play,
 With love drawn on so fast with pace unmeet,
 Drew dainty *Nous*, that she not able so
 To run, brake from his hands, and let him go.
He, single thus, hop'd soon with her to be
 Who nothing earthly, but of fire and air,
 Though with soft legs did run as fast as he,
 He thrice reach'd, thrice deceiv'd, when her to bear
 He hopes, with dainty turns she doth him flee.
 So on the Downs we see, near *Wilton* fair,
 A hasten'd hare from greedy grayhound go,
 And past all hope his chaps to frustrate so.
 But this strange race more strange conceits did yield;
 Who victor seem'd, was to his ruin brought:
 Who seem'd o'erthrown was mistress of the field:
 She fled, and took, he followed and was caught.
 So have I heard to pierce pursuing shield,
 By parents train'd the *Tartars* wild are taught,
 With shafts shot out from their back-turned bow.
 But ah! her darts did far more deeply go.
 As *Venus'* bird, the white, swift, lovely Dove,
 (O happy Doves that are compar'd to her!)
 Doth on her wings her utmost swiftness prove,
 Finding the gripe of *Falcon* fierce not furr:
 So did *Uran*: the nar, the swifter move,
 (Yet beauty still as fast as she did stir)
 'Till with long race dear she was breathless brought,
 And then the *Phoenix* feared to be caught.
 Among the rest that there did take delight
 To see the sports of double shining day,
 And did the tribute of their wond'ring sight
 To nature's heir, the fair *Urania*, pay,
 I told you *Claius* was the hapless wight,
 Who earnest found what they accounted play.

He

He did not there do homage of his eyes,
 But on his eyes heart did sacrifice.
 With gazing looks, short sighs, unfettled feet
 He stood, but turn'd, as Gyrofol, to sun:
 His fancies still did her in half-way meet,
 His soul did fly as she was seen to run.
 In sum, proud Boreas never ruled fleet
 (Who Neptune's web on danger's distaff spun)
 With greater power, than she did make them wend
 Each way, as she that ages praise, did bend.
 'Till spying well, she well nigh weary was,
 And surely taught by his love-open eye,
 His eye, that ev'n did mark her trodden grass,
 That she would fain the catch of Strephon fly,
 Giving his reason passport for to pass
 Whither it would, so it would let him die,
 He that before shunn'd her, to shun such harms:
 Now runs, and takes her in his clipping arms.
 For with pretence from Strephon her to guard,
 He met her full, but full of warefulness,
 Within bow'd-bosom well for her prepar'd,
 When Strephon, cursing his own backwardness,
 Came to her back, and so with double ward
 Imprison her who both them did possess
 As heart-bound slaves: and happy then embrace
 Virtue's proof, fortune's victor, beauty's place.
 Her race did not her beauty's beams augment,
 For they were ever in the best degree,
 But yet a setting forth it someway lent,
 As rubies lustre when they rubbed be.
 The dainty dew on face and body went
 As on sweet flowers, when morning's drops we see.
 Her breath then short, seem'd loth from home to pass:
 Which more it mov'd, the more it sweeter was.
 Happy, O happy! if they so might bide
 To see her eyes, with how true humbleness,

They

They looked down to triumph over pride :
 With how sweet sauce she blam'd their sauciness,
 To feel the panting heart, which through her side,
 Did beat their hands, which durst so near to press,
 To see, to feel, to haer, to taste, to know
 More than, besides her, all the earth could show.
 But never did Medea's golden weed
 On Creon's child his poison sooner throw,
 Than those delights through all their sinews breed,
 A creeping serpent like of mortal woe,
 'Till she broke from their arms, (although indeed
 Going from them, from them she could not go)
 And fare-welling the flock, did homeward wend,
 And so that even, the Barley-break did end.
 It ended, but the others woe began,
 Began at least to be conceiv'd as woe,
 For then wise Claius found no absence can
 Help him who can no more her sight forego.
 He found man's virtue is but part of man,
 And part must follow where whole man doth go.
 He found that reason's self now reasons found
 To fasten knots, which fancy first had bound.
 So doth he yield, so takes he on his yoke,
 Not knowing who did draw with him therein :
 Strephon, poor youth, because he saw no smoke,
 Did not conceive what fire he had within :
 But after this to greater rage it broke,
 'Till of his life it did full conquest win,
 First killing mirth, then banishing all rest,
 Filling his eyes with tears, with sighs his breast.
 Then sports grew pains, all talking tedious :
 On thoughts he feeds, his looks their figure change.
 The day seems long, but night is odious,
 No sleeps, but dreams ; no dreams, but visions strange,
 'Till finding still his evil encreasing thus,
 One day he with his flock abroad did range :

And

And coming where he hop'd to be alone,
Thus on a hillock set, he made his moan,
Alas! what weights are these that load my heart!
I am as dull as winter-starved sheep,
Tir'd as a jade in over-loaden cart,
Yet thoughts do fly, though I can scarcely creep.
All visions seem, at every bush I start:
Drowsy am I, and yet can rarely sleep.
Sure I bewitched am, it is even that
Late near a cross, I met an ugly cat.
For, but by charms, how fall these things on me,
That from those eyes, where heav'nly apples been,
Those eyes, which nothing like themselves can see,
Of fair Urania, fairer than a green
Proudly bedeck'd in April's livery,
A shot unheard gave me a wound unseen;
He was invisible that hurt me so,
And none invisible, but spirits can go.
When I see her, my sinews shake for fear,
And yet, dear soul, I know she hurteth none:
Amid my flock with woe my voice I tear,
And, but bewitch'd who to his flock would moan?
Her cherry lips, milk hands, and golden hair
I still do see, though I be still alone.
Now make me think that there is not a fiend,
Who hid in angel's shape my life would end.
The sports wherein I wonted to do well,
Come she and sweet the air with open breast,
Then so I fail, when most I would do well,
That at me so amaz'd my fellows jest:
Sometimes to her news of my self to tell
I go about, but then is all my best
Wry words, and stamm'ring, or else doltish dumb,
Say then, can this but of enchantment come?
Nay each thing is bewitch'd to know my case:
The Nightingale's for woe their songs refrain:

*In river as I look'd my pining face,
 As pin'd a face as mine I saw again,
 The courteous mountains griev'd at my disgrace
 Their snowy hair tear off in melting pain.
 And now the dropping trees do weep for me,
 And now fair evenings blush my shame to see.
 But you my pipe whilom my chief delight,
 'Till strange delight, delight to nothing wear,
 And you my flock, care of my careful sight,
 While I was I, and so had cause to care :
 And thou my dog, whose ruth and valiant might
 Made wolves, not inward wolves, my ewes to spare.
 Go you not from your master in his woe.
 Let it suffice that he himself forego.
 For though like wax this magick makes me waste,
 Or like a lamb, whose dam away is fet,
 (Stolen from her young by thieves unchoosing haste)
 He treble baa's for help, but none can get.
 Though thus, and worse, though now I am at last,
 Of all the games that here e'er now I met,
 Do you remember still you once were mine,
 'Till mine eyes had their curse from blessed eyn.
 Be you with me while I unheard do cry,
 While I do score my losses on the wind.
 While I in heart my will write e'er I die
 In which, by will, my will and wits I bind
 Still to be hers, about her eye to flie.
 As this same sprite about my fancies blind
 Doth daily haunt, but so, that mine became
 As much more loving, as less cumbersome.
 Alas! a cloud hath overcast mine eyes :
 And yet I see her shine amid the cloud.
 Alas! of ghosts I hear the ghastly cries :
 Yet there, me seems, I hear her singing loud.
 This song she sings in most commanding wise :
 Come shepherd's boy, let now thy heart be bow'd*

To make it self to my least look a slave,
 Leave sleep, leave all, I will no piecing have.
 I will, I will, alas, alas, I will:
 Wilt thou have more? more have, if more I be.
 Away ragg'd rams, care I what murrain kill?
 Out shrieking pipe, made of some witch'd tree:
 Go bawling cur, thy hungry maw go fill
 On you foul flock, belonging not to me.
 With that his dog he first, his flock he curs'd,
 With that, yet kissed first, his pipe did burst.
 This said, this done he rose, even tir'd with rest,
 With heart as careful, as with careless grace,
 With shrinking legs, but with a swelling breast,
 With eyes which threat'ned they would drown his face.
 Fearing the worst, not knowing what were best,
 And giving to his sight a wond'ring race,
 He saw behind a bush where Claius sat:
 His well-known friend, but yet his unknown mate,
 Claius the wretch who lately yelden was
 To bear the bonds which time not wit could break,
 (With blushing soul at sight of judgment's glass,
 While guilty thoughts accus'd his reason weak)
 This morn alone to lovely walk did pass,
 Within himself of her dear self to speak,
 'Till Strephon's plaining voice him nearer drew,
 Where by his words his self-like case he knew,
 For hearing him so oft with words of woe
 Urania name, whose force he knew so well,
 He quickly knew what witchcraft gave the blow,
 Which made his Strephon think himself in hell.
 Which when he did in perfect image show
 To his own wit, thought, upon thought, did swell,
 Breeding huge storms within his inward part,
 Which thus breath'd out, with earth-quake of his heart.

As Lamon would have proceeded, Basilus knowing,
 by the wasting of the torches that the night also was
 far wasted, and withal remembering Zelmane's hurt,
 asked

Book I. *Pembroke's* ARCADIA. 163

asked her, whether she thought it not better to reserve the complaint of *Claius* 'till another day. Which she, perceiving the song had already worn out much time, and not knowing when *Lamon* would end, being even now stepping over to a new matter, though much delighted with what was spoken, willingly agreed unto. And so of all sides they went to recommend themselves to the elder brother of death.



M 2

THE



THE
COUNTESS of *Pembroke's*
ARCADIA.

BOOK II.

IN these pastoral times a great number of days were sent to follow their flying predecessors, while the cup of poyson, which was deeply tasted of this noble company) had left no sinew of theirs without mortally searching into it; yet never manifesting his venomous work, 'till once, that the night (parting away angry, that she could distil no more sleep into the eyes of lovers) had no sooner given place to the breaking out of the morning light, and the sun bestowed his beams upon the tops of the mountains, but that the woeful *Gynecia*, to whom rest was no ease, had left her loathed lodging, and gotten her self into the solitary places, those desarts were full of going up and down with such unquiet motions, as a grieved and hopeless mind is wont to bring forth. There appeared unto the eyes of her judgment, the evils she was like to run into, with ugly infamy waiting upon them: she felt the terrors of her own conscience: she was guilty of a long exercised virtue, which made this vice the fuller of deformity. The uttermost of the good she could aspire unto, was a mortal wound to her vexed spirits:



L. Cheron delin.

G. V. Gucht Scul.

spirits: and lastly, no small part of her evils was, that she was wise to see her evils. In so much, that having a great while thrown her countenance ghastly about her (as if she had called all the powers of the world to be witnesses of her wretched estate) at length casting up her watery eyes to heaven; O sun, said she, whose unspotted light directs the steps of mortal mankind, art thou not ashamed to impart the clearness of thy presence to such a dust-creeping worm as I am? O you heavens, which continually keep the course allotted unto you, can none of your influences prevail so much upon the miserable *Gynecia*, as to make her preserve a course so long embraced by her? O desarts, desarts, how fit a guest am I for you, since my heart can people you with wild ravenous beasts, which in you are wanting? O virtue, where dost thou hide thy self? what hideous thing is this which doth eclipse thee? Or is it true that thou wert never but a vain name, and no essential thing, which hast thus left thy professed servant, when she had most need of thy lovely presence? O imperfect proportion of reason, which which can too much foresee, and too little prevent? Alas, alas, said she, if there were but one hope for all my pains, or but one excuse for all my faultiness! But wretch that I am, my torment is beyond all succour, and my evil deserving doth exceed my evil fortune. For nothing else did my husband take this strange resolution to live so solitarily: for nothing else have the winds delivered this strange guest to my country: for nothing else have the destinies reserved my life to this time, but that only I, most wretched I, should become a plague to my self, and a shame to womankind. Yet if my desire, how unjust soever it be, might take effect, though a thousand deaths followed it, and every death were followed with a thousand shames, yet should not my sepulchre receive me without some contentment. But alas, though sure I am, that *Zelma* is such as can answer my love; yet as sure I am, that this disguising must needs come for some fore-taken conceit: and then wretched *Gynecia* where canst thou find any small

ground-plot for hope to dwell upon? no, no, it is *Philoclea* his heart is set upon; it is my daughter I have borne to supplant me. But if it be so, the life I have given thee, ungrateful *Philoclea*, I will sooner with these hands bereave thee of, than my birth shall glory she hath bereaved me of my desire: *in shame there is no comfort, but to be beyond all bounds of shame.*

Having spoken thus, she began to make a pitious war with her fair hair; when she might hear, not far from her, an extremely doleful voice, but so suppressed with a kind of whispering note, that she could not conceive the words distinctly. But, as *a lamentable tune is the sweetest musick to a woeful mind*, she drew thither near-away in hope to find some companion of her misery; and as she paced on, she was stopped with a number of trees, so thickly placed together, that she was afraid she should, with rushing through, stop the speech of the lamentable party, which she was so desirous to understand: and therefore setting her down as softly as she could, for she was now in distance to hear, she might first perceive a lute excellently well played upon, and then the same doleful voice accompanying it with these verses:

I*N vain mine eyes, you labour to amend
 With flowing tears your fault of hasty sight:
 Since to my heart her shape you did so send,
 That her I see, though you did lose your light.
 In vain, my heart, now you with sight are burn'd,
 With sighs you seek to cool your hot desire:
 Since sighs, into mine inward furnace turn'd,
 For bellows serve to kindle more the fire.
 Reason in vain, now you have lost my heart,
 My head you seek, as to your strongest fort:
 Since there mine eyes have play'd so false a part,
 That to your strength your foes have sure resort.
 Then since in vain I find were all my strife,
 To this strange death I vainly yield my life.*

The ending of the song served but for a beginning of new complaints, as if the mind, oppressed with too heavy a burthen of cares, was fain to discharge it self of all fides, and, as it were, paint out the hideousness of the pain in all sorts of colours. For the woeful person, as if the lute had evil joined with the voice, threw it to the ground with such like words; alas, poor lute! how much art thou deceived to think that in my miseries thou couldest ease my woes, as in my careless times thou wast wont to please my fancies? the time is changed, my lute, the time is changed; and no more did my joyful mind then receive every thing to a joyful consideration, than my careful mind now makes each thing taste like the bitter juice of care. The evil is inward, my lute, the evil is inward; which all thou dost, doth serve but to make me think more freely of. And alas, what is then thy harmony, but the sweet meats of sorrow? the discord of my thoughts, my lute, doth ill agree to the concord of thy strings, therefore be not ashamed to leave thy master, since he is not afraid to forsake himself.

And thus much spoke, instead of a conclusion, was closed up with so hearty a groaning, that *Gynecia* could not refrain to shew her self, thinking such griefs could serve fitly for nothing but her own fortune. But as she came into the little arbour of this sorrowful musick, her eyes met with the eyes of *Zelmane*, which was the party that thus had indited herself to misery: so that either of them remained confused with a sudden astonishment; *Zelmane* fearing lest she had heard some part of those complaints, which she had risen up that morning early of purpose, to breathe out in secret to her self. But *Gynecia* a great while stood still, with a kind of dull amazement, looking stedfastly upon her; at length returning to some use of her self, she began to ask *Zelmane*, what cause carried her so early abroad? but, as if the opening of her mouth to *Zelmane* had opened some great flood-gate of sorrow, whereof her heart could not abide the violent issue, she sunk to the ground, with her hands over her

face, crying vehemently, *Zelmane* help me, O *Zelmane* have pity on me. *Zelmane* ran to her, marvelling what sudden sickness had thus possessed her : and beginning to ask her the cause of her pain, and offering her service to be imployed by her ; *Gynecia* opening her eyes wildly upon her, pricked with the flames of love, and the torments of her own conscience ; O *Zelmane*, *Zelmane*, said she, dost thou offer me physick, which art my only poyson ? or wilt thou do me service, which hast already brought me into eternal slavery ? *Zelmane* then knowing well at what mark she shot, yet loth to enter into it : Most excellent lady, said she, you were best retire your self into your lodging, that you the better may pass this sudden fit. Retire my self ? (said *Gynecia*) If I had retired my self into my self, when thou to me, unfortunate guest, camest to draw me from my self, blessed had I been, and no need had I had of this counsel. But now alas, I am forced to fly to thee for succour, whom I accuse of all my hurt, and make thee judge of my cause, who art the only author of my mischief. *Zelmane* the more astonished, the more she understood her ; Madam, said she, whereof do you accuse me, that I will not clear my self ? or wherein may I stead you, that you may not command me ? Alas, answered *Gynecia*, what shall I say more ? take pity of me, O *Zelmane* ; but not as *Zelmane*, and disguise not with me in words, as I know thou dost in apparel. *Zelmane* was much troubled with that word, finding her self brought to this strait. But as she was thinking what to answer her, they might see old *Basilus* pass hard by them without ever seeing them, complaining likewise of love very freshly, and ending his complaint with this song, love having renewed both his invention and voice :

I ET not old age disgrace my high desire ;
 O heavenly soul in human shape contain'd :
 Old wood inflam'd, doth yield the bravest fire ;
 When younger doth in smoak his virtue spend.

Nay

*Nay let white hairs which on my face do grow,
Seem to your eyes of a disgraceful hue,
Since whiteness doth present the sweetest show,
Which makes all eyes do homage unto you.
Old age is wise, and full of constant truth;
Old age well stayed, from ranging humour lives:
Old age hath known whatever was in youth:
Old age o'ercome the greater honour gives.
And to old age since you your self aspire,
Let not old age disgrace my high desire.*

Which being done he looked very curiously upon himself, sometimes fetching a little skip, as if he had said his strength had not yet forsaken him: but *Zelmane* having in this time gotten some leisure to think for an answer, looking upon *Gynecia*, as if she thought she did her some wrong: Madam, said she, I am not acquainted with those words of disguising, neither is it the profession of an *Amazon*, neither are you a party with whom it is to be used: if my service may please you, imploy it, so long as you do me no wrong in mis-judging of me. Alas *Zelmane*, said *Gynecia*, I perceive you know full little how piercing the eyes are of a true lover: there is no one beam of those thoughts you have planted in me, but is able to discern a greater cloud than you do go in. Seek not to conceal your self farther from me, nor force not the passion of love into violent extremities. Now was *Zelmane* brought to an exigent, when the king turning his eyes that way through the trees, perceived his wife and mistress together, so that framing the most lovely countenance he could, he came straightway towards them; and at the first word, thanking his wife for having entertained *Zelmane*, desired her she would now return into the lodge, because he had certain matters of estate to impart to the lady *Zelmane*. The queen, being nothing troubled with jealousy in that point, obeyed the king's commandment, full of raging agonies, and determinately bent; that as she would seek all loving means to win *Zelmane*; so she would stir up terrible tragedies, rather than fail of her intent.

intent. And so went she from them to the lodge-ward, with such a battle in her thoughts, and so deadly an overthrow given to her best resolutions, that even her body, where the field was fought, was oppressed withal: making a languishing sickness wait upon the triumph of passion; which the more it prevailed in her, the more it made her jealousy watchful, both over her daughter, and *Zelmane*, having one of them intrusted to her own eyes.

But as soon as *Basilus* was rid of his wife's presence, falling down on his knees, O lady, said he, which hast only had the power to stir up again those flames which had so long lain dead in me; see in me the power of your beauty, which can make old age come to ask counsel of youth; and a prince unconquered to become a slave to a stranger: and when you see that power of yours, love that at least in me, since it is yours, although of me you see nothing to be loved. Worthy prince (answered *Zelmane*, taking him up from his kneeling) both your manner, and your speech are so strange unto me, as I know not how to answer it better than with silence. If silence please you, said the king, it shall never displease me, since my heart is wholly pledged to obey you: otherwise, if you would vouchsafe mine ears such happiness as to hear you, they shall convey your words to such a mind, which is with the humblest degree of reverence to receive them. I disdain not to speak to you, mighty prince, said *Zelmane*, but I disdain to speak to any matter which may bring my honour into question: and therewith, with a brave counterfeited scorn she departed from the king; leaving him not so sorry for his short answer, as proud in himself that he had broken the matter. And thus did the king, feeding his mind with those thoughts, pass great time in writing verses, and making more of himself, than he was wont to do, that, with a little help, he would have grown into a pretty kind of dotage.

But *Zelmane* being rid of this loving, but little loved company. Alas, said she, poor *Pyrocles*, was there ever one, but I, that had received wrong, and could blame no body?

that

that having more than I desire, am still in want of that I would? truly, love, I must needs say thus much on thy behalf; thou hast employed my love there, where love all is deserved; and for recompence hast sent me more love than ever I desired. But what wilt thou do *Pyrocles*? which way canst thou find to rid thee of thy intricate troubles? to her whom I would be known to, I live in darkness: and to her am revealed, from whom I would be most secret. What shift shall I find against the diligent love of *Basilus*? what shield against the violent passions of *Gynecia*? and if that be done, yet how am I the nearer to quench the fire that consumes me? well, well, sweet *Philoclea*, my whole confidence must be builded in thy divine spirit, which cannot be ignorant of the cruel wound I have received by you.

But as sick folks, when they are alone, think company would relieve them, and yet having company do find it noisome, changing willingly outward objects, when indeed the evil is inward: so poor *Zelmane* was no more weary of *Basilus*, than she was of her self, when *Basilus* was gone: and ever the more, the more she turned her eyes to become her own judges. Tired therewith, she longed to meet her friend *Dorus*; that upon the shoulders of friendship, she might lay the burthen of sorrow, and therefore went toward the other lodge, where among certain beeches she found *Dorus*, apparelled in flanel, with a goats-skin cast upon him, and a garland of laurel mix'd with cypress-leaves on his head, waiting on his master *Dametas*; who at that time was teaching him, how with his sheep-hook to catch a wanton lamb; and how with the same to cast a little clod at any one that strayed out of company. And while *Dorus* was practising, one might see *Dametas* holding his hands under his girdle behind him, nodding from the waste upwards, and swearing he never knew man go more awkwardly to work: and that they might talk of book-learning what they would, but for his part, he never saw more unfeaty fellows than great clerks were.

But

But *Zelmane's* coming saved *Dorus* from farther chiding. And so she beginning to speak with him of the number of his master's sheep, and which province of *Arcadia* bare the finest wool, drew him on to follow her in such country-discourses, 'till, being out of *Dametas's* hearing, with such vehemency of passion, as though her heart would climb into her mouth, to take her tongue's office, she declared unto him, upon what briars the roses of her affections grew : how time still seemed to forget her, bestowing no one hour of comfort upon her ; she remaining still in one plight of ill fortune, saving so much worse, as continuance of evil doth in it self increase evil. Alas, my *Dorus*, said she, thou seest how long and languishing the weeks are past over since our last talking. And yet I am the same, miserable I, that I was ; only stronger in longing, and weaker in hoping. Then fell she to so pitiful a declaration of the insupportableness of her desires ; that *Dorus's* ears, not able to shew what wounds that discourse gave unto them, procured his eyes with tears to give testimony how much they suffered for her suffering : 'till passion, a most cumbersome guest to it self, made *Zelmane*, the sooner to shake it off, earnestly intreat *Dorus* that he also, with like freedom of discourse, would bestow a map of his little world upon her, that she might see, whether it were troubled with such unhabitable climes of cold despairs, and hot rages as hers was. And so walking under a few palm-trees (which being loving in her own nature seemed to give their shadow the willinglier, because they held discourse of love) *Dorus* thus entered to the description of his fortune. Alas, said he, dear cousin, that it hath pleased the high power to throw us to such an estate, as the only intercourse of our true friendship, must be a bartering of miseries : for my part, I must confess indeed, that from a huge darkness of sorrows, I am crept, I cannot say to a light-someness, but, to a certain dawning, or rather peeping out of some possibility of comfort : but woe is me, so far from the mark of my desires, that I rather think it
such

such a light, as comes through a small hole to a dungeon, that the miserable caitiff may the better remember the light, of which he is deprived; or like a scholar, who is only come to that degree of knowledge to find himself utterly ignorant: but thus stands it with me. After that by your means I was exalted to serve in yonder blessed lodge, for a while I had, in the furnace of my agonies, this refreshing; that, because of the service I had done in killing of the bear, it pleased the princess, in whom indeed stateliness shines through courtesy, to let fall some gracious look upon me: sometimes to see my exercises, sometimes to hear my songs. For my part, my heart would not suffer me to omit any occasion whereby I might make the incomparable *Pamela* see, how much extraordinary devotion I bare to her service: and withal strove to appear more worthy in her sight: that small desert, joyned to so great affection, might prevail something in the wisest lady. But too well, alas, I found that a shepherd's service was but considered of, as from a shepherd, and the acceptance limited to no farther proportion, than of a good servant. And when my countenance had once given notice that there lay affection under it, I saw straight, majesty, sitting in the throne of beauty, draw forth such a sword of just disdain, that I remained as a man thunder-struck, not daring, no not able to behold that power. Now to make my estate known, seemed again impossible, by reason of the suspiciousness of *Dametas*, *Miso* and my young mistress *Mopsa*: for *Dametas*, according to the constitution of a dull head, thinks no better way to shew himself wise, than by suspecting every thing in his way, which suspicion *Miso*, for the hoggish shrewdness of her brain, and *Mopsa* (for a very unlikely envy she hath stumbled upon against the princess's unspeakable beauty) were very glad to execute: so that I (finding my service by this means lightly regarded, my affection despised, and my self unknown) remained no fuller of desire than void of counsel how to come to my desire; which, alas, if these trees could speak, they might well wit-

witness: for many times have I stood here, bewailing myself unto them, many times have I, leaning to yonder palm, admired the blessedness of it, that it could bear love without sense of pain; many times, when my master's cattle came hither to chew their cud in this fresh place, I might see the young bull testify his love? but how? with proud looks and joyfulness. O wretched mankind, said I then to my self, in whom wit, which should be the governor of his welfare, becomes the traitor to his blessedness: these beasts, like children to nature, inherit her blessings quietly; we like bastards are laid abroad, even as foundlings, to be trained up by grief and sorrow. Their minds grudge not at their bodies comfort, nor their senses are letted from enjoying their objects; we have the impediments of honour, and the torments of conscience. Truly in such cogitations have I sometimes so long stood, that methought my feet began to grow into the ground, with such a darkness and heaviness of mind, that I might easily have been persuaded to have resigned over my very essence. But love (which one time layeth burthens, another time giveth wings) when I was at the lowest of my downward thoughts, pull'd up my heart to remember, that *nothing is achieved before it be thoroughly attempted*, and that *lying still, doth never go forward*; and that therefore it was time, now or never, to sharpen my invention, to pierce through the hardness of this enterprize; never ceasing to assemble all my conceits, one after another, how to manifest both my mind and estate, 'till at last I lighted and resolved on this way, which yet perchance you will think was a way rather to hide it. I began to counterfeit the extremest love toward *Mopsa* that might be; and as for the love, so lively it was indeed within me, although to another subject, that little I needed to counterfeit any notable demonstrations of it; and so making a contrariety the place of my memory, in her foulness I beheld *Pamela's* fairness, still looking on *Mopsa*, but thinking on *Pamela*; as if I saw my sun shine in a puddled water: I cried out of nothing but *Mopsa*; to *Mopsa* my attendance was directed:

rected; to *Mopsa* the best fruits I could gather were brought; to *Mopsa* it seemed still that mine eye conveyed my tongue: so that *Mopsa* was my saying; *Mopsa* was my singing; *Mopsa*, (that is only suitable in laying a foul complexion upon a filthy favour, setting forth both in fluttishness) she was the load-star of my life, she the blessing of mine eyes; she the overthrow of my desires, and yet the recompence of my overthrow; she the sweetness of my heart, even sweetening the death, which her sweetness drew upon me. In sum, whatsoever I thought of *Pamela*, that I said of *Mopsa*; whereby as I got my master's good-will, who before spited me, fearing lest I should win the princess's favour from him, so did the same make the princess the better content to allow me her presence: whether indeed it were that a certain spark of noble indignation did rise in her, not to suffer such a baggage to win away any thing of hers, how meanly soever she reputed of it, or rather, as I think, my words being so passionate, and shooting so quite contrary from the marks of *Mopsa's* worthiness, she perceived well enough whither they were directed; and therefore being so masked, she was contented as a sport of wit to attend them: whereupon one day determining to find some means to tell, as of a third person, the tale of mine own love and estate, finding *Mopsa*, like a cuckoe by a nightingale, alone with *Pamela*, I came unto them, and with a face, I am sure, full of cloudy fancies, took a harp and sung this song:

*Since so mine eyes are subject to your sight,
That in your sight they fixed have my brain:
Since so my heart is filled with that light,
That only light doth all my life maintain.*

*Since in sweet you, all goods so richly reign,
That where you are, no wished good can want:
Since so your living image lives in me,
That in my self your self true love doth plant:*

How

*How can you him unworthy then decree,
In whose chief part your worths implanted be?*

The song being ended, which I had often broken off in the midst with grievous sighs, which overtook every verse I sung, I let fall my harp from me; and casting mine eye sometime upon *Mopsa*, but settling my sight principally upon *Pamela*; And is it the only fortune, most beautiful *Mopsa*, said I, of wretched *Dorus*, that fortune must be the measure of his mind? am I only he, that because I am in misery, more misery must be laid upon me? must that which should be cause of compassion, become an argument of cruelty against me? alas, excellent *Mopsa*, consider that a virtuous prince requires the life of his meanest subject, and the heavenly sun disdains not to give light to the smallest worm. O *Mopsa*, *Mopsa*, if my heart could be as manifest to you, as it is uncomfortable to me, I doubt not the height of my thoughts should well countervail the lowness of my quality. Who hath not heard of the greatness of your estate? who seeth not, that your estate is much excelled with that sweet uniting of all beauties, which remaineth and dwelleth with you? who knows not, that all these are but ornaments of that divine spark within you, which being descended from heaven, could not else-where pick out so sweet a mansion? but if you will know what is the band that ought to knit all these excellencies together, it is a kind mercifulness to such a one, as in his soul is devoted to those perfections. *Mopsa*, who already had had a certain smacking towards me, stood all this while with her hands sometimes before her face, but most commonly with a certain special grace of her own, wagging her lips, and grinning instead of smiling: but all the words I could get of her, was, wrying her waste, and thrusting out her chin, in faith you jest with me; you are a merry man indeed. But the ever pleasing *Pamela* (that well found the comedy would be marred, if she did not help *Mopsa* to her part) was content to urge a little farther of me.

Master

Master *Dorus*, said the fair *Pamela*, me thinks you blame your fortune very wrongfully, since the fault is not in fortune, but in you, that cannot frame your self to your fortune: and as wrongfully do require *Mopsa* to so great a disparagement as to her father's servant, since she is not worthy to be loved, that hath not some feeling of her own worthiness. I stay'd a good while after her words, in hope she would have continued her speech, so great a delight I received in hearing her, but seeing her say no farther, with a quaking all over my body, I thus answered her: Lady, most worthy of all duty, how falls it out that you, in whom all virtues shine, will take the patronage of fortune, the only rebellious handmaid against virtue; especially, since before your eyes you have a pititiful spectacle of her wickedness, a forlorn creature, which must remain not such as I am, but such as she makes me, since she must be the balance of worthiness or disparagement. Yet alas, if the condemned man, even at his death, have leave to speak, let my mortal wound purchase thus much consideration; since the perfections are such in the party I love, as the feeling of them cannot come into any un-noble heart, shall that heart, which doth not only feel them, but hath all the working of his life placed in them, shall that heart, I say, lifted up to such a height, be counted base? O let not an excellent spirit do it self such wrong, as to think where it is placed, embraced and loved, there can be any unworthiness, since the weakest mist is not easilier driven away by the sun, than that is chased away with so high thoughts. I will not deny, answered the gracious *Pamela*, but that the love you bear to *Mopsa*, hath brought you to the consideration of her virtues, and that consideration may have made you the more virtuous, and so the more worthy: but even that then, you must confess, you have received of her, and so are rather gratefully to thank her, than to press any farther, 'till you bring something of your own, whereby to claim it. And truly *Dorus*, I must in *Mopsa's* behalf say thus much to you, that if her beauties have so over-

taken you, it becomes a true lover to have your heart more set upon her good than your own, and to bear a tenderer respect to her honour, than your satisfaction. Now by my hallidame, madam, said *Mopsa*, throwing a great number of sheeps eyes upon me, you have even touch'd mine own mind to the quick, forsooth. I finding that the policy that I had used, had at least wise produced thus much happiness unto me, as that I might, even in my lady's presence, discover the sore which had deeply festered within me, and that she should better conceive my reasons applied to *Mopsa*, than she would have vouchsafed them, whilst her self was a party, thought good to pursue on my good beginning, using this fit occasion of *Pamela's* wit, and *Mopsa's* ignorance. Therefore with an humble piercing eye, looking upon *Pamela*; as if I had rather been condemned by her mouth, than highly exalted by the other, turning my self to *Mopsa*, but keeping my eye where it was: fair *Mopsa*, said I, well do I find by the wise knitting together of your answer, that any disputation I can use, is as much too weak, as I unworthy. I find my love shall be proved no love, without I leave to love, being too unfit a vessel, in whom so high thoughts should be engraven. Yet since the love I bear you hath so joyned it self to the best part of my life, as the one cannot depart, but that the other will follow, before I seek to obey you in making my last passage, let me know which is my unworthiness, either of mind, estate, or both? *Mopsa* was about to say, in neither; for her heart I think tumbled with overmuch kindness, when *Pamela* with a more favourable countenance than before, finding how apt I was to fall into despair, told me, I might therein have answered my self: for besides that it was granted me, that the inward feeling of *Mopsa's* perfections had greatly beautified my mind, there was none could deny, and that my mind and body deserved great allowance. But *Dorus*, said she, you must be so far master of your love, as to consider, that since the judgment of the world stands upon matter of fortune
and,

and that the sex of womankind of all other is most bound to have regardful eye to mens judgments, it is not for us to play the philosophers, in seeking out your hidden virtues: since that, which in a wise prince would be counted wisdom, in us will be taken for a light grounded affection: so is not one thing, one done by divers persons. There is no man in a burning fever feels so great contentment in cold water greedily received (which as soon as the drink ceaseth, the rage reneweth) as poor I found my soul refreshed with her sweetly pronounced words; and newly and more violently again inflamed, as soon as she had inclosed up her delightful speech, with no less well graced silence. But remembering in my self, *that as well the soldier dieth which standeth still, as he that gives the bravest onset*: and seeing that to the making up of my fortune there wanted nothing so much as the making known of mine estate, with a face well witnessing how deeply my soul was possessed, and with the most submissive behaviour that a thrall'd heart could express, even as my words had been too thick for my mouth, at length spake to this purpose: alas, most worthy princess, said I, and do not then your own sweet words sufficiently testify, that there was never man could have a juster action against filthy fortune, than I, since all other things being granted me, her blindness is my only let? O heavenly God, I would either she had such eyes as were able to discern my deserts, or I were blind not to see the daily cause of my misfortune. But yet, said I, most honoured lady, if my miserable speeches have not already cloied you, and that the very presence of such a wretch become not hateful in your eyes: let me reply thus much farther against my mortal sentence, by telling you a story, which happened in this same country long since, for woes make the shortest time seem long, whereby you shall see that my estate is not so contemptible, but that a prince hath been content to take the like upon him, and by that only hath aspired to enjoy a mighty princess. *Pamela* graciously harkened, and I told my tale in this sort.

In the country of *Thessalia*, (alas, why name I that accursed country, which brings forth nothing but matters for tragedies? but name it I must, in *Thessalia*, I say, there was (well may I say, there was) a prince, no, no prince, whom bondage wholly possessed, but yet accounted a prince, and named *Musidorus*. O *Musidorus*, *Musidorus*! But to what serve exclamations, where there are no ears to receive the sound? this *Musidorus* being yet in the tenderest age, his worthy father payed to nature, with a violent death, her last duties, leaving his child to the faith of his friends, and the proof of time: death gave him not such pangs as the fore-sightful care he had of his silly successor. And yet if in his foresight he could have seen so much, happy was that good prince in his timely departure, which barred him from the knowledge of his son's miseries, which his knowledge could neither have prevented, nor relieved. The young *Musidorus* (being thus, as for the first pledge of the destinies good will, deprived of his principal stay) was yet for some years after, as if the stars would breathe themselves for a greater mischief, lulled up in as much good luck, as the heedful love of his doleful mother, and the flourishing estate of his country could breed unto him.

But when the time now came, that misery seemed to be ripe for him, because he had age to know misery, I think there was a conspiracy in all heavenly and earthly things, to frame fit occasions to lead him unto it. His people, to whom all foreign matters in foretime were odious, began to, wish in their beloved prince, experience by travail: his dear mother, whose eyes were held open only with the joy of looking upon him, did now dispence with the comfort of her widowed life, desiring the same her subjects did, for the increase of her son's worthiness.

And hereto did *Musidorus* own virtue, see how virtue can be a minister to mischief, sufficiently provoke him: for indeed thus much must I say for him, although the likeness of our mishaps makes me presume to pattern my self

self unto him, that well-doing was at that time his scope, from which no faint pleasure could with-hold him. But the present occasion which did knit all this together, was his uncle the king of *Macedon*; who having lately before gotten such victories, as were beyond expectation, did at this time send both for the prince his son (brought up together, to avoid the wars, with *Musidorus*;) and for *Musidorus* himself, that his joy might be the more full, having such partakers of it. But alas, to what a sea of miseries my plaintful tongue doth lead me? and thus out of breath, rather with that I thought, than that I said, I stayed my speech, 'till *Pamela* shewing by countenance that such was her pleasure, I thus continued it: these two young princes, to satisfy the king, took their way by sea, towards *Thrace*, whither they would needs go with a navy to succour him: he being at that time before *Bizantium* with a mighty army besieging it, where at that time his court was. But when the conspired heavens had gotten this subject of their wrath upon so fit a place, as the sea was, they straight began to breathe out in boy-sterous winds some part of their malice against him; so that with the loss of all his navy, he only with the prince his cousin, were cast a land far off from the place whither their desires would have guided them. O cruel winds, in your unconsiderate rages, why either began you this fury, or why did you not end it in his end? but your cruelty was such, as you would spare his life for many deathful torments. To tell you what pitiful mishaps fell to the young prince of *Macedon* his cousin, I should too much fill your ears with strange horrors; neither will I stay upon those laboursome adventures, nor loathsome misadventures, to which, and through which his fortune and courage conducted him; my speech hasteneth it self to come to the full point of *Musidorus's* misfortunes. For, as we find the most pestilent diseases do gather into themselves all the infirmities, with which the body before was annoyed; so did his last misery embrace in extremity of it self all his former mischiefs. *Arcadia;*

Arcadia was the place prepared to be the stage of his endless overthrow; *Arcadia* was, alas well might I say it is, the charmed circle, where all his spirits for ever should be enchanted. For here, and no where else, did his infected eyes make his mind know, what power heavenly beauty had to throw it down to hellish agonies. Here, here did he see the *Arcadian* king's eldest daughter, in whom he forthwith placed so all his hopes of joy, and joyful parts of his heart, that he left in himself nothing but a maze of longing, and a dungeon of sorrow. But alas, what can saying make them believe, whom seeing cannot persuade? those pains must be felt before they can be understood; no outward utterance can command a concept. Such was then the state of the king, as it was no time by direct means to seek her. And such was the state of his captived will, as he could delay no time of seeking her.

In this intangled cause, he clothed himself in a shepherd's weed, that under the baseness of that form, he might at least have free access to feed his eyes with that which should at length eat up his heart. In which doing, thus much without doubt he hath manifested, that this estate is not always to be rejected, since under that veil there may be hidden things to be esteemed. And if he might with taking on a shepherd's look cast up his eyes to the fairest princess nature in that time created; the like, nay the same desire of mine need no more to be disdained, or held for disgraceful. But now alas mine eyes wax dim, my tongue begins to falter, and my heart to want force to help either, with the feeling remembrance I have, in what heap of miseries the caitiff prince lay at this time buried. Pardon therefore most excellent princess, if I cut off the course of my dolorous tale, since if I be understood, I have said enough for the defence of my baseness, and for that which after might befall to that pattern of ill fortune, the matters are too monstrous for my capacity, his hateful destinies must best declare their own workmanship.

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Thus having delivered my tale in this perplexed manner, to the end the princess might judge that he meant himself, who spake so feelingly; her answer was both strange, and in some respect comfortable. For would you think it? she hath heard heretofore of us both, by means of the valiant prince *Plangus*, and particularly of our casting away, which she (following mine own style) thus delicately brought forth: you have told, said she, *Dorus*, a pretty tale; but you are much deceived in the latter end of it. For the prince *Musidorus* with his cousin *Pyrocles* did both perish upon the coast of *Laconia*; as a noble gentleman called *Plangus*, who was well acquainted with the history, did assure my father. O how that speech of hers did pour joys into my heart! O blessed name, thought I, of mine, since thou hast been in that tongue, and passed through those lips, though I can never hope to approach them. As for *Pyrocles*, said I, I will not deny it, but that he is perished: (which I said, lest sooner suspicion might arise of your being here, than your self would have it) and yet affirmed no lie unto her, since I only said, I would not deny it. But for *Musidorus*, said I, I perceive indeed you have either heard or read the story of that unhappy prince; for this was the very objection, which that peerless princess did make unto him, when he sought to appear such as he was before her wisdom: and thus as I have read it fair written in the certainty of my knowledge, he might answer her, that indeed the ship wherein he came, by a treason was perished: and therefore that *Plangus* might easily be deceived: but that he himself was cast upon the coast of *Laconia*, where he was taken up by a couple of shepherds, who lived in those days famous; for that both loving one fair maid, they yet remained constant friends; one of whose songs not long since was sung before you by the shepherd *Lamon*, and brought by them to a noble-man's house, near *Mantineia*, whose son had, a little before his marriage, been taken prisoner, and by the help of this prince *Musidorus*, though naming himself by another name, was delivered.

Now these circumlocutions I did use, because of the one side I knew the princess would know well the parties I meant; and of the other, if I should have named *Strophon*, *Clains*, *Kalander* and *Clitiphon*, perhaps it would have rubb'd some conjecture into the heavy head of mistress *Mopsa*.

And therefore, said I, most divine lady, he justly was thus to argue against such suspicions, that the prince might easily by those parties be satisfied, that upon that wrack such a one was taken up, and therefore that *Plangus* might well err, who knew not of any one's taking up: again that he that was so preserved brought good tokens to be one of the two, chief of that wracked company: which two, since *Plangus* knew to be *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, he must needs be one of them, although, as I said, upon a fore-taken vow, he was otherwise at that time called. Besides, the princess must needs judge, that no less than a prince durst undertake such an enterprise, which, though he might get the favour of the princess, he could never defend with less than a prince's power, against the force of *Arcadia*. Lastly, said he, for a certain demonstration, he presumed to shew unto the princess a mark he had on his face, as I might, said I, shew this of my neck to the rare *Mopsa*: and withal, shewed my neck to them both, where, as you know, there is a red spot bearing figure, as they tell me, of a lion's paw, that she may ascertain her self, that I am *Menalcas*'s brother. And so did he, beseeching her to send some one she might trust into *Thessalia*, secretly to be advertised, whether the age, the complexion and particularly that notable sign, did not fully agree with their prince *Musidorus*. Do you not know farther, said she, with a settled countenance not accusing any kind of inward motion, of that story? alas, no, said I, for even here the historiographer stopped, saying, the rest belonged to astrology. And therewith, thinking her silent imaginations began to work upon somewhat to mollify them, as the nature of musick is to do,
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and withal, is to shew what kind of shepherd I was, I took up my harp, and sung these few verses :

M*Y* sheep are thoughts, which I both guide and serve :
 Their pasture is fair hills of fruitless love :
 On barren sweets they feed, and feeding starve :
 I wail their lot, but will not other prove.
My sheephook is wan hope, which all upholds :
My weeds, desire, cut out in endless folds.
What wool my sheep shall bear, while thus they live,
In you it is, you must the judgment give.

And then, partly to bring *Mopsa* again to the matter, lest she should too much take heed to our discourses, but principally, if it were possible to gather some comfort out of her answers, I kneeled down to the princess, and humbly besought her to move *Mopsa* in my behalf, that she would unarm her noble heart of that steely resistance against the sweet blows of love : that since all her parts were decked with some particular ornament ; her face with beauty, her head with wisdom, her eyes with majesty, her countenance with gracefulness, her lips with loveliness, her tongue with victory ; that she would make her heart the throne of pity, being the most excellent raiment of the most excellent part. *Pamela* without show either of favour or disdain, either of heeding or neglecting what I had said, turned her speech to *Mopsa*, and with such a voice and action, as might shew she spake of a matter which little did concern her ; take heed to your self, said she, *Mopsa*, for your shepherd can speak well : but truly, if he do fully prove himself such as he saith, I mean, the honest shepherd *Menalcas's* brother and heir, I know no reason why you should think scorn of him. *Mopsa* though, in my conscience, she were even then far spent towards me, yet she answered her, that for all my quaint speeches, she would keep her honesty close enough : and that as for the way of matrimony, she would step never a foot farther, 'till my master her father had spoken
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the whole word himself, no she would not. But ever and anon turning her muzzle towards me, she threw such a prospect upon me, as might well have given a surfeit to any weak lovers stomach. But, lord, what a fool am I, to mingle that drivel's speeches among my noble thoughts! but because she was an actor in this tragedy, to give you a full knowledge, and to leave nothing, that I can remember, unrepeated.

Now the princess being about to withdraw herself from us, I took a jewel made in the figure of a crab-fish, which, because it looks one way, and goes another, I thought it did fitly pattern out my looking to *Mopsa*, but bending to *Pamela*: the word about it was, *By force, not choice*; and still kneeling, besought the princess that she would vouchsafe to give it *Mopsa*, and with the blessedness of her hand to make acceptable unto her that toy which I had found, following of late an acquaintance of mine at the plough. For, said I, as the earth was turned up, the ploughshare lighted upon a great stone: we pull'd that up, and so found both that and some other pretty things, which we had divided betwixt us.

Mopsa was benumbed with joy when the princess gave it her: but in the princess I could find no apprehension of what I either said or did, but with a calm carelessness letting each thing slide, (just as we do by their speeches who neither in matter nor person do any way belong unto us) which kind of cold temper, mix'd with that lightening of her natural majesty, is of all others most terrible unto me: for yet if I found she contemned me, I would desperately labour both in fortune and virtue to overcome it; if she only misdoubted me I were in heaven; for quickly I would bring sufficient assurance: lastly, if she hated me, yet I should know what passion to deal with; and either with infiniteness of desert I would take away the fuel from that fire; or if nothing would serve, then I would give her my heart's blood to quench it. But this cruel quietness, neither retiring to dislike, nor proceeding to favour; gracious, but gracious still after one manner; all

all her courtesies, having this engraven in them, that what is done, is for virtue's sake, not for the parties (ever keeping her course like the sun, who neither for our praises, nor curses will spur or stop his horses,) this, I say, heavenliness of hers, for howsoever my misery is, I cannot but so entitle it, is so impossible to reach unto, that I almost begin to submit my self to the tyranny of despair, not knowing any way of persuasion, where wisdom seems to be unsensible. I have appeared to her eyes like my self, by a device I used with my master, persuading him that we two might put on certain rich apparel I had provided, and so practise something on horse-back before *Pamela*, telling him, it was apparel I had gotten for playing well the part of a king in a tragedy at *Athens*: my horse indeed was it I had left at *Menalcas's* house, and *Dametas* got one by friendship out of the prince's stable. But howsoever I shew, I am no base body, all I do is but to beat a rock and get foam.

But as *Dorus* was about to tell farther, *Dametas* (who came whistling, and counting upon his fingers, how many load of hay his seventeen fat oxen eat up a year) desired *Zelmae* from the king that she would come into the lodge, where they staid for her. Alas, said *Dorus*, taking his leave, the sum is this, that you may well find you have beaten your sorrow against such a wall, which with the force of a rebound may well make your sorrow stronger. But *Zelmae* turning her speech to *Dametas*, I shall grow, said she, skilful in country matters, if I have often conference with your servant. In sooth, answered *Dametas* with a graceless scorn, the lad may prove well enough, if he over soon think not too well of himself, and will bear away that he heareth of his elders. And therewith as they walked to the other lodge, to make *Zelmae* find she might have spent her time better with him, he began with a wild method to run over all the art of husbandry: especially imploying his tongue about well dunging of a field: while poor *Zelmae* yielded her ears to those tedious strokes, not warding them so much as with
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any one answer, 'till they came to *Basilus* and *Gynecia*, who attended for her in a coach to carry her abroad to some sports prepared for her. *Basilus*, and *Gynecia* sitting in the one end, placed her at the other, with her left side to *Philoclea*. *Zelmane* was moved in her mind, to have kissed their feet for the favour of so blessed a seat: for the narrowness of the coach made them join from the foot to the shoulders very close together; the truer touch whereof though it were barred by their envious apparel, yet as a perfect magnes, though but in an ivory box, will through the box send forth his embracing virtue to a beloved needle; so this imparadised neighbourhood made *Zelmane's* soul cleave unto her, both through the ivory case of her body, and the apparel which did overcloud it. All the blood of *Zelmane's* body stirring in her, as wine will do when sugar is hastily put into it, seeking to suck the sweetness of the beloved guest: her heart like a lion new imprisoned, seeing him that restrains his liberty, before the grate; not panting, but striving violently, if it had been possible, to have leaped into the lap of *Philoclea*. But *Dametas*, even then proceeding from being master of a cart, to be doctor of a coach, not a little proud in himself, that his whip at that time guided the rule of *Arcadia*, drove the coach, the cover whereof was made with such joints, that as they might, to avoid the weather, pull it up close when they listed, so when they would they might put each end down, and remain as discovered and open sighted as on horse-back, 'till upon the side of the forrest they had both grayhounds, spaniels, and hounds: whereof the first might seem the lords, the second the gentlemen, and the last the yeomen of dogs; a cast of merlins there was besides, which flying of a gallant height over certain bushes, would beat the birds, that rose, down unto the bushes, as falcons will do wild-fowl over a river. But the sport which for that day *Basilus* would principally shew to *Zelmane*, was the mounty at a hearn, which getting up on his waggling wings with pain, 'till he was come to some height. as though the air next to the
earth

earth were not fit for his great body to fly through) was now grown to diminish the sight of himself, and to give example to great persons, that the higher they be the less they should shew ; when a jerfaulcon was cast off after her, straight spying where the prey was, fixing her eye with desire and guiding her wing by her eye, used no more strength than industry. For as a good builder to a high tower will not make his stair upright, but winding almost the full compass about, that the steepness be the more unsensible : so she, seeing the towering of her pursued chase, went circling and compassing about, rising so with the less sense of rising ; and yet finding that way scanty serve the greediness of her haste, as an ambitious body will go far out of the direct way, to win to a point of height which he desires ; so would she, as it were, turn tail to the heron, and fly quite out another way, but all was to return into a higher pitch ; which once gotten, she would either beat with cruel assaults the heron, who now was driven to the best defence of force, since flight would not serve ; or else clasping with him, come down together, to be parted by the over-partial beholders.

Divers of which flights *Basilus* shewing to *Zelmane*, thus was the riches of the time spent, and the day deceased before it was thought of, 'till night like a degenerating successor made his departure the better remembered. And therefore, so constrained, they willed *Dametas* to drive home-ward, who, half sleeping, half musing about about the mending of a wine-press, guided the horses so ill, that the wheel coming over a great stub of a tree, it over-turned the coach. Which though it fell violently upon the side where *Zelmane* and *Gynecia* sat, yet for *Zelmane's* part, she would have been glad of the fall, which made her bear the sweet burden of *Philoclea*, but that she feared she might receive some hurt. But indeed neither she did, nor any of the rest, by reason they kept their arms and legs within the coach, saving *Gynecia*, who with the only bruise of the fall, had her shoulder put out of joint ; which though, by one of the faulconers cunning,
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it was set well again, yet with much pain was she brought to the lodge; and pain, fetching his ordinary companion, a fever with him, drove her to entertain them both in her bed.

But neither was the fever of such impatient heat, as the inward plague-sore of her affection, nor the pain half so noysome, as the jealousy she conceived of her daughter *Philoclea*, lest this time of her sickness might give apt occasion to *Zelmane*, whom she misdoubted. Therefore she called *Philoclea* to her, and though it were late in the night, commanded her in her ear to go to the other lodge, and send *Miso* to her, with whom she would speak, and she to lie with her sister *Pamela*. The mean while *Gynecia* kept *Zelmane* with her, because she would be sure, she should be out of the lodge, before she licensed *Zelmane*. *Philoclea*, not skill'd in any thing better than obedience, went quietly down; and the moon then full, not thinking scorn to be a torch-bearer to such beauty, guided her steps. whose motions bear a mind which bare in it self far more stirring motions. And alas, sweet *Philoclea*, how hath my pen 'till now forgot thy passions, since to thy memory principally all this long matter is intended? pardon the slackness to come to those woes, which having caused in others, thou didst feel in thy self.

The sweet minded *Philoclea* was in their degree of well-doing, to whom the not knowing of evil serveth for a ground of virtue, and hold their inward powers in better form with an unspotted simplicity, that many, who rather cunningly seek to know what goodness is, than willingly take into themselves the following of it. But as that sweet and simple breath of heavenly goodness, is the easier to be altered, because it hath not passed through the worldly wickedness, nor feelingly found the evil, that evil carries with it; so now the lady *Philoclea* (whose eyes and senses had received nothing, but according as the natural course of each thing required; whose tender youth had obediently lived under her parents behests, without framing out of her own will the fore-choosing of any thing) when now she came

to a point, wherein her judgment was to be practised, in knowing faultiness by his first tokens, she was like a young faun, who coming in the wind of the hunters, doth not know whether it be a thing or no to be eschewed; whereof at this time she began to get a costly experience. For after that *Zelmane* had a while lived in the lodge with her, and that her only being a noble stranger had bred a kind of heedful attention; her coming to that lovely place, where she had no body but her parents, a willingness of conversation; her wit and behaviour a liking and silent admiration; at length the excellency of her natural gifts, joined with the extreme shows she made of a most devout honouring *Philoclea* (carrying thus, in one person, the only two bands of good will, loveliness and lovingness) brought forth in her heart a yielding to a most friendly affection; which when it had gotten so full possession of the keys of her mind, that it would receive no message from her senses, without that affection were the interpreter; then straight grew an exceeding delight still to be with her, with an unmeasurable liking of all that *Zelmane* did: matters being so turned in her, that where at first liking her manners did breed good-will, now good-will became the chief cause of liking her manners: so that within a while *Zelmane* was not prized for her demeanure, but the demeanure was prized because it was *Zelmane's*. Then followed that most natural effect of conforming her self to that, which she did like, and not only wishing to be her self such another in all things, but to ground an imitation upon so much an esteemed authority, so that the next degree was to mark all *Zelmane's* doings, speeches, and fashions, and to take them into her self, as a pattern of worthy proceeding. Which when once it was enacted, not only by the commonalty of passions, but agreed unto by her most noble thoughts, and that by reason it self, not yet experienced in the issues of such matters, had granted his royal assent; then friendship, a diligent officer, took care to see the statute thoroughly observed. Then grew on that not only she

she did imitate the soberness of her countenance, the gracefulness of her speech, but even their particular gestures : so that as *Zelmane* did often eye her, she would often eye *Zelmane* ; and as *Zelmane*'s eyes would deliver a submissive, but vehement desire in their look ; she, though as yet she had not the desire in her, yet should her eyes answer in like piercing kindness of a look. *Zelmane*, as much as *Gynecia*'s jealousy would suffer, desired to be near *Philoclea* ; *Philoclea*, as much as *Gynecia*'s jealousy would suffer, desired to be near *Zelmane*. If *Zelmane* took her hand, and softly strained it, she also, thinking the knots of friendship ought to be mutual, would, with a sweet fastness, shew she was loth to part from it. And if *Zelmane* sighed, she should sigh also ; when *Zelmane* was sad, she deemed it wisdom, and therefore she would be sad too. *Zelmane*'s languishing countenance with crossed arms, and sometimes cast up eyes, she thought to have an excellent grace : and therefore she also willingly put on the same countenance : 'till at the last, poor soul, e'er she was aware, she accepted not only the badge, but the service ; not only the sign, but the passion signified. For whether it were, that her wit in continuance did find, that *Zelmane*'s friendship was full of impatient desire, having more than ordinary limits, and therefore she was content to second *Zelmane*, though her self knew not the limits ; or that in truth, true love, well considered, hath an infective power ; at last she fell in acquaintance with love's harbinger, wishing ; first she would wish, that they two might live all their lives together, like two of *Diana*'s nymphs. But that wish she thought not sufficient, because she knew, there would be more nymphs besides them, who also would have their part in *Zelmane*. Then would she wish, that she were her sister, that such a natural band might make her more special to her, but against that, she considered, that, though being her sister, if she happened to be married, she should be robbed of her. Then grown bolder she would wish either her self, or *Zelmane*,
a man,

a man, that there might succeed a blessed marriage between them. But when that wish had once displayed his ensign in her mind, then followed whole squadrons of longings, that so it might be with a main battel of mislikings, and repinings against their creation, that so it was not. Then dreams by night began to bring more unto her, than she durst wish by day, whereout waking did make her know her self the better by the image of those fancies. But as some diseases when they are easy to be cured, they are hard to be known; but when they grow easy to be known, they are almost impossible to be cured: so the sweet *Philoclea*, while she might prevent it, she did not feel it, now she felt it, when it was past preventing; like a river, no rampires being built against it, 'till already it have overflowed. For now indeed love pulled off his mask, and shewed his face unto her, and told her plainly, that she was his prisoner. Then needed she no more paint her face with passions; for passions shone through her face; then her rosy colour was often increased with extraordinary blushing, and so another time, perfect whiteness descended to a degree of paleness: now hot, then cold, desiring she knew not what, or how, if she knew what. Then her mind, though too late, by the smart was brought to think of the disease, and her own proof taught her to know her mother's mind; which, as no error gives so strong assault, as that which comes armed in the authority of a parent, so greatly fortified her desires, to see, that her mother had the like desires. And the more jealous her mother was, the more she thought the jewel precious which was with so many locks guarded. But that prevailing so far, as to keep the two lovers from private conference, then began she to feel the sweetness of a lover's solitariness, when freely with words and gestures, as if *Zelma* were present, she might give passage to her thoughts: and so, as it were, utter out some smoke of those flames, wherewith else she was not only burned, but smothered. As this night, that going from the one lodge to the other, by

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her mother's commandment, with doleful gestures and uncertain paces, she did willingly accept the time's offer, to be a while alone : so that going a little aside into the wood, where many times before she had delighted to walk, her eyes were saluted with a tuft of trees, so close set together, as with the shade the moon gave through it, it might breed a fearful kind of devotion to look upon it : but true thoughts of love banished all vain fancy of superstition. Full well she did both remember and like the place ; for there had she often with their shade beguiled *Phœbus* of looking upon her : there had she enjoyed her self often, while she was mistress of her self and had no other thoughts, but such as might arise out of quiet senses.

But the principal cause that invited her remembrance, was a goodly white marble stone, that should seem had been dedicated in ancient time to the *Sylvan* gods : which she finding there a few days before *Zelmane's* coming, had written these words upon it, as a testimony of her mind, against the suspicion her captivity made her think she lived in. The writing was this.

YOU living powers inclos'd in stately shrine
 Of growing trees : you rural Gods that wield
 Your scepters here, if to your ears divine
 A voice may come, which troubled soul doth yield ;
 This vow receive, this vow, O Gods, maintain ;
 My virgin life no spotted thought shall stain.

Thou purest stone ; whose pureness doth present
 My purest mind ; whose temper hard doth show
 My temp'red heart ; by thee my promise sent
 Unto my self let after-livers know,
 No fancy mine, nor others wrong suspect
 Make me, O virtuous shame, thy laws neglect.

O chastity, the chief of heavenly lights,
 Which mak'st us most immortal shape to wear,

BOOK II. *Pembroke's* ARCADIA. 195

Hold thou my heart, establish thou my sprites :

To only thee my constant course I bear ;

'Till spotless soul unto thy bosom flie.

Such life to lead, such death I vow to die.

But now that her memory served as an accuser of her change, and that her own hand-writing was there, to bear testimony against her fall ; she went in among those few trees, so closed in the tops together, as they might seem a little chappel : and there might she, by the help of the moon-light, perceive the goodly stone, which served as an altar in that woody devotion. But neither the light was enough to read the words, and the ink was already foreworn, and in many places blotted ; which as she perceived, alas, said she, fair marble, which never receivedst spot but by my writing : well do these blots become a blotted writer. But pardon her which did not dissemble then, although she have changed since. Enjoy, enjoy the glory of thy nature, which can so constantly bear the marks of my inconstancy. And herewith hiding her eyes with her soft hand, there came into her head certain verses, which if she had present commodity, she would have adjoyned as a retraction to the other. They were to this effect.

M*Y words, in hope to blaze a stedfast mind,*
This marble chose, as of like temper known :

But lo, my words defac'd my fancies blind,

Blots to the stone, shames to my self I find :

And witness am, how ill agree in one,

A woman's hand with constant marble stone.

My words full weak, the marble full of might ;

My words in store, the marble all alone ;

My words black ink, the marble kindly white ;

My words unseen, the marble still in sight,

May witness bear, how ill agree in one,

A woman's hand with constant marble stone.

But seeing she could not see means to join as then this recantation to the former vow, laying all her fair length under one of the trees, for a while she did nothing but turn up and down, as if she had hoped to turn away the fancy that mastered her, and hid her face, as if she could have hidden her self from her own fancies. At length with a whispering note to her self; O me unfortunate wretch, said she, what poysonous heats be these, which thus torment me? how hath the sight of this strange guest invaded my soul? alas, what entrance found this desire, or what strength had it thus to conquer me? then a cloud passing between her sight and the moon, O *Diana*, said she, I would either the cloud, that now hides the light of my virtue, would as easily pass away, as you will quickly overcome this let? or else that you were for ever thus darkened to serve for an excuse of my outrageous folly. Then looking to the stars, which had perfectly as then beautified the clear sky; my parents, said she, have told me, that in these fair heavenly bodies, there are great hidden deities, which have their working in the ebbing and flowing of our estates. If it be so, then, O you stars! judge rightly of me; and if I have with wicked intent made my self a prey to fancy, or if by any idle lusts I framed my heart fit for such an impression, then let this plague daily increase in me, 'till my name be made odious to womankind. But if extreme and unresistable violence have oppressed me, who will ever do any of you sacrifice, O you stars, if you do not succour me? No, no, you will not help me. No, no, you cannot help me: sin must be the mother, and shame the daughter of my affection. And yet are these but childish objections, simple *Philoclea*, it is the impossibility that doth torment me: for, unlawful desires are punished after the effect of enjoying; but impossible desires are punished in the desire it self. O then, O ten times unhappy that I am, since wherein all other hope kindleth love, in me despair should be the bellows of my affection: and of all despairs the most miserable, which is drawn from impossibility. The
most

most covetous man longs not to get riches out of a ground which never can bear any thing; why? because it is impossible. The most ambitious wight vexeth not his wits to climb into heaven; why? because it is impossible. Alas then, O love, why dost thou in thy beautiful sampler set such a work for my desire to take out, which is as much impossible? and yet alas, why do I thus condemn my fortune before I hear what she can say for herself? what do I, silly wench, know what love hath prepared for me? do I not see my mother, as well, at least as furiously as my self, love *Zelmane*? and should I be wiser than my mother? either she sees a possibility in that which I think impossible, or else impossible loves need not misbecome me. And do I not see *Zelmane*, who doth not think a thought which is not first weighed by wisdom and virtue, doth not she vouchsafe to love me with like ardor? I see it, her eyes depose it to be true; what then? and if she can love poor me, shall I think scorn to love such a woman as *Zelmane*? away then all vain examinations of why and how. Thou lovest me, most excellent *Zelmane*, and I love thee: and with that, embracing the very ground whereon she lay, she said to her self, for even to her self she was ashamed to speak it out in words, O my *Zelmane*, govern and direct me: for I am wholly given over unto thee.

In this depth of musings, and divers sorts of discourses, would she ravingly have remained, but that *Dametas* and *Miso*, who were round about to seek her, understanding she was come to their lodge that night, came hard by her; *Dametas* saying, that he would not deal in other bodies matters; but for his part, he did not like, that maids should once stir out of their fathers houses, but if it were to milk a cow, or save a chicken from a kite's foot, or some such other matter of importance. And *Miso* swearing that if it were her daughter *Mopsa*, she would give her a lesson for walking so late, that should make her keep within doors for one fortnight. But their jangling made *Philoclea* rise, and pretending as though she

had done it but to sport with them, went with them, after she had willed *Miso* to wait upon her mother, to the lodge; where, being now accustomed by her parents discipline, as well as her sister, to serve her self, she went alone up to *Pamela's* chamber, where, meaning to delight her eyes, and joy her thoughts with the sweet conversation of her beloved sister, she found her, though it were in the time that the wings of night do blow sleep most willingly into mortal creatures, sitting in a chair, lying backward, with her head almost over the back of it, and looking upon a wax-candle which burnt before her; in one hand holding a letter, in the other her handkerchief, which had lately drunk up the tears of her eyes, leaving instead of them crimson circles, like red flakes in the element, when the weather is hottest; which *Philoclea* finding, for her eyes had learned to know the badges of sorrow, she earnestly entreated to know the cause thereof, that either she might comfort, or accompany her doleful humour. But *Pamela*, rather seeming sorry that she had perceived so much, than willing to open any farther; O my *Pamela*, said *Philoclea*, who are to me a sister in nature, a mother in counsel, a princess by the law of our country, and which name, methinks of all other, is the dearest, a friend by my choice and your favour, what means this banishing me from your counsels? do you love your sorrow so well as to grudge me part of it? or do you think I shall not love a sad *Pamela*, so well as a joyful? or be my ears unworthy, or my tongue suspected? what is it, my sister, that you should conceal from your sister, yea and servant *Philoclea*? these words won no farther of *Pamela*, but that telling her they might talk better as they lay together; they impoverished their cloaths to enrich their bed, which for that night might well scorn the shrine of *Venus*: and their cherishing one another with dear, though chaste embracements; with sweet, though cold kisses; it might seem that love was come to play him there without dart; or that weary of his own fires, he was there to refresh himself between
their

their sweet breathing lips. But *Philoclea* earnestly again intreated *Pamela* to open her grief; who, drawing the curtain, that the candle might not complain of her blushing, was ready to speak: but the breath, almost formed into words, was again stopped by her, and turned into sighs. But at last, I pray you, said she, sweet *Philoclea*, let us talk of some other thing: and tell me whether did you ever see any thing so amended as our pastoral sports be, since that *Dorus* came hither? O love, how far thou seest with blind eyes? *Philoclea* had straight found her, and therefore to draw out more, indeed, said she, I have wondered to my self how such excellencies could be in so mean a person; but belike fortune was afraid to lay her treasures, where they should be stained with so many perfections: only I marvel how he can frame himself to hide so rare gifts under such a block as *Dametas*. Ah, said *Pamela*, if you knew the cause, but no more do I neither; and to say the truth: but lord, how are we fallen to talk of this fellow? and yet indeed if you were sometimes with me to mark him, while *Dametas* reads his rustick lecture unto him, how to feed his beasts before noon, where to shade them in the extreme heat, how to make the manger handsome for his oxen, when to use the goad, and when the voice; giving him rules of a herdman, though he pretend to make him a shepherd, to see all the while with what a grace, which seems to set a crown upon his base estate, he can descend to those poor matters, certainly you would: but to what serves this? no doubt we were better sleep than talk of these idle matters. Ah my *Pamela*, said *Philoclea*, I have caught you; the constancy of your wit was not wont to bring forth such disjointed speeches: you love, dissemble no farther. It is true, said, *Pamela*, now you have it; and with less ado should, if my heart could have thought those words suitable for my mouth. But indeed, my *Philoclea*, take heed: for I think virtue it self is no armour of proof against affection. Therefore learn by my example. Alas, thought *Philoclea* to her self, your shears come too late to

clip the bird's wings that already is flown away. But then *Pamela*, being once set in the stream of her love, went away again, withal telling her how his noble qualities had drawn her liking towards him; but yet ever weighing his meanness, and so held continually in due limits; 'till seeking many means to speak with her, and ever kept from it, as well because she shunned it, seeing and disdainning his mind, as because of her jealous jaylors, he had at length used the finest policy that might be in counterfeiting love to *Mopsa*, and saying to *Mopsa* whatever he would have her know: and in how passionate manner he had told his own tale in a third person, making poor *Mopsa* believe, that it was a matter fallen out many ages before. And in the end, because you shall know my tears come not, neither of repentance nor misery, who think you, is my *Dorus* fallen out to be? even the prince *Musidorus*, famous over all *Asia* for his heroical enterprises, of whom you remember how much good the stranger *Plangus* told my father; he not being drowned, as *Plangus* thought, though his cousin *Pyrocles* indeed perished. Ah my sister, if you had heard his words, or seen his gestures, when he made me know what, and to whom his love was, you would have matched in your self those two rarely matched together, pity and delight. Tell me dear sister, for the gods are my witnesses I desire to do virtuously, can I without the detestable stain of ungratefulness abstain from loving him, who (far exceeding the beautifulnes of his shape with the beautifulnes of his mind, and the greatness of his estate with the greatness of his acts) is content so to abase himself, as to become *Dametas's* servant for my sake? you will say, but how know I him to be *Musidorus*, since the hand-maid of wisdom is slow of belief? that consideration did not want in me: for the nature of desire it self is no easier to receive belief, than it is hard to ground belief. For as desire is glad to embrace the first show of comfort, so is desire desirous of perfect assurance: and that have I had of him, not only by necessary arguments to any of common sense, but

but by sufficient demonstrations. Lastly, he would have me send to *Thessalia*: but truly I am not as now in mind to do my honourable love so much wrong, as so far to suspect him: yet poor soul, knows he no other, but that I do both suspect, neglect, yea, and detest him. For every day he finds one way or other to set forth himself unto me, but all are rewarded with the like coldness of acceptance.

A few days since, he and *Dametas* had furnished themselves very richly to run at the ring before me. O how mad a sight it was to see *Dametas*, like rich tissue furred with lamb-skins? but O how well it did with *Dorus*, to see with what a grace he presented himself before me on horse-back, making majesty wait upon humbleness? how at the first, standing still with his eyes bent upon me, as though his motions were chained to my look, he so staid 'till I caused *Mopsa* bid him do something upon his horse: which no sooner said, but, with a kind rather of quick gesture, than show of violence, you might see him come towards me, beating the ground in so due time, as no dancer can observe better measure. If you remember the ship we saw once, when the sea went high upon the coast of *Argos*; so went the beast. But he, as if centaur-like he had been one piece with the horse, was no more moved than one is with the going of his own legs: and in effect so did he command him, as his own limbs: for tho' he had both spurs and wand, they seemed rather marks of sovereignty, than instruments of punishment, his hand and leg, with most pleasing grace, commanding without threatening, and rather remembering than chastising; at least if sometimes he did it was so stollen, as neither our eyes could discern it, nor the horse with any change did complain of it: he ever going so just with the horse, either forth-right or turning, that it seemed, as he borrowed the horse's body, so he lent the horse his mind. In the turning one might perceive the bridle-hand something gently stir: but indeed so gently, as it did rather distil virtue, than use violence. Himself, which methinks is strange, shewing at one instant both steadiness and nimbleness; sometimes making him

turn

turn close to the ground, like a cat, when scratchingly she wheels about after a mouse: sometimes with a little more rising before, now like a raven leaping from ridge to ridge, then like one of *Dametas's* kids bound over the hillocks: and all so done, as neither the lusty kind shewed any roughness, nor the easier any idleness: but still like a well-obeyed master, whose beck is enough for a discipline, ever concluding each thing he did with his face to me-wards, as if thence came not only the beginning, but ending of his motions. The sport was to see *Dametas*, how he was tossed from the saddle to the main of the horse, and thence to the ground, giving his gay apparel almost as foul an outside, as it had an inside. But as before he had ever said, he wanted but horse and apparel to be as brave a courtier as the best, so now bruised with proof, he proclaimed it a folly for a man of wisdom to put himself under the tuition of a beast; so as *Dorus* was fain alone to take the ring. Wherein truly at least my womanish eyes could not discern, but that taking his staff from his thigh, the descending it a little down, the getting of it up into the rest, the letting of the point fall, and taking the ring, was but all one motion, at least, if they were divers motions, they did so stealingly slip one into another, as the latter part was ever in hand, before the eye could discern the former was ended. Indeed *Dametas* found fault that he shewed no more strength in shaking of his staff: but to my conceit the fine cleanness of bearing it was exceeding delightful.

But how delightful soever it was, my delight might well be in my soul, but it never went to look out of the window to do him any comfort. But how much more I found reason to like him, the more I set all the strength of mine to suppress it, or at least to conceal it. Indeed I must confess, that as some physicians have told me, that when one is cold outwardly, he is not inwardly, so truly the cold ashes laid upon my fire, did not take the nature of fire from it. Full often hath my breast swollen with keeping my sighs imprisoned; full often have the
tears

tears I drove back from mine eyes, turned back to drown my heart. But alas what did that help poor *Dorus*? whose eyes, being his diligent intelligencers, could carry unto him no other news, but discomfortable. I think no day past, but by some one invention he would appear unto me to testify his love. One time he danced the matabine dance in armour, O with what a graceful dexterity! I think to make me see, that he had been brought up in such exercises: another time he persuaded his master, to make my time seem shorter, in manner of a dialogue, to play *Priamus*, while he plaid *Paris*. Think, sweet *Philoclea*, what a *Priamus* we had: but truly, my *Paris* was a *Paris*, and more than a *Paris*: who, while in a savage apparel, with naked neck, arms, and legs, he made love to *Oenone*, you might well see by his changed countenance, and true tears, that he felt the part he played. Tell me, sweet *Philoclea*, did you ever see such a shepherd? tell me, did you ever hear of such a prince? and then tell me, if a small or unworthy assault have conquered me. Truly I would hate my life, if I thought vanity led me. But since my patents deal so cruelly with me, it is time for me to trust something to my own judgment. Yet hitherto have my looks been as I told you, which continuing after many of these his fruitless trials, have wrought such change in him, as I tell you true, with that word she laid her hand upon her quaking side, I do not a little fear him. See what a letter this is, then drew she the curtain, and took the letter from under the pillow, which to day, with an afflicted humbleness, he delivered me, pretending before *Mopsa*, that I should read it unto her, to mollify, forsooth, her iron stomach; with that she read the letter, containing thus much:

MOST blessed paper, which shalt kiss that hand, where-
to all blessedness is in nature a servant, do not yet
disdain to carry with thee the woeful words of a miser now de-
spairing: neither be afraid to appear before her, bearing the
base title of the sender. For no sooner shall that divine hand
touch

touch thee, but that thy baseness shall be turned to most high preferment. Therefore mourn boldly my ink; for while she looks upon you, your blackness will shine: cry out boldly my lamentation: for while she reads you, your cries will be music. Say then, O happy messenger of a most unhappy message, that the too soon born, and too late dying creature, which dares not speak, no not look, no not scarcely think, as from his miserable self, unto her heavenly highness, only presumes to desire thee, in the time that her eyes and voice do exalt thee, to say, and in this manner to say; not from him, O no, that were not fit, but of him, thus much unto her sacred judgment: O you, the only honour to women, to men the only admiration, you that being armed by love, defy him that armed you, in this high estate wherein you have placed me, yet let me remember him to whom I am bound for bringing me to your presence; and let me remember him, who, since he is yours, how mean soever he be, it is reason you have an account of him. The wretch, yet your wretch, though with languishing steps, runs fast to his grave; and will you suffer a temple, how poorly built soever, but yet a temple of your deity, to be razed? but he dieth: it is most true, he dieth: and he in whom you live, to obey you, dieth. Whereof though he plain, he doth not complain: for it is a harm, but no wrong, which he hath received. He dies, because in woeful language all his senses tell him, that such is your pleasure: since you will not that he live, alas, alas, what foresh of the most ruined Dorus, but his end? end then, evil destined Dorus, end; and end thou woeful letter, end; for it sufficeth her wisdom to know, that her heavenly will shall be accomplished.

O my Philoclea, is he a person to write these words? and are these words lightly to be regarded? but if you had seen, when with trembling hand he had delivered it how he went away, as if he had been but the coffin that carried himself to his sepulchre. Two times, I must confess, I was about to take courtesy into mine eyes; but both times the former resolution stopped the entry of it: so that he departed without obtaining any farther kindness.

ness. But he was no sooner out of the door ; but that I looked to the door kindly ; and truly the fear of him ever since hath put me into such perplexity, as now you found me. Ah my *Pamela*, said *Philoclea*, leave sorrow. The river of your tears will soon lose his fountain ; it is in your hand as well to stitch up his life again, as it was before to rent it. And so, though with self-grieved mind, she comforted her sister, till sleep came to bathe himself in *Pamela's* fair weeping eyes.

Which when *Philoclea* found, wringing her hands, O me, said she, indeed the only subject of the destinies displeasure, whose greatest fortunateness is more unfortunate, than my sister's greatest unfortunateness. Alas, she weeps because she would be no sooner happy ; I weep, because I can never be happy ; her tears flow from pity, mine from being too far lower than the reach of pity : Yet do I not envy thee, dear *Pamela*, I do not envy thee ; only I could wish that being, thy sister in nature, I were not so far off akin in fortune.

But the darkness of sorrow overshadowing her mind, as the night did her eyes, they were both content to hide themselves under the wings of sleep, 'till the next morning had almost lost his name, before the two sweet sleeping sisters awaked from dreams, which flattered them with more comfort, than their walking could, or would consent unto. For then they were called up by *Miso* ; who having been with *Gynecia*, had received commandment to be continually with her daughters, and particularly not to let *Zelmane*, and *Philoclea* have any private conference, but that she should be present to hear what passed : *Miso* having now her authority increased, but came with scouling eyes to deliver a flaving good morrow to the two ladies, telling them, it was a shame for them to mar their complexions, yea and conditions too, with long lying a bed : and that, when she was of their age, she trowed, she would have made a handkerchief by that time a day. The two sweet princes with a smiling silence answered her entertainment, and obeying her direction,

on; covered their dainty beauties with the glad clothes. But as soon as *Pamela* was ready, and sooner she was than her sister, of the agony of *Dorus's* giving a fit to her self; which the words of his letter, lively imprinted in her mind, still remembered her of, she called to *Mopsa*, and willed her to fetch *Dorus* to speak with her; because, she said, she would take farther judgment of him, before she would move *Dametis* to grant her in marriage unto him: *Mopsa*, as glad as of sweet-meat to go of such an errand, quickly returned with *Dorus* to *Pamela*, who intended both by speaking with him to give some comfort to his passionate heart, and withal to hear some part of his life past; which although fame had already delivered unto her, yet she desired in more particular certainties to have it from so beloved an historian. Yet the sweetness of virtue's disposition, jealous, even over it self, suffered her not to enter abruptly into questions of *Musidorus*, whom she was half ashamed she did love so well, and more than half sorry she could love no better; but thought best first to make her talk arise of *Pyrocles*, and his virtuous father: which thus she did.

Dorus, said she, you told me the last day, that *Plangus* was deceived in that he affirmed the prince *Musidorus* was drowned; but withal, you confessed his cousin *Pyrocles* perished, of whom certainly in that age there was a great loss, since as I have heard, he was a young prince, of whom all men expected as much, as man's power could bring forth, and yet virtue promised for him; their expectation should not be deceived. Most excellent lady; said *Dorus*, no expectation in others, nor hope in himself could aspire to a higher mark, than to be thought worthy to be praised by your judgment, and made worthy to be praised by your mouth. But most sure it is, that as his fame could by no means get so sweet and noble an air to fly in, as in your breath; so could not you, leaving your self aside, find in the world a fitter subject of commendation; as noble as a long succession of royal ancestors, famous and famous for victories, could make him; of
shape

shape most lovely, and yet of mind more lovely, valiant, courteous, wise, what should I say more? sweet *Pyrocles*, excellent *Pyrocles*, what can my words but wrong thy perfections, which I would to God in some small measure thou hadst bequeathed to him that ever must have thy virtues in admiration, that, masked at least in them, I might have found some more gracious acceptation? with that he imprisoned his look for a while upon *Mopsa*, who thereupon fell into a very wide smiling. Truly, said *Pamela*, *Dorus* I like well your mind, that can raise it self out of so base a fortune, as yours is, to think of the imitating so excellent a prince, as *Pyrocles* was. Who shoots at the mid-day sun, though he be sure he shall never hit the mark: yet as sure he is, he shall shoot higher than who aims but at a bush. But I pray you *Dorus*, said she, tell me, since I perceive you are well acquainted with that story, what prince was that *Euarchus* father to *Pyrocles*, of whom so much fame goes, for his rightly royal virtues, or by what ways he got that opinion. And then so descend to the causes of his sending first away from him, and then to him for that excellent son of his, with the discourse of his life and loss: and therein you may, if you list, say something of that same *Musidorus* his cousin, because they going together, the story of *Pyrocles*, which I only desire, may be the better understood.

Incomparable lady, said he, your commandment doth not only give me the will, but the power to obey you; such influence hath your excellency. And first, for that famous king *Euarchus*, he was, at this time you speak of, king of *Macedon*, a kingdom, which in elder time had such a sovereignty over all the provinces of *Greece*, that even the particular kings therein did acknowledge, with more or less degrees of homage, some kind of fealty thereunto: as among the rest, even this now most noble, and by you ennobled, kingdom of *Arcadia*. But he, when he came to his crown, finding by his latter ancestors either negligence, or misfortune that in some ages many of those

those duties had been intermitted, would never stir up old titles, how apparent soever, whereby the publick peace, with the loss of many not guilty souls, should be broken; but contenting himself to guide that ship, wherein the heavens had placed him, shewed no less magnanimity in dangerless despising, than others in dangerous affecting the multiplying of kingdoms: for the earth hath since borne enough bleeding witnesses that it was no want of true courage. Who as he was most wise to see what was best, and most just in the performing what he saw, and temperate in abstaining from any thing any way contrary: so think I, no thought can imagine a greater heart to see and contemn danger, where danger would offer to make any wrongful threatening upon him. A prince, that indeed especially measured his greatness by his goodness: and if for any thing he loved greatness it was, because therein he might exercise his goodness.. A prince of a goodly aspect, and the more goodly by a grave majesty, wherewith his mind did deck his outward graces; strong of body, and so much the stronger, as he by a well disciplined exercise taught it both to do, and suffer. If age so as he was about fifty years, when his nephew *Musidorus* took on such shepherdish apparel for the love of the world's paragon, as now I wear.

This king left orphan both of father and mother, whose father and grandfather likewise had died young, he found his estate, when he came to the age, which allowed his authority, so disjointed even in the noblest and strongest limbs of government, that the name of a king was grown even odious to the people, his authority having been abused by those great lords and little kings; who in those between times of reigning, by unjust favouring those that were partially theirs, and oppressing them that would defend their liberty against them, had brought in, by a more felt than seen manner of proceeding, the worst kind of *Oligarchy*; that is, when men are governed indeed by a few, and yet are not taught to know what those few be, whom they should obey.

For

For they having the power of kings, but not the nature of kings, used the authority as men do their farms, of which they see within a year they shall go out: making the kings sword strike whom they hated, the kings purse reward whom they loved: and, which is worst of all, making the royal countenance serve to undermine the royal soveraignty. For the subjects could taste no sweeter fruits of having a king, than grievous taxation to serve vain purposes; laws made rather to find faults, than to prevent faults: the court of a prince rather deemed as a priviledged place of unbridled licentiousness, than as the abiding of him, who as a father should give a fatherly example unto his people. Hence grew a very dissolution of all estates, while the great men, by the nature of ambition never satisfied, grew factious among themselves: and the underlings glad indeed to be underlings to them they hated least, to preserve them from such they hated most. Men of virtue suppressed, least their shining should discover the others filthiness; and at length virtue it self almost forgotten, when it had no hopeful end whereunto to be directed; old men long nussed in corruption, scorning them that would seek reformation, young men very fault-finding, but very faulty: and so given to new-fangleness both of manners, apparel, and each thing else, by the custom of self-guilty evil, glad to change, though oft for a worse; merchandise abused, and so towns decayed for want of just and natural liberty; offices even of judging souls, sold; publick defences neglected; and in sum, least too long I trouble you, all awry, and, which wried it to the most wry course of all, wit abused, rather to feign reason why it should be amiss, than how it should be amended.

In this, and a much worse plight than it is fit to trouble your excellent ears withal, did the

king *Euarchus* find his estate, when he took upon him the regiment: which by reason of the long stream of abuse, he was forced to establish by some even extream severity, not so much for the very faults themselves, which he rather sought to prevent than to punish, as for the faulty ones, who strong, even in their faults, scorned his youth, and could not learn to digest, that the man which they so long had used to mask their own appetites, should now be the reducer of them into order. But so soon as some few, but indeed notable, examples, had thundred a duty into the subjects hearts, he soon shewed, no baseness of suspicion, nor the basest baseness of envy, could any whit rule such a ruler. But then shined forth indeed all love among them, when an awful ear ingendered by justice, did make that love most lovely: his first and principal care being to appear unto his people, such as he would have them be, and to be such as he appeared; making his life the example of his laws, and his laws as it were, his axioms arising out of his deeds. So that within small time, he won a singular love in his people, and ingrafted singular confidence. For how could they chuse but love him, whom they found so truly to love them? he even in reason disdaining, that they that have charge of beasts, should love their charge, and care for them; and that he that was to govern the most excellent creature, should not love so noble a charge. And therefore, where most princes, seduced by flattery to build upon false grounds, of government, make themselves, as it were, another thing from the people; and so count it gain what they get from them: and, as it were two counter-balances, that their estate goes highest when the people goes lowest, by a fallacy of argument thinking themselves most kings, when the subject is most basely subjected: he contrariwise, virtuously and wisely acknowledged

knowledging, that he with his people made all but one politick body, whereof himself was the head; even so cared for them, as he would for his own limbs: never restraining their liberty, without it stretched to licentiousness, nor pulling from them their goods, which they found were not employed to the purchase of a greater good: but in all his actions shewing a delight in their welfare, brought that to pass, that while by force he took nothing, by their love he had all. In sum, peerless prince, I might as easily set down the whole art of government, as to lay before your eyes the picture of his proceedings. But in such sort he flourished in the sweet comfort of doing much good, when by occasion of leaving his country, he was forced to bring forth his virtue of magnanimity, as before he had done of justice.

He had only one sister, a lady, least I should too easily fall to partial praises of her, of whom it may be justly said, that she was no unfit branch to the noble stock whereof she was come. Her he had given in marriage to *Dorilaus* prince of *Thessalia*, not so much to make a friendship, as to confirm the friendship between their posterity, which between them, by the likeness of virtue, had been long before made: for certainly, *Dorilaus* could need no amplifiers mouth for the highest point of praise. Who hath not heard, said *Pamela*, of the valiant, wise, and just *Dorilaus*, whose unripe death doth yet, so many years since, draw tears from virtuous eyes; and indeed, my father is wont to speak of nothing with greater admiration, than of the notable friendship, a rare thing in princes, more rare between princes, that so holily was observed to the last of those two excellent men. But, said she, go on I pray you. *Dorilaus*, said he, having married his sister, had his marriage in short time blest, for so are

folks wont to say, how unhappy soever the children after grow, with a son, whom they named *Musidorus*: of whom I must needs first speak before I come to *Pyrocles*; because as he was born first, so upon his occasion grew, as I may say accidentally, the other's birth. For scarcely was *Musidorus* made partaker of this oft-blinding light, when there were found numbers of soothsayers, who affirmed strange and incredible things should be performed by that child; whether the heavens at that time listed to play with ignorant mankind, or that flattery be so presumptuous, as even at times to borrow the face of divinity. But certainly, so did the boldness of their affirmation accompany the greatness of what they did affirm, even descending to particularities, what kingdoms he should overcome, that the king of *Phrygia*, who over-superstitiously thought himself touched in the matter, fought by force to destroy the infant, to prevent his after expectations: because a skilful man, having compared his nativity with the child, so told him. Foolish man, either vainly fearing what was not to be feared, or not considering that if it were a work of the superior powers, the heavens at length are never children. But so he did, and by the aid of the kings of *Lydia* and *Crete*, joining together their armies, invaded *Thessalia*, and brought *Dorilaus* to some behind-hand of fortune; when his faithful friend and brother *Euarchus* came so mightily to his succour, that with some interchanging changes of fortune, they begat of a just war, the best child, Peace. In which time *Euarchus* made a cross marriage also with *Dorilaus* his sister, and shortly left her with child of the famous *Pyrocles*, driven to return to the defence of his own country, which in his absence, helped with some of the ill-contented nobility, the mighty king of *Thrace*, and his brother king of *Panonia*, had invaded. The success of those

those wars was too notable to be unknown to your ears, to which it seems all worthy fame hath glory to come unto. But there was *Dorilaus*, valiantly requiting his friends help, in a great battle deprived of life, his obsequies being no more solemnized by the tears of his partakers, than the blood of his enemies; with so piercing a sorrow to the constant heart of *Euarchus*, that the news of his son's birth could lighten his countenance with no shew of comfort, although the comfort that might be in a child, truth it self in him forthwith delivered. For what fortune only soothsayers foretold of *Musidorus*, that all men might see prognosticated in *Pyrocles*, both heavens and earth giving tokens of the coming forth of an heroical virtue. The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing perfection in a man, as at that time all folks skilful therein did acknowledge: only love was threatned, and promised to him, and so to his cousin, as both the tempest and haven of their best years. But as death may have prevented *Pyrocles*, so unworthiness must be the death of *Musidorus*.

But the mother of *Pyrocles*, shortly after her child-birth dying, was cause that *Euarchus* recommended the care of his only son to his sister; doing it the rather because the war continued in cruel heat, betwixt him and those ill neighbours of his. In which mean time those young princes, the only comforters of that virtuous widow, grew on so, that *Pyrocles* taught admiration to the hardest conceits: *Musidorus*, perchance because among his subjects, exceedingly beloved: and by the good order of *Euarchus*, well performed by his sister, they were so brought up, that all the sparks of virtue, which nature had kindled in them, were so blown to give forth their uttermost heat, that justly it may be affirmed, they inflamed the affections of all that knew them. For almost be-

fore they could perfectly speak, they began to receive conceits not unworthy of the best speakers: excellent devices being used, to make even their sports profitable; images of battles and fortifications being then delivered to their memory, which after, their stronger judgments might dispence, the delight of tales being converted to the knowledge of all the stories of worthy princes, both to move them to do nobly, and teach them how to do nobly; the beauty of virtue still being set before their eyes, and that taught them with far more diligent care, than grammatical rules, their bodies exercised in all abilities, both of doing and suffering, and their minds acquainted by degrees with dangers; and in sum, all bent to the making up of princely minds: no servile fear used towards them, nor any other violent restraint, but still as to princes: so that an habit of commanding was naturalized in them, and therefore the farther from tyranny: nature having done so much for them in nothing, as that it made them lords of truth, whereon all the other goods were builded.

Among which I so much delight to recount, as the memorable friendship that grew betwixt the two princes, such as made them more like than the likeness of all other virtues, and made them more near one to the other, than the nearness of their blood could aspire unto; which I think grew the faster, and the faster was tied between them, by reason that *Musidorus* being older by three or four years, it was neither so great a difference in age as did take away the delight in society, and yet by the difference there was taken away the occasion of childish contentions; till they had both past over the humour of such contentions. For *Pyrocles* bore reverence full of love to *Musidorus*, and *Musidorus* had a delight full of love in *Pyrocles*. *Musidorus*, what he had learned either for
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body or mind, would teach it to *Pyrocles*; and *Pyrocles* was so glad to learn of none, as of *Musidorus*: till *Pyrocles*, being come to sixteen years of age, he seemed so to over-run his age in growth, strength, and all things following it, that not *Musidorus*, no nor any man living, I think, could perform any action, either on horse, or foot, more strongly, or deliver that strength more nimbly, or become the delivery more gracefully, or imploy all more virtuously. Which may well seem wonderful: but wonders are no wonders in a wonderful subject.

At which time, understanding that the king *Euarchus*, after so many years war, and the conquest of all *Pannonia*, and almost *Thrace*, had now brought the conclusion of all to the siege, of *Byzantium*, to the raising of which siege, great forces were made, they would needs fall to the practice of those virtues, which they before learned. And therefore the mother of *Musidorus* nobly yielding over her own affects to her childrens good, for a mother she was in affect to them both, the rather that they might help her beloved brother, they break of all delays; which *Musidorus* for his part thought already had devoured too much of his good time, but that he had once granted a boon, before he knew what it was, to his dear friend *Pyrocles*: that he would ever seek the adventures of arms, until he might go with him: which having fast bound in his heart, a true slave to faith, he had bid a tedious delay of following his own humour for his friend's sake, till now being both sent for by *Euarchus*, and finding *Pyrocles* able every way to go through with that kind of life, he was as desirous for his sake, as for his own, to enter into it. So therefore preparing a navy, that they might go like themselves, and not only bring the comfort of their presence, but of their power, to their dear parent *Euarchus*,

they recommended themselves to the sea, leaving the shore of *Thessalia* full of tears and vows; and were received thereon with so smooth and smiling a face, as if *Neptune* had as then learned falsely to fawn on princes. The wind was like a servant, waiting behind them so just, that they might fill the sails as they listed; and the best sailors shewing themselves less covetous of his liberality, so tempered it, that they all kept together like a beautiful flock, which so well could obey their master's pipe: without sometimes, to delight the princes eyes, some two or three of them would strive, who could, either by the cunning of well spending the winds breath, or by the advantageous building of their moving houses, leave their fellows behind them in the honour of speed: while the two princes had leisure to see the practice of that, which before they had learned by books: to consider the art of catching the wind prisoner, to no other end, but to run away with it; to see how beauty and use can so well agree together, that of all the trinkets, wherewith they are attired, there is not one but serves to some necessary purpose. And, O lord! to see the admirable power and noble effects of love, whereby the seeming insensible loadstone, with a secret beauty, holding the spirit of iron in it, can draw that hard-hearted thing unto it, and like a virtuous mistress, not only make it bow it self, but with it make it aspire to so high a love, as of the heavenly poles; and thereby to bring forth the noblest deeds, that the children of the earth can boast of. And so the princes delighting their conceits with confirming their knowledge, seeing wherein the sea-discipline differed from land-service, they had for a day, and almost a whole night, as pleasing entertainment, as the falsest heart could give to him he means worst to.

But

But by that the next morning began a little to make a gilded shew of a good meaning, there arose even with the sun, a vail of dark clouds before his face, which shortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven; preparing as it were a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger, than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain so calmly, making mountains of it self, over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness; with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship, that, which way soever it went, was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay, nor way to escape. And shortly had it so dissevered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never satisfied-mouth. Some indeed, as since was known, after long wandering, returned into *Thes-salia*; others recovered *Bizantium*, and served *Eurarchus* in his war. But in the ship wherein the princes were, now left as much alone as proud lords be when fortune fails them, though they imployed all industry to save themselves, yet what they did, was rather for duty to nature, than hope to escape so ugly a darkness as if it would prevent the night's coming, usurped the day's right: which accompanied sometimes with thunders, always with horrible noises of the chafing winds, made the masters and pilots so astonished, that they knew not how to direct; and if they knew, they could scarcely, when they directed, hear their own

own whistle. For the sea strove with the winds which should be louder, and the shrouds of the ship, with a gaffful noise to them that were in it, witnessed, that their ruin was the wager of the others contention, and the heaven roaring out thunder the more amazed them, as having those powers for enemies. Certainly there is no danger carries with it more honour, than that which grows in those floating kingdoms. For that dwelling place is unnatural to mankind, and then the terrible-ness of the continual motion, the desolation of the far-being from comfort, the eye and the ear having ugly images ever before it, doth still vex the mind, even when it is best armed against it. But thus the day past, if that might be called day, while the cunningest mariners were so conquered by the storm, as they thought it best with stricken sails to yield to be governed by it: the valiantest feeling inward dismayedness, and yet the fearfullest ashamed fully to shew it, seeing that the princes, who were to part from the greatest fortunes, did in their countenances accuse no point of fear, but encouraging them to do what might be done, putting their hands to every most painful office, taught them at one instant to promise themselves the best, and yet to despise the worst. But so were they carried by the tyranny of the wind, and the treason of the sea all that night, which the elder it was, the more way-ward it shewed it self towards them: till the next morning, known to be a morning better by the hour-glass, than by the day's clearness, having run fortune as blindly, as it self ever was painted, least the conclusion should not answer to the rest of the play, they were driven upon a rock: which hidden with those outrageous waves, did, as it were, closely dissemble his cruel mind, till with an unbelieved violence, but to them that have tried it, the ship ran upon it; and seeming willing-
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er to perish than to have her course stayed, redoubled her blows, till she had broken her self in pieces; and as it were, tearing out her own bowels to feed the seas greediness, left nothing with it, but despair of safety, and expectation of a loathsome end. There was to be seen the divers manner of minds in distress: some sat upon the top of the poop weeping and wailing, till the sea swallowed them; some one more able to abide death, than fear of death, cut his own throat to prevent drowning; some prayed: and there wanted not of them which cursed, as if the heavens could not be more angry than they were. But a monstrous cry begotten of many roaring voices, was able to infect with fear a mind that had not prevented it with the power of reason.

But the princes, using the passion of fearing evil, and desiring to escape, only to serve the rule of virtue, not to abandon ones self, leaped to a rib of the ship, which broken from his fellows, floated with more likelihood to do service, than any other limb of that ruinous body; upon which they had gotten already two brethren, well known servants of theirs; and streight they four were carried out of sight, in that huge rising of the sea, from the rest of the ship. But the piece they were on sinking by little and little under them, not able to support the weight of so many, the brethren, the elder whereof was *Leucippus*, the younger *Nelsus*, shewed themselves right faithful and grateful servants unto them; grateful, I say, for this cause: those two gentlemen had been taken prisoners in the great war the king of *Phrygia* made upon *Thessalia*, in the time of *Musidorus's* infancy; and having been sold into another country, though peace fell after between those realms, could not be delivered, because of their valor known, but for a far greater sum, than either all their friends were able, or the dowager willing to make, in respect
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of the great expences her self and people had been put to in those wars, and so had they remained in prison about thirteen years, when the two young princes, hearing speeches of their good deserts, found means both by selling all the jewels they had of a great price, and by giving under their hands great estates when they should come to be kings, which promises their virtue promised for them should be kept, to get so much treasure as redeemed them from captivity. This remembered, and kindly remembered by these two brothers, perchance helped by a natural duty to their princes blood, they willingly left hold of the board, committing themselves to the sea's rage, and even when they meant to die, themselves praying for the princes lives. It is true, that neither the pain nor danger, so moved the princes hearts as the tenderness of that loving part, far from glory, having so few lookers on; far from hope of reward, since themselves were sure to perish.

But now of all the royal navy they lately had, they had left but one little piece of one ship, whereon they kept themselves, in all truth having interchanged their cares, while either cared for other, each comforting and counselling how to labour for the better, and to abide the worse. But so fell it out, that as they were carried by the tide, which there, seconded by the storm, ran exceedingly swiftly, *Musidorus* seeing, as he thought, *Pyrocles* not well upon the board, as he would with his right hand have helped him on better, he had no sooner unfastened his hold, but that a wave forcibly spoiled his weaker hand of hold, and so for a time parted those friends, each crying to the other; but the noise of the sea drowned their farewell. But *Pyrocles*, then careless of death, if it had come by any means, but his own, was shortly brought out of the seas fury to the lands com-

comfort, when in my conscience I know that comfort was but bitter unto him: and bitter indeed it fell out even in it self to be unto him.

For being cast on Land much bruised and beaten both with the seas hard farewell, and the shores rude welcome; and even almost deadly tired with the length of his uncomfortable labour, as he was walking up to discover some body, to whom he might go for relief: There came straight running unto him certain, who, as it was after known, by appointment watched, with many others, in divers places along the coast: who laid hands on him, and without either questioning with him, or shewing will to hear him, like men fearful to appear curious, or which was worse, having no regard to the hard plight he was in, being so wet and weak, they carried him some miles thence, to a house of a principal officer of that country. Who with no more civility (though with much more business than those under fellows had shewed) began in captious manner to put interrogatories unto him. To which, he unused to such entertainment, did shortly and plainly answer, what he was, and how he came thither. But that no sooner known, with numbers of armed men to guard him (for mischief, not from mischief) he was sent to the king's court, which as then was not above a day's journey off, with letters from that officer, containing his own serviceable diligence in discovering so great a personage, adding withal more than was true of his conjectures, because he would endear his own service.

This country whereon he fell was *Phrygia*, and it was to the king thereof, to whom he was sent, a prince of a melancholy constitution both of body and mind; wickedly sad, ever musing of horrible matters, suspecting, or rather condemning all men of evil, because his mind had no eye to spy goodness: and therefore accusing *Sycophants*, of all men, did best sort to his nature; but therefore not seeming *Sycophants*,

phants, because of no evil they said, they could bring any new or doubtful thing unto him, but such as already he had been apt to determine, so as they came but as proofs of his wisdom: fearful, and never secure, while the fear he had figured in his mind had any possibility of event. A toad-like retiredness, and closeness of mind; nature teaching the odiousness of poison, and the danger of odiousness. Yet while youth lasted in him, the exercises of that age, and his humour, not yet fully discovered, made him something the more frequentable, and less dangerous. But after that years began to come on with some, though more seldom shews of a bloody nature: and that the prophecy of *Musidorus's* destiny came to his ears (delivered unto him, and received of him with the hardest interpretation, as though his subjects did delight in the hearing thereof) Then gave he himself indeed to the full current of his disposition, especially after the war of *Thessalia*, wherein, though in truth wrongly, he deemed his un-success proceeded of their unwillingness to have him prosper: and then thinking himself contemned (knowing no countermine against contempt, but terror) began to let nothing pass which might bear the colour of a fault, without sharp punishment: and when he wanted faults, excellency grew a fault! and it was sufficient to make one guilty, that he had power to be guilty. And as *there is no humour, to which impudent poverty cannot make it self serviceable*: so were there enough of those of desperate ambition, who would build their houses upon others ruins, which after should fall by like practices. So as a servitude came mainly upon that poor people, whose deeds were not only punished, but words corrected, and even thoughts by some mean or other pulled out of them; while suspicion bred the mind of cruelty, and the effect of cruelty stirred up a new cause of suspicion. And in this plight, full of watchful fearfulness, did the storm deliver

deliver sweet *Pyrocles* to the stormy mind of that tyrant; all men that did such wrong to so rare a stranger, whose countenance deserved both pity and admiration, condemning themselves as much in their hearts, as they did brag in their faces.

But when this bloody king knew what he was, and in what order he and his cousin *Musidorus* (so much of him feared) were come out of *Thessalia*, assuredly thinking, because ever thinking the worst, that those forces were provided against him; glad of the perishing, as he thought, of *Musidorus*, determined in publick sort to put *Pyrocles* to death. For having quite lost the way of nobleness, he strove to climb to the height of terribleness; and thinking to make all men a dread, to make such one an enemy, who would not spare, nor fear to kill so great a prince; and lastly having nothing in him why to make him his friend, he thought he would take him away from being his enemy. The day was appointed, and all things prepared for that cruel blow, in so solemn an order, as if they would set forth tyranny in most gorgeous decking. The princely youth, of invincible valour, yet so unjustly subjected to such outrageous wrong, carrying himself in all his demeanour, so constantly abiding extremity, that one might see it was the cutting away of the greatest hope of the world, and destroying virtue in his sweetest growth.

But so it fell out, that his death was prevented by a rare example of friendship in *Musidorus*; who being almost drowned, had been taken up by a fisherman belonging to the kingdom of *Pontus*: and being there, and understanding the full discourse (as fame was very prodigal of so notable an accident) in what case *Pyrocles* was; learning withal that his hate was far more to him than to *Pyrocles*, he found means to acquaint himself with a nobleman of that country, to whom largely discovering what he was, he found him a most fit instrument to effectuate his desire. For this nobleman had been one, who in many years

years had served *Euarchus*, and had been so mind-stricken by the beauty of virtue in that noble king; that, though not born his subject, he ever professed himself his servant. His desire therefore to him was, to keep *Musidorus* in a strong castle of his, and then to make the king of *Phrygia* understand, that if he would deliver *Pyrocles*, *Musidorus* would willingly put himself into his hands; knowing well, that how thirsty soever he was of *Pyrocles*'s blood, he would rather drink that of *Musidorus*.

The nobleman was loth to preserve one by the loss of another; but time urging resolution, the importunity of *Musidorus*, which shewed a mind not to over-live *Pyrocles*, with the affection he bare to *Euarchus*, so prevailed, that he carried this strange offer of *Musidorus*, which by that tyrant was greedily accepted.

And so upon security of both sides, they were interchanged: where I may not omit the work of friendship in *Pyrocles*, who both in speech and countenance to *Musidorus*, well shewed, that he thought himself injured, and not relieved by him; asking him what he had ever seen in him, why he could not bear the extremities of mortal accidents as well as any man? and why he should envy him the glory of suffering death for his friend's cause, and, as it were, rob him of his own possession? but in this notable contention (where the conquest must be the conqueror's destruction, and safety the punishment of the conquered) *Musidorus* prevailed, because he was a more welcome prey to the unjust king; and as chearfully going towards, as *Pyrocles* went frowardly fromward his death, he was delivered to the king, who could not be enough sure of him, without he fed his own eyes upon one, whom he had began to fear, as soon as the other began to be.

Yet because he would in one act, both make ostentation of his own felicity, into whose hands his most feared enemy was fallen, and withal cut off
such

such hopes from his suspected subjects, when they should know certainly he was dead, with much more skilful cruelty, and horrible solemnity he caused each thing to be prepared for his triumph of tyranny. And so the day being come, he was led forth by many armed men, who often had been the fortifiers of wickedness, to the place of execution: where coming with a mind comforted in that he had done such service to *Pyrocles*, this strange encounter he had.

The excelling *Pyrocles* was no sooner delivered by the king's servants to a place of liberty, than he bent his wit and courage, and what would not they bring to pass? how either to deliver *Musidorus*, or to perish with him. And finding he could get in that country no forces sufficient by force to rescue him to bring himself to die with him, little hoping of better event, he put himself in poor raiment, and by the help of some few crowns he took of that nobleman, who full of sorrow, though not knowing the secret of his intent, suffered him to go in such order from him, he, even he, born to the greatest expectation, and of the greatest blood that any prince might be, submitted himself to be servant to the executioner that should put to death *Musidorus*: a far notabler proof of his friendship, considering the height of his mind, than any death could be. That bad officer not suspecting him, being arrayed fit for such an estate, and having his beauty hidden by many foul spots he artificially put upon his face, gave him leave not only to wear a sword himself, but to bear his sword prepared for the justified murder. And so *Pyrocles* taking his time, when *Musidorus* was upon the scaffold, separated somewhat from the rest, as allowed to say something, he stept unto him, and putting the sword into his hand, not bound, a point of civility the officers used towards him, because they doubted no such

enterprize, *Musidorus*, said he, die nobly. In truth never man between joy before knowledge what to be glad of, and fear after considering this case, had such a confusion of thoughts, as I had, when I saw *Pyrocles* so near me. But with that *Dorus* blushed, and *Pamela* smiling, and *Dorus* the more blushed at her smiling, and she the more smiled at his blushing: because he had, with the remembrance of that plight he was in, forgotten in speaking of himself to use the third person. But *Musidorus* turned again her thoughts from his cheeks to his tongue in this sort: But, said he, when they were with swords in hands, not turning backs one to the other, for there they knew was no place of defence, but making it a preservation not hoping to be preserved, and now acknowledging themselves subject to death, meaning only to do honour to their princely birth, they flew amongst them all, for all were enemies, and had quickly either with flight or death, left none upon the scaffold to annoy them, wherein *Pyrocles*, the excellent *Pyrocles*, did such wonder beyond belief, as was able to lead *Musidorus* to courage, though he had been born a coward. But indeed just rage and desperate virtue did such effects, that the popular sort of the beholders began to be almost superstitiously amazed, as at effects beyond mortal power. But the king with angry threatnings from out a window, where he was not ashamed the world should behold him a beholder, commanded his guard and the rest of his soldiers to hasten their death. But many of them lost their bodies to lose their souls, when the princes grew almost so weary, as they were ready to be conquered with conquering.

But as they were still fighting with weak arms and strong hearts, it hapened, that one of the soldiers, commanded to go up after his fellows against the princes, having received a light hurt, more wounded in his heart, went back with as much

much dilligence, as he came up with modesty: which another of his fellows seeing, to pick a thank of the king, stroke him upon the face, reviling him, that so accompanied, he would run away from so few. But he, as many times it falls out, only valiant, when he was angry, in revenge thrust him through: which with his death was streight revenged by a brother of his: and that again requited by a fellow of the others. There began to be a great tumult amongst the soldiers: which seen, and not understood by the people, used to fears, but not used to be bold in them, some began to cry treason; and that voice streight multiplying it self, the king, O the cowardise of a guilty conscience, before any man set upon him, fled away. Where with a bruit, either by art or some well-meaning men, or by such chance, as such things often fall out by, ran from one to the other, that the king was slain; wherewith certain young men of the bravest minds, cryed with a loud voice, liberty; and encouraging the other citizens to follow them, set upon the guard and soldiers, as chief instruments of tyranny: and quickly aided by the princes, they had left none of them alive, nor any other in the city, who they thought had in any sort set his hand to the work of their servitude, and, god knows, by the blindness of rage, killing many guiltless persons, either for affinity to the tyrant, or enmity to the tyrant-killers. But some of the wiser, seeing that a popular licence is indeed the many-headed tyranny, prevailed with the rest to make *Musidorus* their chief: chusing one of them, because princes, to defend them; and him, because elder and most hated of the tyrant, and by him to be ruled: whom forthwith they lifted up, fortune, I think smiling at her work therein, that a scaffold of execution should grow a scaffold of coronation.

But by and by there came news of more certain truth, that the king was not dead, but fled to a strong castle of his near hand, where he was gathering forces in all speed possible to suppress this mutiny. But now they had run themselves too far out of breath, to go back again the same career; and too well they knew the sharpness of his memory to forget such an injury; therefore learning virtue of necessity, they continued resolute to obey *Musidorus*. Who seeing what forces were in the city, with them issued against the tyrant, while they were in this heat; before practices might be used to disserve them: and with them met the king, who likewise hoping little to prevail by time, knowing and finding his people's hate, met him with little delay in the field: where himself was slain by *Musidorus*, after he had seen his only son, a prince of great courage and beauty, but fostered up in blood by his naughty father, slain by the hand of *Pyrocles*. This victory obtained with great and truly not undeserved honour to the two princes, the whole estates of the country with one consent, gave the crown and all other marks of sovereignty to *Musidorus*; desiring nothing more than to live under such a government as they promised themselves of him.

But he, thinking it a greater greatness to give a kingdom, than get a kingdom, understanding that there was left of the blood royal, and next to the succession, an aged gentleman of approved goodness, who had gotten nothing by his cousins power but danger from him, and odiousness for him, having past his time in modest secrecy, and as much from intermeddling in matters of government, as the greatness of his blood would suffer him, did, after having received the full power to his own hands, resign all to the nobleman; but with such conditions, and cautions of the conditions, as might assure the people, with as much af-

assurance as worldly matters bear, that not only that governor, of whom indeed they looked for all good, but the nature of the government, should be no way apt to incline to tyranny.

This doing set forth no less his magnificence, than the other act did his magnanimity; so that greatly praised of all, and justly beloved of the new king, who in all both words and behaviour protested himself their tenant and liegeman, they were drawn thence to revenge those two servants of theirs, of whose memorable faith, I told you, most excellent princes, in willingly giving themselves to be drowned for their sakes: but drowned indeed they were not, but gat with painful swimming upon a rock: from whence, after being come as near famishing, as before drowning, the weather breaking up, they were brought to the main land of *Pontus*, the same country upon which *Musidorus* also was fallen, but not in so lucky a place.

For they were brought to the king of the country, a tyrant also, not through suspicion, greediness, or revengefulness, as he of *Phrygia*, but, as I may term it, of a wanton cruelty: inconstant in his choice of friends, or rather never having a friend but a play-fellow; of whom when he was weary, he could not otherwise rid himself than by killing them; giving sometimes prodigally, not because he loved them to whom he gave, but because he lusted to give: punishing, not so much for hate or anger, as because he felt not the smart of punishment: delighted to be flattered, at first for those virtues which were not in him, at length making his vices virtues worthy the flattering: with like judgment glorying, when he had happened to do a thing well, as when he had performed some notable mischief.

He chanced at that time, for indeed long time none lasted with him, to have next in use about him,

a man of the most envious disposition, that, I think, ever infected the air with his breath; whose eyes could not look right upon any happy man, nor ears bear the burden of any bodies praise: contrary to the natures of all other plagues, plagued with others well-being; making happiness the ground of his unhappiness, and good news the argument of his sorrow: in sum, a man whose favour no man could win, but by being miserable. And so because these two faithful servants of theirs came in miserable sort to that court, he was apt enough at first to favour them; and the king understanding of their adventure, wherein they had shewed so constant a faith unto their lords, suddenly falls to take a pride in making much of them, extolling them with infinite praises, and praising himself in his heart, in that he praised them. And by and by where they made great courtiers, and in the way of minions, when advancement, the most mortal offence to envy, stirred up their former friend, to overthrow his own work in them; taking occasion upon the knowledge, newly come to the court, of the late death of the king of *Phrygia* destroyed by their two lords, who having been a near kinsman to this prince of *Pontus*, by this envious counsellor, partly with suspicion of practice, partly with glory of, in part, revenging his cousins death, the king was suddenly turned, and every turn with him was a down-fall, to lock them up in prison, as servants to his enemies, whom before he had never known, nor, till that time one of his own subjects had entertained and dealt for them, did ever take heed of. But now earnest in every present humour, and making himself brave in his liking, he was content to give them just cause of offence, when they had power to make just revenge. Yet did the princes send unto him before they entered into war, desiring their servants liberty. But he

he swelling in their humbleness, like a bubble blown up with a small breath, broken with a great, forgetting, or never knowing humanity, caused their heads to be stricken off, by the advice of his envious counsellor, who now hated them so much the more, as he foresaw their happiness in having such, and so fortunate masters, and sent them with unroyal reproaches to *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, as if they had done traiterously, and not heroically in killing his tyrannical cousin.

But that injury went beyond all degree of reconciliation; so that they making forces in *Phrygia*, a kingdom wholly at their commandment, by the love of the people, and gratefulness of the king, they entered his country; and wholly conquering it, with such deeds as at least fame said were excellent, took the king, and by *Musidorus's* commandment, *Pyrocles's* heart more inclining to pity, he was slain upon the tomb of their two true servants; which they caused to be made for them with royal expences, and notable workmanship to preserve their dead lives. For his wicked servant he should have felt the like, or worse, but that his heart broke even to death with the beholding the honour done to their dead carcasses. There might *Pyrocles* quietly have enjoyed that crown, by all the desire of that people, most of whom had revolted unto him: but he finding a sister of the late kings, a fair and well esteemed lady, looking for nothing more, than to be oppressed with her brothers ruins, gave her in marriage to the nobleman his fathers old friend, and endowed them with the crown of that kingdom. And not content with those publick actions, of princely, and as it were, governing virtue, they did, in that kingdom and some other near about, divers acts of particular tryals, more famous, because more perilous. For in that time those regions were full both of cruel monsters, and monstrous men:

all which in short time by private combats they delivered the contries of.

Among the rest, two brothers of huge both greatness and force, therefore commonly called giants, who kept themselves in a castle seated on the top of a rock, impregnable, because there was no coming unto it but by one narrow path where one man's force was able to keep down an army. These brothers had a while served the king of *Pontus*, and in all his affairs, especially of war, whereunto they were only apt, they had shewed, as unconquered courage, so a rude faithfulness: being men indeed by nature apter to the faults of rage than of deceit: not greatly ambitious, more than to be well and uprightly dealt with; rather impatient of injury, than delighted with more than ordinary courtesies; and in injuries more sensible of smart or loss, than of reproach or disgrace. These men being of this nature, and certainly jewels to a wise man, considering what indeed wonders they were able to perform, yet were discarded by that unworthy prince, after many notable deserts, as not worthy the holding: which was the more evident to them, because it suddenly fell from an excess of favour, which, many examples having taught them, never stopt his race till it came to an headlong overthrow: they full of rage, retired themselves into this castle: where thinking nothing juster than revenge, nor more able than the effects of anger, that, according to the nature, full of inward bravery and fierceness, scarcely in the glass of reason, thinking it self fair but when it is terrible, they immediately gave themselves to make all the country about them, subject to that king, to smart for their lords folly: not caring how innocent they were, but rather thinking the more innocent they were, the more it testified their spight, which they desired to manifest. And with use of evil, growing more and more

more evil, they took delight in slaughter, and pleasing themselves in making others wrack the effect of their power: so that where in the time that they obeyed a master, their anger was a serviceable power of the mind to do publick good; so now unbridled, and blind judge of it self, it made wickedness violent, and praised it self in excellency of mischief, almost to the ruin of the country, not greatly regarded by their careless and loveless king. Till now these princes finding them so fleshed in cruelty, as not to be reclaimed, secretly undertook the matter alone: for accompanied they would not have suffered them to have mounted; and so those great fellows scornfully receiving them, as foolish birds fallen into their net, it pleased the eternal justice to make them suffer death by their hands: and so they were manifoldly acknowledged the saviors of that country.

It were the part of a very idle orator to set forth the numbers of well-devised honours done unto them: but as high honour is not only gotten and born by pain and danger, but must be nursed by the like, or else vanisheth as soon as it appears to the world: so the natural hunger thereof, which was in *Pyrocles*, suffered him not to account a resting seat of that, which either riseth or falleth, but still to make one occasion beget another: whereby his doings might send his praise to others mouths to rebound again true contentment to his spirit. And therefore having well established those kingdoms under good governours, and rid them by their valour of such giants and monsters, as before time armies were not able to subdue, they determined in unknown order to see more of the world, and to imploy those gifts, esteemed rare in them, to the good of mankind; and therefore would themselves, understanding that the king *Euarchus* was passed all the cumber of his

his wars, go privately to seek exercises of their virtue, thinking it not so worthy to be brought to heroical effects by fortune or necessity, like *Ulysses* and *Æneas*, as by ones own choice and working. And so went they away from very unwilling people to leave them, making time haste it self to be a circumstance of their honour, and one place witness to another of the truth of their doings. For scarcely were they out of the confines of *Pontus*, but that, as they rid alone armed, for alone they went, one serving the other, they met an adventure; which though not so notable for any great effect they performed, yet worthy to be remembered for the unused examples therein, as well of true natural goodness as of wretched ungratefulness.

It was in the kindom of *Galatia*, the season being, as in the depth of winter, very cold and as then suddenly grown to so extreme and foul a storm, that never any winter, I think, brought forth a fouler child: so that the princes were even compelled by the hail, that the pride of the wind blew into their faces, to seek some shrouding place, which a certain hollow rock offering unto them, they made it their shield against the tempests fury. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speech of a couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within that rude canopy, held a strange and pitiful disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sorts as they might see unseen. There they perceived an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appear a kind of nobleness, not suitable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well *Leonatus*, said he, since

since I cannot persuade thee to lead me to that which should end my grief and my trouble, let me now intreat thee to leave me: fear not, my misery cannot be greater than it is, and nothing doth become me but misery: fear not the danger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse than I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedness: but fly, fly from this region only worthy of me. Dear father, answered he, do not take away from me the only remnant of my happiness: while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miserable. Ah my son, said he, and with that he groaned, as if sorrow strove to broke his heart, how evil fits it me to have such a son? and how much doth thy kindness upbraid my wickedness? these doleful speeches, and some others to like purpose, well shewing they had not been born to the fortune they were in, moved the princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were? sirs, answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kind of pitiousness, I see well you are strangers, that know not our misery, so well here known, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needful unto us as pity, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us, than to make our selves so known as may stir pity: but your presence promiseth that cruelty shall not over-run hate: and if it did, in truth our state is sunk below the degree of fear.

This old man, whom I lead, was lately rightful prince of this country of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not only of his kingdom, whereof no foreign forces were ever able to spoil him, but of his sight, the riches which nature grants to the poorest creatures: whereby and by other his unnatural

ral dealings, he hath been driven to such grief, as even now he would have had me to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death: and so would have made me, who received my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble gentlemen, said he, if either of you have a father, and feel what dutiful affection is ingrafted in a sons heart, let me me intreat you to convey this afflicted prince to some place of rest and security: amongst your worthy acts it shall be none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

But before they could make him answer, his father began to speak. Ah my son, said he, how evil an historian are you, that leave out the chief knot of all the discourses? my wickedness, my wickedness! and if thou doest it to spare my ears, the only sense now left me proper for knowledge, assure thy self thou doest mistake me: and I take witness of that sun which you see, with that he cast up his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light, and wish my self in worse case than I do wish my self, which is as evil as may be, if I speak untruly, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you gentlemen, to whom from my heart I wish that it may not prove some ominous foretoken of misfortune to have met with such a miser as I am, that whatsoever my son, O god, that truth binds me to reproach him with the name of my son, hath said is true. But besides those truths, this also is true, that having had, in awful marriage, of a mother fit to bear royal children, this son, such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration, and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was grown to justify their expectations, so as I needed envy no farther for the chief comfort of mortality, to
leave

leave another ones-self after me, I was carried by a bastard son of mine, if at least I be bound to believe the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother, first to dislike, than to hate, lastly to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this son, I think you think, undeserving destruction. What ways she used to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisy, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling envy, as in any living person could be harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtiness delights me but mine own; and methinks, the accusing his traps might in some manner excuse my fault, which certainly I loath to do. But the conclusion is, that I gave order to some servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my self, to lead him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those thieves, better natured to my son than my self, spared his life, letting him go to learn to live poorly which he did, giving himself to be a private soldier in a country hereby: but as he was ready to be greatly advanced for some noble pieces of service which he did, he heard news of me: who drunk in my affection to that unlawful and unnatural son of mine, suffered my self so to be governed by him, that all favours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance distributed to his favourites; so that 'ere I was aware, I had left my self nothing but the name of a king: which he shortly weary of too, with many indignities if any thing may be called an indignity, which was laid upon me, threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes, and then, proud in his tyranny, let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feel misery; misery indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchedness, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltiness.

ness. And as he came to the crown by so unjust means, as unjustly he kept it, by force of stranger soldiers in *Cittadels*, the nests of tyranny and murderers of liberty; disarming all his own countrymen, that no man durst shew himself a well-willer of mine: to say the truth, I think, few of them being so, considering my cruel folly to my good son, and foolish kindness to my unkind bastard: but if there were any who felt a pity of so great a fall, and had yet any sparks of unflin duty left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarcely with giving me alms at their doors: which yet was the only sustenance of my distressed life, no body daring to shew so much charity, as to lend me a hand to guide my dark steps; till this son of mine, god knows worthy of a more virtuous, and more fortunate father, forgetting my abominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the present good way he was in of doing himself good, came hither to do this kind office you see him perform towards me, to my unspeakable grief; not only because his kindness is a glass even to my blind eyes of my naughtiness, but that above all griefs, it grieves me he should desperately adventure the loss of his well-deserving life for mine, that yet owe more to fortune for my deserts, as if he would carry mud in a chest of chrystal: for well I know, he that now reigneth, how much soever, and with good reason, he despiseth me, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any advantage to make away him, whose just title, ennobled by courage and goodness, may one day shake the seat of a never secure tyranny. And for this cause I craved of him to lead me to the top of this rock, indeed I must confess, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion, as I am. But he finding what I purposed, only therein since he was born, shewed himself disobedient unto me. And now Gentlemen, you have the
true

true story, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial piety, the only reward now left for so great a merit. And if it may be, let me obtain that of you, which my son denies me: for never was there more pity in saving any, than in ending me: both because therein my agony shall end, and so you shall preserve this excellent young man, who else wilfully follows his own ruin.

The matter in it self lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old prince, which needed not take to himself the gestures of pity, since his face could not put off the marks thereof, greatly moved the two princes to compassion, which could not stay in such hearts as theirs without seeking remedy. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus*, so was the bastard called, came thither with forty horse, only of purpose to murder this brother, of whose coming he had soon advertisement, and thought no eyes of sufficient credit in such a matter, but his own, and therefore came himself to be actor and spectator. And as soon as he came, not regarding the weak, as he thought, guard but of two men, commanded some of his followers to set their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young prince, though not otherwise armed but with a sword, how falsely soever he was dealt with by others, would not betray himself; but bravely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assailed him, warn his fellows to come more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly become parties (so just a defence deserving as much as old friendship) and so did behave them among that company, more injurious than valiant) that many of them lost their lives for their wicked master.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at last prevailed, if the king of *Pontus*, lately by them made so, had not come unlooked for to their succour.

Who

Who (having had a dream which had fixed his imagination vehemently upon some great danger, presently to follow those two princes, whom he most dearly loved) was come in all haste, following as well as he could their track, with a hundred horses in that country, which he thought, considering who then reigned, a fit place enough to make the stage of any tragedy.

But then the match had been so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life and worse-gotten honour, should have tumbled together to destruction; had there not come in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with forty or fifty in their suit, to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest house of that country, brought up from their infancy with *Plexirtus*, men of such prowess, as not to know fear in themselves, and yet to teach it in others that should deal with them: for they had often made their lives triumph over most terrible dangers, never dismayed, and even fortunate; and truly no more settled in valour, than disposed to goodness and justice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have learned to make friendship a child, and not the father of virtue. But bringing up, rather than choice, having first knit their minds unto him (indeed crafty enough, either to hide his faults, or never to shew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the course, rather to satisfy him, than all the world; and rather to be good friends, than good men: so as though they did not like the evil he did, yet they liked him that did the evil: and though not counsellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they having heard of this sudden going out with so small a company, in a country full of evil-wishing minds towards him, though they knew not the cause, followed him; till they found him in such case, as they were to venture their lives, or else he to lose his: which they did with such force of mind and body, that

that truly I may justly say, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had never till then found any that could make them so well repeat their hardest lesson in the feats of arms. And briefly so they did; that if they overcame not, yet were they not overcome, but carried away that ungrateful master of theirs to a place of security, howsoever the princes laboured to the contrary. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the constancy of the princes so to leave it; but in all haste making forces both in *Pontus*, and *Phrygia*, they had in few days left him but only that one strong place where he was. For, fear having been the only knot that had fastned his people unto him, that once united by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birds, whose cage had been broken.

In which season the blind king, having in the chief city of his realm set the crown upon his son *Leonatus's* head, with many tears, both of joy and sorrow, setting forth to the whole people, his own fault and his son's virtue; after he had kissed him, and forced his son to accept honour of him, as of his new-become subject, even in a moment died, as it should seem, his heart broken with unkindness and affliction, stretched so far beyond his limits with this access of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep safe his vital spirits. But the new king, having no less lovingly performed all duties to him dead, than alive, pursued on the siege of his unnatural brother, as much for the revenge of his father, as the establishing of his own quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledge the prowess of those two brothers, than whom the princes never found in all their travel, two of greater ability to perform, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding that if nothing else, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humbleness to creep, where by pride he could not march. For certainly so had nature form-

ed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him to all turningness of flights, that though no man had less goodness in his soul than he, no man could better find the places whence arguments might grow of goodness to another; though no man felt less pity; no man could tell better how to stir pity; no man more impudent to deny, where proofs were not manifest; no man more ready to confess with a repenting manner of aggravating his own evil, where denial will but make the fault fouler. Now he took this way, that having gotten a passport for one, that pretended he would put *Plexirtus* alive into his hands, to speak with the king his brother, he himself (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in brave defence) with a rope about his neck, bare-footed, came to offer himself to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where what submission he used, how cunningly in making greater the fault, he made the faultiness the less, how artificially he could set out the torments of his own conscience, with the burdensome cumber he had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to live, he begged life in the refusing it; I am not cunning enough to be able to express: but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with no other eye, than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint revenge in many colours, ere long he had not only gotten pity, but pardon; and if not an excuse of the fault passed, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poor villains (chief ministers of his wickedness, now betrayed by the author thereof) were delivered to many cruel sorts of death; he so handling it, that it rather seemed, he had more come into the defence of an unremediable mischief already committed, than that they had done it at first by consent.

In such sort the princes left these reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behaviour carrying him in far

far lower degree of service, than the ever-noble nature of *Leonatus* would suffer him) and taking likewise their leaves of their good friend the king of *Pontus*, who returned to enjoy the benefit, both of his wife and kingdom, they privately went thence, having only with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompany them through divers places; they four doing acts more dangerous, though less famous, because they were but private chivalries: till hearing of the fair and virtuous queen *Erona* of *Lycia*, besieged by the puissant king of *Armenia*; they bent themselves to her succour, both because the weaker, and weaker as being a lady, and partly because they heard the king of *Armenia* had in his company three of the most famous men living, for matters of arms, that were known to be in the world. Whereof one was the prince *Plangus*, whose name was sweetned by your breath, peerless lady, when the last day it pleased you to mention him unto me: the other two were two great princes, though holding of him, *Barzanes* and *Euardus*, men of giant-like both hugeness and force; in which two especially, the trust the king had of victory was reposed. And of them, those brothers *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, sufficient judges in warlike matters, spake so high commendation, that the two princes had even a youthful longing to have some trial of their virtue. And therefore as soon as they were entered into *Lycia*, they joined themselves with them that faithfully served the poor queen, at that time besieged: and ere long animated in such sort their almost overthrown hearts, that they went by force to relieve the town, though they were deprived of a great part of their strength by the parting of the two brothers, who were sent for in all haste to return to their old friend and master *Plexirtus*: who, willingly hood-winking themselves from seeing his faults, and binding themselves to believe what he said, often abused the virtue of courage to defend his foul

vice of injustice. But now they were sent for to advance a conquest he was about; while *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* pursued the delivery of the queen *Erona*.

I have heard, said *Pamela*, that part of the story of *Plangus*, when he passed through this country: therefore you may, if you list, pass over that war of *Erona's* quarrel, least if you speak too much of war matters, you should wake *Mopsa* which might happily breed a great broil. He looked, and saw that *Mopsa* indeed sat swallowing of sleep with open mouth, making such a noise withal, as nobody could lay the stealing of a nap to her charge. Whereupon, willing to use that occasion, I kneeled down, and with humble heartedness, and hearty earnestness printed in his graces; Alas, said I, divine lady, who have wrought such miracles in me, as to make a prince, none of the basest, to think all principalities base, in respect of the sheephook which may hold him up in your sight; vouchsafe now at last to hear in direct words my humble suit, while this dragon sleeps, that keeps the golden fruit. If in my desire I wish, or in my hopes aspire, or in my imagination fain to my self any thing which may be the least spot to that heavenly virtue, which shines in all your doings; I pray the eternal power, that the words I speak may be deadly poisons, while they are in my mouth, and that all my hopes, all my desires, all imaginations may only work their own confusion. But if love, love of you, love of your virtues, seek only that favour of you, which becometh that gratefulness which cannot misbecome your excellency, O do not. ---- He would have said farther, but *Pamela* calling aloud *Mopsa*, she suddenly started up, staggering, and rubbing her eyes, ran first out of the door, and then back to them, before she knew how she went out, or why she came in again: till at length, being fully come to her little self, she asked *Pamela*, why she had called her. For nothing said *Pamela*, but that ye might hear some tales of your servants telling: and therefore now, said she, *Dorus* go on.

But

But as he, who found no so good sacrifice, as obedience, was returning to the story of himself, *Philoclea* came in, and by and by after her, *Miso*; so as for that time they were fain to let *Dorus* depart. But *Pamela*, delighted even to preserve in her memory the words of so well a beloved speaker, repeated the whole substance to her sister, till their sober dinner being come and gone, to recreate themselves something, even tired with the noisomeness of *Miso's* conversation, they determined to go, while the heat of the day lasted, to bathe themselves, such being the manner of the *Arcadian* nymphs often to do, in the river of *Ladon*, and take with them a lute, meaning to delight them under some shadow. But they could not stir, but that *Miso*, with her daughter *Mopsa* was after them: and as it lay in their way to pass by the other lodge, *Zelmane* out of her window espied them, and so stole down after them; which she might the better do, because that *Gynecia* was sick, and *Basilus*, that day being his birth-day, according to his manner, was busy about his devotions; and therefore she went after, hoping to find some time to speak with *Philoclea*: but not a word could she begin, but that *Miso* would be one of the audience, so that she was driven to recommend thinking, speaking, and all, to her eyes, who diligently performed her trust, till they came to the river side, which of all the rivers in *Greece* had the praise for excellent pureness and sweetness, insomuch as the very bathing in it, was accounted exceeding healthful. It ran upon so fine and delicate a ground, as one could not easily judge, whether the river did more wash the gravel, or the gravel did purify the river; the river not running forth right, but almost continually winding, as if the lower streams would return to their spring, or that the river had a delight to play with it self. The banks of either side seeming arms of the loving earth that fain would embrace it; and the river a

wanton nymph which still would slip from it ; either side of the bank being fringed with the most beautiful trees, which resisted the sun's darts from over-much piercing the natural coldness of the river. There was

But among the rest a goodly *Cypress*, who bowing her fair head over the water, it seemed she looked into it, and dressed her green locks by that running river. There the princesses determining to bathe themselves thought it was so priviledged a place, upon pain of death, as no body durst presume to come thither ; yet for the most surety, they looked round about, and could see nothing but a water-spaniel, who came down the river, shewing that he hunted for a duck, and with a snuffling grace, disdaining that his smelling force could not as well prevail thorough the water, as thorough the air ; and therefore waiting with his eye, to see whether he could espy the ducks getting up again : but then a little below them failing of his purpose, he got out of the river, and shaking off the water (as great men do their friends) now he had no farther cause to use it, inweeded himself so, as the ladies lost the farther marking his sportfulness : and inviting *Zelmane* also to wash her self with them, and she excusing her self with having taken a late cold, they began by piece meal to take away the eclipsing of their apparel.

Zelmane would have put to her helping hand, but she was taken with such a quivering, that she thought it more wisdom to lean her self to a tree, and look on, while *Miso* and *Mopsa*, like a couple of forewater melters, were getting the pure silver of their bodies out of the ure of their garments. But as the raiments went off to receive kisses of the ground, *Zelmane* envied the happiness of all, but of the smock was even jealous : and when that was taken away too, and that *Philoclea* remained, for her *Zelmane* only marked, like a *Diamond* taken from out of the rock,

rock, or rather like the sun getting from under a cloud, and shewing his naked beams to the full view, then was the beauty too much for a patient sight, the delight too strong for a stayed conceit: so that *Zelmane* could not chuse but run, to touch, embrace and kiss her. But conscience made her come to herself, and leave *Philoclea*, who blushing, and withal smiling, making shamefacedness pleasant, and pleasure shamefaced, tenderly moved her feet, unwonted to feel the naked ground, till the touch of the cold water made a pretty kind of a shugging come over her body, like the twinkling of the fairest among the fixed stars. But the river it self gave way unto her, so that she was streight breast high, which was the deepest that there about she could be: and when cold *Ladon* had once fully embraced them, himself was no more so cold to those ladies, but as if his cold complexion had been heated with love, so seemed he to play about every part he could touch.

Ah sweet; now sweetest *Ladon*, said *Zelmane*, why dost thou not stay thy course to have more full tast of thy happiness? but the reason is manifest, the upper streams make such haste to have their past of embracing, that the neather, though lothly, must needs give place unto them. O happy *Ladon*, within whom she is, upon whom her beauty falls, through whom her eye pierceth. O happy *Ladon*, which art now an unperfect mirror of all perfection, canst thou ever forget the blessedness of this impression? if thou do, then let thy bed be turned from fine gravel to weeds, and mud: if thou do, let some unjust niggards make wares to spoil thy beauty: if thou do, let some greater river fall into thee, to take away the name of *Ladon*, Oh! *Ladon*, happy *Ladon*, rather slide than run by her, least thou shouldst make her legs slip from her, and then, O happy *Ladon*, who would then call thee, but the most cursed *Ladon*? But as the ladies plaid them in the water, some-

times striking it with their hands, the water, making lines in his face, seemed to smile at such beating, and with twenty bubbles not to be content to have the picture of their face in large upon him, but would in each of those bubbles set forth the miniature of them.

But *Zelmane*, whose sight was gain-said by nothing but the transparant vail of *Ladon* (like a chamber where a great fire is kept, though the fire be at one stay, yet with the continuance continually hath his heat increased) had the coals of her affection so kindled with wonder, and blown with delight, that now all her parts grudged, that her eyes should do more homage, than they, to the princes of them. Infomuch that taking up the lute, her wit began to be with a divine fury inspired; her voice would in so beloved an occasion second her wit; her hands accorded the lute's musick to the voice; her panting heart danced to the musick; while I think her feet did beat the time; while her body was the room where it should be celebrated; her soul the queen which should be delighted. And so together went the utterance and the invention, that one might judge, it was *Philoclea's* beauty which did speedily write it in her eyes; or the sense thereof, which did word by word indite it in her mind, whereunto she, but as an organ, did only lend utterance. The song was to this purpose:

What tongue can her perfection tell,
 In whose each part all tongues may dwell?
 Her hair fine threads of finest gold,
 In curled knots man's thought to hold:
 But that her forehead says, in me
 A whiter beauty you may see;
 Whiter indeed, more white than snow,
 Which on cold winter's face doth grow:
 That doth present those even brows,
 Whose equal line their angles bows;

Like

Like to the moon when after change
 Her horned head abroad doth range:
 And arches be two heavenly lids,
 Whose wink each bold attempt forbids.
 For the black stars those spheres contain,
 The matchless pair, even praise doth stain.
 No lamp whose light by art is got,
 No sun which shines, and seeth not,
 Can liken them without all peer,
 Save one as much as other clear.
 Which only thus unhappy be,
 Because themselves they cannot see.
 Her cheeks with kindly claret spread,
Aurora-like new out of bed:
 Or like the fresh queen-apple's side,
 Blushing at sight of *Phæbus* pride.

Her nose, her chin pure ivory wears:
 No purer than the pretty ears.
 So that therein appears some blood
 Like wine and milk that mingled stood:
 In whose incirclets if ye gaze,
 Your eyes may tread a lover's maze.
 But with such turns the voice to stray,
 No talk untaught can find the way.
 The tip no jewel needs to wear;
 The tip is jewel of the ear.

But who those ruddy lips can miss,
 Which blessed still themselves to kifs?
 Rubies, cherries, and roses new,
 In worth, in taste, in perfect hue:
 Which never part, but that they show
 Of precious pearl the double row;
 The second-sweetly fenced ward,
 Her heavenly-dewed tongue to guard,
 Whence never word in vain did flow.

Fair under these doth stately grow,
 The handle of this precious work,
 The neck in which strange graces lurk.

Such

Such be I think the sumptuous towers,
Which skill doth make in princes bowers:
So good assay invites the eye,
A little downward to espy,
The lively clusters of her breasts,
Of *Venus* babe the wanton nests:
Like pomels round of marble clear;
Where azur'd veins well mix'd appear,
With dearest tops of porphyrie.

Betwixt these two a way doth lie,
A way more worthy beauty's fame,
Than that which bears the *Milky* name.
This leads into the joyous field,
Which only still doth lillies yield:
But lillies such whose native smell,
The *Indians* odors doth excel.
Waste it is called, for it doth waste
Mens lives, until it be imbrac'd.

There may one see, and yet not see
Her ribs in white all armed be.
More white than *Neptune's* foamy face,
When struggling rocks he would embrace.

In those delights the wandring thought
Might of each side a stray be brought,
But that her navel doth unite,
In curious circle busie fight;
A dainty seal of virgin-wax,
Where nothing but impression lacks.

Her belly there glad sight doth fill,
Justly intitled *Cupid's* hill.
A hill most fit for such a master,
A spotless mine of alabaster.
Like alabaster fair and sleek,
But soft and supple fatten-like.
In that sweet seat the body doth sport:
Loth, I must leave his chief resort.
For such a use the world hath gotten,
The best things still must be forgotten,

Yet

Yet never shall my song omit
 Her thighs, for *Ovid's* song more fit;
 Which flanked with two sugared flanks,
 Lift up her stately swelling banks;
 That *Albion* cliffs in whiteness pass;
 With haunches smooth as looking-glasses.
 But bow all knees, now of her knees
 My tongue doth tell what fancy sees.
 The knots of joy, the gems of love,
 Whose motion makes all graces move.
 Whose bough incav'd doth yield such sight,
 Like cunning painter shadowed white.
 The gartring place with child-like sign,
 Shews easy print in metal fine.
 But then again the flesh doth rise
 In her brave calves like chrystal skies.
 Whose *Atlas* is a smallest small,
 More white then whitest bone of all.

Thereout steals out that round clean foot
 This noble cedars precious root:
 In shew and scent pale violets,
 Whose step on earth all beauty sets:

But back unto her back, my *Muse*,
 Where *Ledas* swan his fathers mews,
 Along whose ridg such bones are met,
 Like comfits round in marchpane set.

Her shoulders be like to white doves,
 Pearching within square royal roves,
 Which leaded are with silver skin,
 Passing the hate spot, emerlin.

And thence those arms derived are;
 The *Phoenix* wings are not so rare
 For faultless length, and stainless hue.

Ah woe is me, my woes renew.
 Now course doth lead me to her hand,
 Of my first love the fatal band.
 Where whiteness doth for ever sit:
Nature her self enamell'd it.
 For therewith strange compact doth lie
 Warm snow, moist pearl, soft ivory.

There

There fall those saphire-coloured brooks,
Which conduit-like with curious crooks
Sweet Ilands make in that sweet land,
As for the fingers of the hand,
The bloody shafts of *Cupid's* war,
With amathist's they headed are.

Thus hath each part his beauties part:
But how the graces do impart,
To all her limbs a special grace,
Becoming every time and place,
Which doth even beauty beautify,
And most bewitch the wretched eye.
How all this is but a fair inn
Of fairer guests, which dwell therein.
Of whose high praise, and praiseful blifs,
Goodness the pen, Heaven paper is:
The ink immortal fame doth lend:
As I begun, so must I end.

No tongue can her perfections tell,
In whose each part all tongues may dwell.

But as *Zelmane* was coming to the latter end of her song, she might see the same water-spaniel which before had hunted, come and fetch away one of *Philoclea's* gloves; whose fine proportion, shewed well what a dainty guest was wont there to be lodged. It was a delight to *Zelmane*, to see that the dog was therewith delighted, and so let him go a little way withal, who quickly carried it out of sight among certain trees and bushes, which were very close together. But by and by he came again, and amongst the rayment, *Miso* and *Mop-sa* being preparing sheets against their coming out, the dog lighted of a little book of four or five leaves of paper, and was bearing that away too. But then *Zelmane*, not knowing what importance it might be of, ran after the dog, who going streight to those bushes, she might see the dog deliver

liver it to a gentleman, who secretly lay there. But she hastily coming in, the gentleman rose up, and with a courteous, though sad, countenance presented himself unto her. *Zelmane's* eyes straight willed her mind to mark him: for she thought in her self, she had never seen a man of a more goodly presence, in whom strong making took not away delicacy, nor beauty fierceness: being indeed such a right man-like man, as nature often erring, yet shews she would fain make. But when she had a while, not without admiration, viewed him, she desired him to deliver back the glove and paper, because they were the lady *Philoclea's*, telling him withal, that she would not willingly let him know of his close lying in that prohibited place, while they were bathing of themselves, because she knew they would be mortally offended withal. Fair lady, answered he, the worst of the complaint is already passed, since I feel of my fault in my self the punishment. But for these things, I assure you, it was my dogs wanton boldness, not my presumption. With that he gave her back the paper: but for the glove, said he, since it is my lady *Philoclea's*, give me leave to keep it; since my heart cannot persuade its self to part from it. And I pray you tell the lady, lady indeed of all my desires, that owns it, that I will direct my life to honour this glove with serving her. O villain cried out *Zelmane*, maddened with finding an unlooked for rival, and that he would make her a messenger, dispatch, said she, and deliver it, or by the life of her that owns it, I will make thy soul, though too base a price, pay for it: and with that drew out her sword, which, *Amazon-like*, she ever ware about her. The gentleman retired himself into an open place from among the bushes, and then drawing out his too, he offered to deliver it unto her, saying, withal, god forbid I should use my sword against you, sith, if I be not deceived, you are the same

same famous *Amazon*, that both defended my ladies just title of beauty against the valiant *Phalantus*, and saved her life in killing the lion: therefore I am rather to kiss your hands, with acknowledging my self bound to obey you. But this courtesy was worse than a bastinado to *Zelmane*: so that again with rageful eyes she bad him defend himself, for no less than his life should answer it. A hard case, said he, to teach my sword that lesson, which hath ever used to turn it self to a shield in a ladies presence. But *Zelmane* hearkning to no more words, began with such witty fury to pursue him with blows and thrusts, that nature and virtue commanded the gentleman to look to his safety. Yet still courtesy, that seemed incorporate in his heart, would not be persuaded by danger to offer any offence, but only to stand upon the best defensive guard he could; sometimes going back, being content in that respect to take on the figure of cowardise; sometimes with strong and well-met wards, sometimes cunning avoidings of his body; and sometimes faining some blows, which himself pul'd back before they needed to be withstood. And so with play did he a good while fight against the fight of *Zelmane*, who, more spited with that courtesy, that one that did nothing should be able to resist her, burned away with choler any motions, which might grow out of her own sweet disposition, determined to kill him if he fought no better; and so redoubling her blows, drove the stranger to no other shift than to ward and go back; at that time seeming the image of innocency against violence. But at length he found, that both in publick and private respects, who stands only upon defence, stands upon no defence: for *Zelmane* seeming to strike at his head, and he going toward it, withal stept back as he was accustomed: she stopt her blow in the air, and suddenly turning the point, ran full at his breast, so as he was driven

driven with the pummel of a sword, having no other weapon of defence, to beat it down: but the thrust was so strong, that he could not so wholly beat it away, but that it met with his thigh, through which it run. But *Zelmane* retiring her sword, and seeing his blood, victorions anger was conquered by the before-conquering pity; and heartily sorry, and even ashamed with her self she was, considering how little he had done, who well she found could have done more. In so much that she said, truly I am sorry for your hurt; but your self gave the cause, both in refusing to deliver the glove, and not fighting as I know you could have done. But, said she, because I perceive you disdain to fight with a woman, it may be before a year come about, you shall meet with a neer kinsman of mine, *Pyrocles* prince of *Macedon*, and I give you my word, he for me shall maintain this quarrel against you. I would answered *Amphialus*, I had many more such hurts to meet and know that worthy prince, whose virtue I love and admire, though my good destiny hath not been to see his person.

But as they were so speaking, the young ladies came, to whom *Mopsa*, curious in any thing but her own good behaviour, having followed and seen *Zelmane* fighting, had cried, what she had seen, while they were drying themselves: and the water, with some drops, seemed to weep, that it should part from such bodies. But they careful of *Zelmane*, assuring themselves that any *Arcadian* would bear reverence to them, *Pamela* with a noble mind, and *Philoclea* with a loving, hastily hiding the beauties, where of nature was proud, and they ashamed, they made quick work to come to save *Zelmane*. But already they found them in talk, and *Zelmane* careful of his wound. But when they saw him, they knew it was their cousin germane, the famous *Amphialus*; whom yet with a sweet
graced

graced bitterness they blamed for breaking their father's commandment, especially while themselves where in such sort retired. But he craved pardon, protesting unto them that he had only been to seek solitary places, by an extream melancholly that had a good while possesst him, and guided to that place by his spaniel, where while the dog hunted in the river, he had withdrawn himself to pacify with sleep his over watched eyes: till a dream waked him, and made him see that whereof he had dreamed, and withal not obscurely signified, that he felt the smart of his own doings. But *Philoclea*, that was even jealous of her self for *Zelmane*, would needs have her glove, and not without so mighty a lowre as that face could yield. As for *Zelmane* when she knew it was *Amphialus*; lord *Amphialus*, said she, I have long desired to know you heretofore, I must confess, with more good will, but still with honouring your virtue, though I love not your person: and at this time I pray you let us take care of your wound, upon condition you shall hereafter promise, that a more knightly combat shall be performed between us. *Amphialus* answered in honourable sort, but with such excusing himself, that more and more accused his love to *Philoclea*, and provoked more hate to *Zelmane*. But *Mopsa* had already called certain shepherds not far off, who knew and well observed their limits, to come and help to carry way *Amphialus*, whose wound suffered him not without danger to strain it: and so he leaving himself with them, departed from them, faster bleeding in his heart, than at his wound: which bound up by the sheets, wherewith *Philoclea* had been wrapped, made him thank the wound, and bless the sword for that favour.

He being gone, the ladies, with merry anger talking, in what naked simplicity their cousin had seen them, returned to the lodg-ward: yet thinking

ing it too early, as long as they had any day, to break off so pleasing a company, with going to perform a cumbersome obedience, *Zelmane* invited them to the little harbour, only reserved for her, which they willingly did: and there sitting, *Pamela* having a while made the lute in his language shew how glad it was to be touched by her fingers, *Zelmane* delivered up the paper, which *Amphialus* had at first yielded unto her: and seeing written upon the backside of it the complaint of *Plan- gus*, remembering what *Dorus* had told her, and desiring to know how much *Philoclea* knew of her estate, she took occasion in presenting of it, to ask whether it were any secret or no. No truly answered *Philoclea*, it is but even an exercise of my father's writing, upon this occasion: he was one day, some while before your coming hither, walking abroad, having us two with him, almost a mile hence; crossing a high-way, which comes from the city of *Megalopolis*, he saw this gentleman, whose name is there written, one of the properest and best graced men that ever I saw, being of middle age and of a mean stature. He lay as then under a tree, while his servants were getting fresh post-horses for him. It might seem he was tired with the extreme travel he had taken, and yet not so tired, that he was forced to take any rest, so hasty he was upon his journey: and withal so sorrowful, that the very face thereof was painted in his face; which with pitiful motions, even groans, tears, and passionate talking to himself, moved my father to fall in talk with him: who at first not knowing him, answered him in such a desperate phrase of grief, that my father afterward took a delight to set it down in such a form as you see: which if you read, what you doubt of, my sister and I are able to declare unto you. *Zelmane* willingly opened the leaves, and read it being written dialogue-wise in this manner.

PLANGUS and BASILIUS.

P L A N G U S.

Alas, how long this pilgrimage doth last?
 What greater ills have now the heavens in store,
 To couple coming harms with sorrows past?
 Long since my voice is hoarse, and throat is sore,
 With cries to skies, and courtes to the ground,
 But more I plain, I feel my woes the more.
 Ah, where was first that cruel cunning found,
 To frame of earth, a vessel of the mind,
 Where it should be to self-destruction bound?
 What needed so high spirits such mansions blind?
 Or wrapt in flesh what do they here obtain.
 But glorious name of wretched human kind?
 Balls to the stars, and thralls to fortunes reign;
 Turn'd from themselves, infected with their rage,
 Where death is fear'd, and life is held with pain.
 Like players plac'd to fill a filthy stage,
 Where change of thoughts one fool to t'other
 shews

And all but jests, save only sorrows rage.
 The child feels that; the man that feeling knows,
 Which cries first born, the presage of his life,
 Where wit but serves, to have true taste of woes.
 A shop of shame, a book where blots be rife,
 This body is, this body so compos'd,
 As in it self to nourish mortal strife:
 So divers be the elements dispos'd.
 In this weak work, that it can never be
 Made uniform to any state repos'd.

Grief only makes his wretched state to see
 (Even like a top which nought but whipping
 moves)

This Man, this talking beast, this walking tree,
 Grief is the stone which finest judgment proves:
 For who grieves not, hath but a blockish brain,
 Since cause of grief no cause from life removes,

BASILIU S.

How long wilt thou with mournful musick stain
The chearful notes those pleasant places yield,
Where all good haps a perfect state maintain?

PLANGU S.

Curst be good haps, and curst be they that build
Their hopes on haps, and do not make de-
spair

For all those certain blows the surest shield.

Shall I that saw *Erona's* shining hair,
Torn with her hands, and those same hands of
snow

With loss of purest blood themselves to tear?

Shall I that saw those breasts, where beauties flow
Swelling with sighs, made pale with minds dis-
ease,

And saw those eyes, those funs, such showers to
show?

Shall I whose ears her mournful words did seize,
Her words in syrup laid of sweetest breath,
Relent those thoughts which then did so dis-
please?

No, no: despair my daily lesson faith,
And faith, although I seek my life to fly,

Plangus must live to see *Erona's* death.

Plangus must live some help for her to try
(Though in despair) for love so forceth me,
Plangus doth live, and shall *Erona* die?

Erona die? O heaven, if heaven there be,

Hath all thy whirling course so small effect?

Serve all thy starry eyes this shame to see?

Let dolts in haste some altars fair erect

To those high powers, which idly sit above,

And virtue do in greatest need neglect.

BASILIU S.

O man take heed, how thou the gods dost move

To cause full-wrath, which thou canst not resist:
 Blasphemous words the speaker vain do prove.

Alas while we are wrapt in foggy mist
 Of our self love, so passions do deceive,
 We think they hurt, when most they do assist.
 To harm us worms should that high justice leave
 His nature? nay himself? for so it is.

What glory from our loss can he receive?
 But still our dazled eyes their way do miss,
 While we do at his sweeter scourge repine,
 The kindly way do beat us on to bliss.
 If she must die then hath she past the line
 Of loathsome days, whose loss how canst thou
 moan,

That dost so well their miseries define?
 But such we are with inward tempest blown
 Of winds quite contrary in waves of will:
 We moan that lost, which had we did bemoan.

P L A N G U S.

'And shall she die? shall cruel fire thus spill
 Those beams that set so many hearts on fire?
 Hath she not force even death with love to kill:
 Nay, even cold death inflam'd with hot desire.
 Her to enjoy where joy it self is thrall,
 Will spoil the earth of his most rich attire:
 Thus death becomes a rival to us all,
 And hopes with foul embracements her to get,
 In whose decay virtue's fair shrine must fall.
 O virtue weak, shall death his triumph set
 Upon thy spoils, which never should lie waste?
 Let death first die; be thou his worthy let.
 By what eclipse shall that sun be defac'd?
 What mine hath erst thrown down so fair a tower?
 What sacrilege hath such a saint disgrac'd?
 The world the garden is, she is the flower
 That sweetens all the place; she is the guest
 Of rarest price, both heavens and earth her
 bower.

And

And shall, O me! all this in ashes rest?

Alas if you a *Phœnix* new will have

Burnt by the sun, she first must build her nest:

But well you know, the gentle sun would save

Such beams so like his own, which might have
might

In him the thoughts of *Phaeton's* dam to grave,

Therefore, alas, you use vile *Vulcan's* spight,

Which nothing spares, to melt that virgin wax,

Which while it is, it is all *Asia's* light.

O *Mars*, for what doth serve thy armed ax?

To let that wit-old beast consume in flames

Thy *Venus* child, whose beauty *Venus* lacks?

O *Venus*, if her praise no envy frames

In thy high mind, get her thy husband's grace.

Sweet speaking oft a currish heart reclaims.

O eyes of mine, where once she saw her face,

Her face which was more lively in my heart:

O brain, where thought of her hath only place;

O hand, which touch'd her hand when we did
part;

O lips that kist that hand with my tears spent;

O tongue, then dumb, not daring tell my smart;

O soul, whose love in her is only spent,

What ere you see, think, touch, kifs, speak, or love,

Let all for her, and unto her be spent.

BASILIS.

Thy wailing words do much my spirits move,

They uttered are in such a feeling fashion,

That sorrows work against my will I prove.

Methinks I am partaker of thy passion,

And in thy case do glaze thy own debility:

Self-guilty folk most prone to feel compassion.

Yet reason faith, reason should have ability

To hold those worldly things in such proportion,

As let them come or go with even facility.

But our desires tyrannical extortion

Doth force us there to set our chief delightfulness

Where but a baiting place is all our portion.
 But still although we fail of perfect rightfulness,
 Seek we to tame these childish superfluities:
 Let us not wink though void of purest sightfulness
 For what can breed more peevish incongruities,
 Than man to yield to female lamentations:
 Let us some grammar learn of more congruities.

PLANGUS.

If through mine ears pierce any consolations,
 By wise discourse, sweet tunes, or poets fiction;
 If aught I cease these hideous exclamations;
 While that my soul, she, liveth in affliction;
 Then let my life long time on earth maintain-
 ed be,
 To wretched me, the last worst malediction.
 Can I that knew her sacred parts, restrained be
 From any joy? know fortunes vile displacing her,
 In mortal rules let raging woes contained be?
 Can I forget, when they in prison placing her,
 Which swelling heart in spight and due disdain-
 fulness
 She lay for dead, till I help with unlacing her?
 Can I forget from how much mourning painfulness
 With diamond in window-glass she grav'd
Erona die, and end this ugly painfulness?
 Can I forget in how strange phrase she crav'd
 That quickly they would her burn, drown or
 smother,
 As if by death she only might be sav'd?
 Then let me eke gorget one hand from other:
 Let me forget that *Plangus* I am called:
 Let me forget I am son to my mother:
 But if my memory must thus be thrall'd
 To that strange stroke which conquered all my
 senses.

Can thoughts still thinking, so rest unapall'd?

BASI-

BASILIVS.

Who still doth seek against himself offences,

What pardon can avail? or who employs him
To hurt himself, what shields can be defences?

Woe to poor man; each outward thing annoys
him.

In diyers kinds; yet as he were not filled,
He heaps in outward grief, that most destroys
him.

Thus is our thought with pain for thistles tilled:
Thus be our noblest parts dried up with sorrow:

Thus is our mind with too much minding spilled.
One day lays up store of grief for the morrow:

And whose good haps do leave him unprovided,
Condoling cause of friendship he will borrow:

Betwixt the good and shade of good divided,
We pity deem that which but weakness is:

So are we from our high creation slid.

But *Plangus*, lest I may your sickness miss.

Or rubbing, hurt the sore, I here do end.

The Afs did hurt when he did think to kiss.

When *Zelmane* had read it over, marvelling very much of the speech of *Erona's* death, and therefore desirous to know farther of it, but more desirous to hear *Philoclea* speak, Most excellent lady, said she, one may be little the wiser for reading this dialogue, since it neither sets forth what this *Plangus* is, nor what *Erona* is, nor what the cause should be which threatens her with death, and him with sorrow: therefore I would humbly crave to understand the particular discourse thereof; because, I must confess, something in my travel I have heard of this strange matter, which I would be glad to find by so sweet an authority confirmed. | The truth is, answered *Philoclea*, "that after he knew my father to be prince of this country, while he hoped to prevail something with him in great request he made unto

him, he was content to open fully the estate both of himself, and of that lady; which with my sister's help, said she, who remembers it better than I, I will declare unto you. And first of *Erona*, being the chief subject of this discourse, this story, which more tears and exclamations than I list to spend about it, he recounted.

Of late there reigned a king in *Lydia*, who had for the blessing of his marriage, this only daughter of his, *Erona*; a princess worthy for her beauty, as much praise, as beauty may be praise-worthy. This princess *Erona*, being nineteen years of age, seeing the country of *Lydia* so much devoted to *Cupid*, as that in every place his naked pictures and images were superstitiously adored (either moved thereunto by the esteeming it could be no god-head, which could breed wickedness, or the shamefaced consideration of such nakedness) procured so much of her father, as utterly to pull down, and deface all them statutes and pictures: which how terribly he punished, for to that the *Lydians* impute it, quickly after appeared.

For she had not lived a year longer, when she was stricken with most obstinate love to a young man but of mean parentage, in her father's court, named *Antiphilus*: so mean, as that he was but the son of her nurse, and by that means, without other desert, became known of her. Now so evil could she conceal her fire, and so wilfully persevered she in it, that her father offering her the marriage of the great *Tiridates*, king of *Armenia*, who desired her more than the joys of heaven, she for *Antiphilus's* sake refused it. Many ways her father sought to withdraw her from it; sometimes by persuasions, sometimes by threatnings; once, hiding *Antiphilus*, and giving her to understand that he was fled the Country: lastly, making a solemn execution to be done of another, under the name of *Antiphilus*, whom he kept in prison. But neither she liked per-

suasions, nor feared threatnings, nor changed for absence: and when she thought him dead, she sought all means, as well by poison as knife, to send her soul, at least to be married in the eternal church with him. This so brake the tender father's heart, that, leaving things as he found them, he shortly after died. Then forthwith *Erona*, being seized of the crown, and arming her will with authority, sought to advance her affection to the holy title of matrimony.

But before she could accomplish all the solemnities, she was overtaken with a war the king *Tiridates* made upon her, only for her person; towards whom, for her ruin, love had kindled his cruel heart, indeed cruel and tyrannous: for, being far too strong in the field, he spared no man, woman, nor child; but, as though there could be found no foil to set forth the extremity of his love, but extremity of hatred, wrote, as it were, the sonnets of his love in the blood, and tuned them in the cries of her subjects; although his fair sister *Artaxia*, who would accompany him in the army, sought all means to appease his fury: till lastly, he besieged *Erona* in her best city, vowing to win her, or lose his life. And now had he brought her to the point either of a woful consent, or a ruinous denial, when there came thither, following the course which virtue and fortune led them, two excellent young princes, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, the one prince of *Macedon*, the other of *Thessalia*: two princes as *Plangus* said, and he witnessed his saying with sighs and tears, the most accomplished both in body and mind, that the sun ever looked upon. While *Philoclea* spoke those words; O sweet words, thought *Zelmane* to her self, which are not only a praise to me, but a praise to praise her self, which out of that mouth issueth.

These two princes, said *Philoclea*, as well to help the weaker, especially being a lady, as to save a *Greek* people from being ruined by such, whom we
call

call and count barbarous, gathering together such of the honestest *Lycians*, as would venture their lives to succour their princess; giving order by a secret message, they sent into the city, that they should issue with all force at an appointed time: they set upon *Tiridates's* camp with so well guided a fierceness, that being on both sides assaulted, he was like to be overthrown; but that this *Plangus*, being general of *Tiridates's* horsemen, especially aided by the two mighty men *Euardus* and *Barzanes*, rescued the foot-men, even almost defeated: but yet could not bar the princes, with their succours both of men and victual, to enter the city.

Which when *Tiridates* found would make the war long, which length seemed to him worse than a languishing consumption, he made a challenge of three princes in his retinue, against those two princes and *Antiphilus*: and that thereupon the quarrel should be decided, with compact that neither side should help his fellow: but of whose side the more overcame, with him the victory should remain. *Antiphilus* (though *Erona* chose rather to bide the brunt of war, than venture him, yet) could not for shame refuse the offer, especially, since the two strangers that had no interest in it, did willingly accept it: besides that, he saw it like enough, that the people, weary of the miseries of war, would rather give him up, if they saw him shrink, than for his sake venture their ruin; considering that the challengers were of far greater worthiness than himself. So it was agreed upon; and against *Pyrocles* was *Euardus* king of *Bithynia*; *Barzanes* of *Hircania* against *Musidorus*; two men, that thought the world scarce able to resist them: and against *Antiphilus* he placed this same *Plangus*, being his own cousin german, and son to the king of *Iberia*. Now so it fell out, that *Musidorus* slew *Barzanes*, and *Pyrocles* *Euardus*; which victory these princes esteemed above all that ever they had: but of the other side
Plan-

Plangus took *Antiphilus* prisoner; under which colour, as if the matter had been equal, though indeed it was not, the greater part being overcome of his side, *Tiridates* continued his war: and to bring *Erona* to a compelled yielding, sent her word that he would the third morrow after, before the walls of the town, strike off *Antiphilus's* head, without his suit in that space were granted; adding withal, because he had heard of her desperate affection, that, if in the mean time she did her self any hurt, what tortures could be devised should be lain upon *Antiphilus*.

Then lo, if *Cupid* be a god, or that the tyranny of our own thoughts seem a god unto us: but whatsoever it was, then it did set forth the miserableness of his effects; she being drawn to two contraries by one cause (for the love of him commanded her to yield to no other: the love of him commanded her to preserve his life;) which knot might well be cut, but untied it could not be. So that love in her passions, like a right make-bate, whispered to both sides arguments of quarrel. What, said he, of the one side, dost thou love *Antiphilus*, O *Erona*! and shall *Tiridates* enjoy thy body? With what eyes wilt thou look upon *Antiphilus*, when he shall know that another possesseth thee? but if thou wilt do it, canst thou do it? canst thou force thy heart? think with thy self, if this man have thee, thou shalt never have more part of *Antiphilus* than if he were dead. But thus much more, that the affection shall be still gnawing, and the remorse still present. Death perhaps will cool the rage of thy affection; where thus, thou shalt ever love, and ever lack. Think this beside, if thou marry *Tiridates*, *Antiphilus* is so excellent a man, that long he cannot be from being in some high place married; canst thou suffer that too? if another kill him, he doth him the wrong: if thou abuse thy body, thou dost him the wrong. His death is a work of nature, and either now, or
at

at another time he shall die. But it shall be thy work, thy shameful work, which is thy power to shun, to make him live to see thy faith falsified, and his bed defiled. But when love had well kindled that party of her thoughts, then went he to the other side. What, said he, O *Erona*, and is thy love of *Antiphilus* come to that point, as thou dost now make it a question, whether he shall die, or no? O excellent affection, which for too much love, will see his head off. Mark well the reasons of the other side, and thou shalt see it is but love of thy self which so disputeth. Thou canst not abide *Tiridates*: but this is but love of thy self; thou shalt be ashamed to look upon him afterwards; this is but fear of shame, and love of thy self; thou shalt want him as much then; this is but love of thy self: he shall be married; if he be well, why should that grieve thee, but for love of thy self? no, no, pronounce these words if thou canst, Let *Antiphilus* die. Then the images of each side stood before her understanding; one time she thought she saw *Antiphilus* dying, another time she thought *Antiphilus* saw her by *Tiridates* enjoyed; twenty times calling for a servant to carry message of yielding, but before he came the mind was altered. She blushed when she considered the effect of granting; she was pale, when she remembered the fruits of denying. For weeping, sighing, wringing her hands, and tearing her hair, were indifferent of both sides. Easily she would have agreed to have broken all disputations with her own death, but that the fear of *Antiphilus*'s farther torments, staid her. At length, even the evening before the day appointed for his death, the determination of yielding prevailed, especially, growing upon a message of *Antiphilus*; who with all the conjuring terms he could devise, besought her to save his life, upon any conditions. But she had no sooner sent her messenger to *Tiridates*, but her mind changed, and she went to the two young
princes,

princes, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, and falling down at their feet, desired them to try some way for her deliverance; shewing her self resolved, notto over live *Antiphilus*, nor yield to *Tiridates*.

They that know not what she had done in private, prepared that night accordingly: and as sometimes it falls out, that what is constancy, seems cunning; so did this change indeed stand in as good stead as a witty dissimulation. For it made the king as reckless, as them diligent: so that in the dead time of the night, the princes issued out of the town; with whom she would needs go, either to die her self, or rescue *Antiphilus*, having no armour, or weapon, but affection. And I cannot tell you how, by what device, though *Plangus* at large described it, the conclusion was, the wonderful valour of the two princes so prevailed, that, *Antiphilus* was succoured, and the king slain. *Plangus* was then the chief man left in the camp; and therefore seeing no other remedy, conveyed in safety into her country *Artaxia*, now queen of *Armenia*; who with true lamentation, made known unto the world that her new greatness did no way comfort her in respect of her brother's loss, whom she studied by all means possible to revenge upon every one of the occasioners, having, as she thought, overthrown her brother by a most abominable treason. Infomuch, that being at home she proclaimed great reward to any private man, and her self in marriage to any prince, that would destroy *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*. But thus was *Antiphilus* redeemed, and, though against the consent of her nobility, married to *Erona*; in which case the two *Greek* princes, being called away by another adventure, left them.

But now methinks, as I have read some poets, who when they intend to tell some horrible matter, they bid men shun the hearing of it: so if I do not desire you to stop your ears from me, yet may I well desire a breathing time, before I am to tell the

exe-

execrable treason of *Antiphilus*, that brought her to this misery; and withal wish you all, that from all mankind indeed you stop your ears. O most happy were we, if we did set our loves one upon another. And as she spake that word, her cheeks in red letters writ more than her tongue did speak, and therefore since I have named *Plangus*, I pray you, sister, said she, help me with the rest, for I have held the stage long enough; and if it please you to make his fortune known, as I have done *Erona's*, I will after take heart again to go on with his falsehood; and so between us both, my lady *Zelmane* shall understand both the cause and parties of this lamentation. Nay, I beshrew me then, said *Miso*, I will none of that, I promise you, as long as I have the government, I will first have my tale, and then my lady *Pamela*, my lady *Zelmane*, and my daughter *Mopsa*, for *Mopsa* was then returned from *Amphialus*, may draw cuts, and the shortest cut speak first. For I tell you, and this may be suffered, when you are married, you will have first and last word of your husbands. The ladies laughed to see with what eager earnestness she looked, having threatned not only in her ferret eyes; but while she spake her nose seeming to threaten her chin, and her shaking limbs one to threaten another. But there was no remedy, they must obey, and *Miso*, sitting on the ground with her knees up, and her hands upon her knees, tuning her voice with many a quavering cough, thus discoursed unto them. I tell you true, said she, whatsoever you think of me, you will one day be as I am; and I, simple though I sit here, thought once my penny as good silver, as some of you do: and if my father had not plaid the hasty fool, it is no lie I tell you, I might have had another-gains husband than *Dametas*. But let that pass, god amend him; and yet I speak it not without good cause. You are full in your tittle tatlings of *Cupid*, here is *Cupid*, and there is *Cupid*. I will tell you
now

now what a good old woman told me, what an old wife man told her, what a great learned clark told him, and gave it him in writing: and here I have it in my prayer-book. I pray you, said *Philoclea*, let us see it and read it. No haste, but good, said *Miso*, you shall first know how I came by it. I was a young girl of seven and twenty year old, and I could not go through the street of our village, but I might hear the young men talk: O the pretty little eyes of *Miso*: O the fine thin lips of *Miso*: O the goodly fat hands of *Miso*: besides, how well a certain wrying I had in my neck became me. Then the one would wink with one eye, and the other cast dazies at me. I must confess, seeing so many amorous, it made me set up my peacocks tail with the highest. Which when this good old woman perceived, O the good old woman, well may the bones rest of the good old woman, she call'd me to her into her house. I remember full well it stood in the lane you go to the barber's-shop; all the town knew her, there was a great loss of her: she call'd me to her, and taking first a sop of wine to comfort her heart, it was of the same wine that comes out of *Candia*, which we pay so dear for now a days, and in that good world was very good cheap, she called me to her; Minion, said she, indeed I was a pretty one in those days, though I say it, I see a number of lads that love you: well, said she, I say no more; do you know what love is? with that she brought me into a corner, where there was painted a foul fiend I trow: for he had a pair of horns like a bull, his feet cloven; as many eyes upon his body, as my gray mare hath dapples, and for all the world so placed. This monster sat like a hangman upon a pair of gallows; in his right hand, he was painted holding a crown of laurel; in his left hand, a purse of money; and out of his mouth, hung a lace of two fair pictures, a man and a woman, and such a countenance

tenance he shewed, as if he would persuade folks by those allurements to come thither and be hang-ed. I, like a tender-hearted wench, shrieked out for fear of the devil: well, said she, this same is even love; therefore do what thou list with all those fellows one after another; and it recks not much what they do to thee, so it be in secret; but upon my charge, never love none of them. Why mother, said I, could such a thing come from the belly of the fair *Venus*? for a few days before, our priest, between him and me, had told me the whole story of *Venus*. Tush, said she, they are all deceived and therewith gave me this book, which she said, a great maker of ballads had given to an old painter, who, for a little pleasure, had bestowed both book and picture of her. Read there, said she, and thou shalt see that his mother was a cow, and the false *Argus* his father. And so she gave me this book, and there now you may read it. With that the remembrance of the good old woman, made her make such a face to weep, as if it were not sorrow, it was the carcase of sorrow that appeared there. But while her tears came out, like rain falling upon dirty furrows, the latter end of her prayer-book was read among these ladies, which contained this:

Poor *Painters* oft with silly *Poets* join,
 To fill the world with strange but vain conceits:
 One brings the stuff, the *other* stamps the coin,
 Which breeds naught else but glosses of deceit.
 Thus painters *Cupid* paint, thus poets do
 A naked god, blind, young, with arrows two.
 Is he a god that ever flies the light:
 Or naked he disguis'd in all untruth?
 If he be blind, how hitteth he so right?
 How, is he young that tam'd old *Phœbus* youth?
 But arrows two, and tipt with gold or lead?
 Some hurt, accuse a third with horny head.

No,

No, nothing so ; and old false knave he is,
 By *Argus* got on *Io*, then a cow :
 What time for her *Juno* her *Jove* did miss,
 And charge of her to *Argus* did allow.
Mercury kill'd his false fire for this act,
 His dam a beast was pardon'd beastly fact
 With father's death and mother's guilty shame,
 With *Jove's* disdain of such a rival's seed :
 The wretch compel'd a runnagate became,
 And learn'd what ill a miser-state doth breed :
 To lie, to steal, to pry, and to accuse.
 Nought in himself each other to abuse.
 Yet bears he still his parents stately gifts,
 A horned head, cloven feet, and thousand eyes,
 Some gazing still, some winking whily shifts,
 With long large ears, where never rumour dies
 His horned head doth seem the heaven to spight,
 His cloven foot doth never tread aright.
 Thus half a man, with man he daily hunts,
 Cloath'd in the shape which soonest may deceive :
 Thus half a beast, each beastly vice he plants,
 In those weak hearts that his advice receive ;
 He prowls each place still in new colours deckt,
 Sucking one's ill, another to infect.
 To narrow breasts he comes all wrapt in gain :
 To swelling hearts he shines in honours fire :
 To open eyes all beauties he doth rain :
 Creeping to each with flattering of desire.
 But for that love is worst which rules the eyes,
 Thereon is name, there his chief triumph lies.
 Millions of years this old revil'd *Cupid* lives,
 While still more wretch, more wicked he doth
 prove.
 Till now at length that *Jove* him office gives
 (At *Juno's* suit, who much did *Argus* love)
 In this our world a hangman for to be
 Of all those fools, that will have all they see.

The ladies made sport at the description and story of *Cupid*. But *Zelmane* could scarce suffer those blasphemies, as she took them, to be read, but humbly besought *Pamela* she should perform her sisters request of the other part of the story. Noble lady, answered she, beautifying her face with a sweet smiling, and the sweetness of her smiling with the beauty of her face, since I am born a prince's daughter, let me not give example of disobedience. My governess will have us draw cuts, and therefore I pray you let us do so: and so perhaps it will light upon you to entertain this company with some story of your own; and it is reason our ears should be willing to hear, as your tongue is able to deliver. I will think, answer'd *Zelmane*, excellent princess, my tongue of some value, if it can procure your tongue thus much to favour me. But *Pamela* pleasantly persisting to have fortune their judge, they set hands, and *Mopsa*, though at the first for squeamishness going up and down with her head like a boat in a storm, put to her golden gobs among them, and blind fortune, that saw not the colour of them, gave her the preheminence: and so being her time to speak, whipping her mouth, as there was good cause, she thus tumbled into her matter. In time past, said she, there was a king, the mightiest man in all his country, that had by his wife, the fairest daughter that ever eat pap. Now this king did keep a great house, that every body might come and take their meat freely. So one day as his daughter was sitting in her window, playing upon a harp, as sweet as any rose; and combing her head with a comb all precious stones, there came in a knight into the court, upon a goodly horse, one hair of gold, and the other of silver; and so the knight casting up his eyes to the window, did fall into such love with her, that he grew not worth the bread he eat; till many a forry day going over his head, with daily

ly diligence and grievly groans, he won her affection, so that they agreed to run away together. And so in *May*, when all true hearts rejoice, they stole out of the castle, without staying so much as for their breakfast. Now forsooth, as they went together, often fall to kissing one another, the knight told her, he was brought up among the water-nymphs, who had so bewitched him, that if he were ever askt his name, he must presently vanish away: and therefore charged her upon his blessing, never to ask him what he was, nor whither he would. And so a great while she kept his commandment; till once, passing through a cruel wilderness, as dark as pitch, her mouth so watered, that she could not chuse but ask him the question. And then, he making the grievoufests complaints that would have melted a tree to have heard them, vanish'd quite away: and she lay down, casting forth as pitiful cries as any shriek-owl. But having lain so, wet by the rain, and burnt by the sun, five days, and five nights, she got up, and went over many a high hill, and many a deep river; till she came to an aunts house of hers, and came and cried to her for help: and she for pity gave her a nut, and bid her never open her nut, till she was come to the extreamest misery that ever tongue could speak of; and so she went, and she went, and never rested the evening, where she went in the morning; till she came to a second aunt, and she gave her another nut.

Now good *Mopsa*, said the sweet *Philoclea*, I pray thee at my request keep this tale till my marriage-day, and I promise thee that the best gown I wear that day shall be thine. *Mopsa* was very glad of that bargain, especially that it should grow a festival tale: so that *Zelmane*, who desired to find the uttermost what these ladies understood touching herself, and having understood the danger of *Erona*, of which before she had never heard, purposing

with her self, as soon as this pursuit she now was in, was brought to any effect, to succour her, entreated again, that she might know as well the story of *Plangus*, as of *Erona*. *Philoclea* referred it to her sisters perfecter remembrance: who with so sweet a voice, and so winning a grace, as in themselves were of most forcible eloquence to procure attention, in this manner to their earnest request soon condescended.

The father of this prince *Plangus* as yet lives, and is king of *Iberia*: a man, if the judgment of *Plangus* may be accepted, of no wicked nature, nor willingly doing evil, without himself mistake the evil, seeing it disguised under some form of goodness. This prince being at first married to a princess, who both from her ancestors, and in her self was worthy of him, by her had this son *Plangus*. Not long after whose birth, the queen, as though she had performed the message for which she was sent into the world, returned again unto her maker. The king, sealing up all thoughts of love under the image of her memory, remained a widower many years after; recompencing the grief of that dis-joining from her, in conjoining himself both a fatherly and motherly care toward her only child *Plangus*. Who being grown to man's age, as our own eyes may judge, could not but fertily requite his father's fatherly education.

This prince, while yet the errors in his nature were excused by the greenness of his youth, which took all the fault upon it self, loved a private man's wife of the principal city of that kingdom, if that may be called love, which he rather did take into himself willingly, than by which he was taken forcibly. It sufficeth, that the young man persuaded himself he loved her: she being a woman beautiful enough, if it be possible, that the only outside can justly entitle a beauty. But finding such a chase as only fled to be caught, the
young

young prince brought his affection with her to the point, which ought to engrave remorse in her heart, and to paint shame upon her face. And so possess he his desire without any interruption; he constantly favouring her, and she thinking that the enamelling of a prince's name, might hide the spots of a broken wedlock. But as I have seen one that was sick of a sleeping disease, could not be made wake, but with pinching of him: so out of his sinful sleep his mind, unworthy so to be lost, was not to be call'd to it self, but by a sharp accident. It fell out, that his many times leaving of the court, in undue times, began to be noted; and, as princes ears be manifold, from one to the other came unto the king; who careful of his only son, sought and found out by his spies, the necessary evil servants to a king, what it was, whereby he was from his better delights so diverted. Whereupon, the king, to give his fault the greater blow, used such means by disguising himself, that he found them, her husband being absent, in her house together, which he did, to make them the more feelingly ashamed of it. And that way he took, laying threatnings upon her, and upon him reproaches. But the poor young prince, deceived with that young opinion, that if it be ever lawful to lie, it is for one's lover, employed all his wit to bring his father into a better opinion. And because he might bend him from that, as he counted it, crooked conceit of her, he wrested him, as much as he could possibly, to the other side: not sticking with prodigal protestations to set forth her chastity; not denying his own attempt, but thereby the more extolling her virtue. His sophistry prevailed, his father believed, and so believed, that ere long, though he were already steep into the winter of his age, he found himself warm in those desires, which were in his son far more excusable. To be short, he gave him-

self over unto it; and because he would avoid the odious comparison of a young rival, sent away his son with an army, to the subduing of a province lately rebelled against him; which he knew could not be less work than three or four years. Wherein he behaved himself so worthily, as even to this country the fame thereof came, long before his own coming: while yet his father had a speedier success, but in a far more unnobler conquest. For while *Plangus* was away, the old man, growing only in age and affection, followed his suit with all means of dishonest servants, large promises, and each thing else that might help to countervail his own unloveliness.

And she, whose husband about that time died, forgetting the absent *Plangus*, or at least not hoping of him to obtain so aspiring a purpose, left no art unused, which might keep the line from breaking, whereat the fish was already taken; not drawing him violently, but letting him play himself upon the hook, which he had so greedily swallowed. For, accompanying her mourning garments with a doleful countenance, yet neither forgetting handsomeness in her mourning garments, nor sweetness in her doleful countenance; her words were ever seasoned with sighs, and any favour she shewed, bathed in tears, that affection might see cause of pity, and pity might persuade cause of affection. And being grown skilful in his humours, she was no less skilful in applying his humours; never suffering his fear to fall to despair, nor his hope to hasten to an assurance: she was content he should think that she loved him; and a certain stolen look should sometimes, as though it were against her will, bewray it: but if thereupon he grew bold, he straight was encountered with a mask of virtue. And that which seemeth most impossible unto me, for as near as I can repeat it, as *Plangus* told it, she could not only
sigh

sigh when she would, as all can do, and weep
 when she would, as, they say, some can do; but,
 being most impudent in her heart, she could when
 she would, teach her cheeks blushing, and make
 shamefac'dness the cloak of shamelesness. In sum,
 to leave out many particularities, which he recit-
 ed, she did not only use so the spur, that his de-
 sire ran on; but so the bit, that it ran on even
 in such a career as she would have it; that with-
 in a while the king, seeing with no other eyes
 but such as she gave him, and thinking on no o-
 ther thoughts, but such as she taught him; hav-
 ing at first liberal measure of favours, then short-
 ned of them, when most his desire was inflam-
 ed, he saw no other way but marriage to satisfy
 his longing, and her mind, as he thought, lov-
 ing, but chastly loving: so that by the time *Plan-*
gus returned from being notably victorious over
 the rebels, he found his father, not only married,
 but already a father of a son and a daughter
 by this woman. Which though *Plangus*, as he had
 every way just cause, was grieved at; yet did his
 grief never bring forth either contemning of her
 or repining at his father. But she, who besides
 was grown a mother, and a step-mother, did read
 in his eyes her own fault, and made his conscience
 her guiltiness, thought still that his presence car-
 ried her condemnation: so much the more, as that
 she, unchastly attempting his wonted fancies, found,
 for the reverence of his father's bed, a bitter re-
 fusel; which breeding rather spite than shame in
 her, or if it were a shame, a shame not of the
 fault, but of the repulse, she did not only, as
 hating him, thirst for a revenge, but, as fearing
 harm from him, endeavoured to do harm unto
 him. Therefore did she try the uttermost of her
 wicked wit, how to overthrow him in the foun-
 dation of his strength, which was in the favour of
 his father: which because she saw strong both in

nature and desert, it required the more cunning how to undermine it. And therefore, shunning the ordinary trade of hireling *Sycophants*, she made her praises of him, to be accusations; and her advancing him to be his ruin. For first, with words, nearer admiration than liking, she would extol his excellencies, the goodliness of his shape, the power of his wit, the valiantness of his courage, the fortunateness of his successes: so as the father might find in her a singular love towards him: nay she shuned not to kindle some few sparks of jealousy in him: thus having gotten an opinion in his father, that she was far from meaning mischief to the son, then fell she to praise him with no less vehemency of affection, but with much more cunning of malice. For then she sets forth the liberty of his mind, the high flying of his thoughts, the fitness in him to bear rule, the singular love the subjects bear him; that it was doubtful, whether his wit were greater in winning their favours, or his courage in employing their favours: that he was not born to live a subject life, each action of his bearing in it majesty; such a kingly entertainment, such a kingly magnificence, such a kingly heart for enterprizes: especially remembering those virtues, which in a successor are no more honoured by the subjects, than suspected of the princes. Then would she, by putting of objections, bring in objections to her husband's head, already infected with suspicion. Nay, would she say, I dare take it upon my death, that he is no such son, as many like might have been, who loved greatness so well, as to build their greatness upon their fathers ruin. Indeed *ambition, like love, can abide no lingring, and ever urgeth on his own successes*; hating nothing, but what may stop them. But the gods forbid, we should ever once dream of any such thing in him, who perhaps might be content that you and the world should know, what

what he can do: but the more power he hath to hurt, the more admirable is his praise, that he will not hurt. Then ever remembering to strengthen the suspicion of his estate with private jealousy of her love, doing him excessive honour when he was in presence, and repeating his pretty speeches and graces in his absence, besides, causing him to be employed in all such dangerous matters, as either he should perish in them; or, if he prevailed, they should increase his glory, which she made a weapon to wound him; until she found that suspicion began already to speak for it self, and that her husband's ears were grown hungry of rumours, and his eyes prying into every accident.

Then took she help to her of a servant near about her husband, whom she knew to be of a hasty ambition, and such a one, who wanting true sufficiency to raise him, would make a ladder of any mischief. Him she useth to deal more plainly in alledging causes of jealousy, making him know the fittest times when her husband already was stirred that way. And so they two, with divers ways, nourished one humour, like musicians, that singing divers parts, make one musick. He sometimes with fearful countenance would desire the king to look to himself; for that all the court and city were full of whisperings, and expectation of some sudden change, upon what ground himself knew not. Another time he would counsel the king to make much of his son, and hold his favour, for that it was too late now to keep him under. Now seeming to fear himself, because, he said, *Plangus* loved none of them that were great about his father. Lastly, breaking with him directly, making a sorrowful countenance, and an humble gesture bear false witness for his true meaning, that he found not only, soldiery, but people weary of his government, and all their affection bent upon *Plangus*; both he and the queen concurring in strange dreams, and each thing else,
that

that in a mind, already perplexed, might breed astonishment: so that within a while, all *Plangus's* actions began to be translated into the language of suspicion.

Which though *Plangus* found, yet could he not avoid, even contraries being driven to draw one yoke of argument. If he were magnificent, he spent much with an aspiring intent, if he spared, he heap-ed much with an aspiring intent: if he spake courteously, he angled the people's hearts; if he were silent, he mused upon some dangerous plot. In sum, if he could have turned himself to as many forms as *Proteus*, every form should have been made hideous.

But so it fell out, that a meer trifle gave them occasion of farther proceeding. The king one morning, going to a vineyard that lay along the hill whereupon his castle stood: he saw a vine-labourer, that finding a bough broken, took a branch of the same bough for want of another thing, and tied it about the place broken. The king asking the fellow what he did, Marry, said he, I make the son bind the father. This word, finding the king already superstitious through suspicion, amazed him streight, as a presage of his own fortune: so that, returning and breaking with his wife how much he misdoubted his estate; she made such gain-saying answers as while they strove, strove to be overcome. But even while the doubts most boiled, she thus nourished them.

She under-hand dealt with the principal men of that country, that at the great parliament, which was then to be held, they should in the name of all the estates persuade the king, being now steeped deeply into old age, to make *Plangus* his associate in government with him; assuring them, that not only she would join with them, but that the father himself would take it kindly, charging them not to acquaint *Plangus* withal; for that perhaps it might be harmful

ful unto him, if the king should find that he were a party. They (who thought they might do it, not only willingly, because they loved him; and truly, because such indeed was the mind of the people; but safely, because she who ruled the king, was agreed thereto) accomplished her counsel; she indeed keeping promise of vehement persuading the same: which the more she and they did, the more she knew her husband would fear, and hate the cause of his fear. *Plangus* found this, and humbly protested against such desire or will to accept. But the more he protested, the more his father thought he dissembled, accounting his integrity to be but a cunning face of falsehood: and therefore delaying the desire of his subjects, attended some fit occasion to lay hands upon his son, which his wife brought thus to pass.

She caused the same minister of hers to go unto *Plangus*, and, enabling his words with great shew of faith, and endearing them with desire of secrecy, to tell him, that he found his ruine conspired by his step-mother, with certain of the noblemen of that country, the king himself giving his consent, and that few days should pass before the putting it in practice; withal discovering the very truth indeed, with what cunning his step-mother had proceeded. This agreeing with *Plangus* his own opinion, made him give the better credit; yet not so far, as to flee out of his country, according to the naughty fellow's persuasion, but to attend, and to see farther. Whereupon the fellow, by the direction of his mistress, told him one day, that the same night about one of the clock, the king had appointed to have his wife, and those noblemen together, to deliberate of their manner of proceeding against *Plangus*; and therefore offered him, that if himself would agree, he would bring him to a place where he should hear all that passed; and so have the more reason both to himself, and to the world, to seek his safety.

ty. The poor *Plangus*, being subject to that only disadvantage of honest hearts, credulity, was persuaded by him; and arming himself, because of his late going, was closely conveyed into the place appointed. In the mean time, his step-mother, making all her gestures cunningly counterfeited a miserable affliction, she lay almost groveling on the floor of her chamber, not suffering any body to comfort her, until they calling for her husband, and he held off with long enquiry, at length, she told him, even almost crying out every word, that she was weary of her life, since she was brought to that plunge, either to conceal her husband's murder, or accuse her son, who had ever been more dear than a son unto her. Then with many interruptions and exclamations she told him, that her son *Plangus*, soliciting her in the old affection between them, had besought her to put too her helping hand to the death of the king; assuring her, that though all the laws in the world were against it, he would marry her when he were king.

She had not fully said thus much, with many pitiful digressions, when in comes the same fellow, that brought *Plangus*: and running himself out of breath, fell at the king's feet, beseeching him to save himself; for that there was a man with a sword drawn in the next room. The king affrighted, went out, and called his guard, who entering the place, found indeed *Plangus* with his sword in his hand, but not naked, but standing suspiciously enough, to one already suspicious. The king, thinking he had put up his sword because of the noise, never took leisure to hear his answer, but made him prisoner, meaning the next morning to put him to death in the market-place.

But the day had no sooner opened the eyes and ears of his friends, and followers, but that there was a little army of them, who came, and by force delivered him; although numbers on the other side, abused

abused with the fine framing of their report, took arms for the king. But *Plangus*, though he might have used the force of his friends, to revenge his wrong, and get the crown; yet the natural love of his father, and hate to make their suspicion seem just, caused him rather to chuse a voluntary exile, than to make his father's death the purchase of his life: and therefore went he to *Tiridates*, whose mother was his father's sister, living in his court eleven or twelve years, ever hoping by his intercession, and his own desert, to recover his father's grace. At the end of which time, the war of *Erona* happened, which my sister, with the cause thereof, discoursed unto you.

But his father had so deeply engraved the suspicion in his heart, that he thought his flight rather to proceed of a fearful guiltiness, than of an humble faithfulness; and therefore continued his hate with such vehemency, that he did even hate his nephew *Tiridates*, and afterwards his niece *Artaxia*, because in their court he received countenance, leaving no means unattempted of destroying his son; among other, employing that wicked servant of his, who undertook to empoison him. But his cunning disguised him not so well, but that the watchful servants of *Plangus* did discover him. Whereupon the wretch was taken, and, before his well deserved execution, by torture forced to confess the particularities of this, which in general I have told you.

Which confession authentically set down, though *Tiridates* with solemn embassy sent to the king, wrought no effect. For the king having put the reins of the government into his wife's hand, never did so much as read it, but sent it streight by her to be considered. So as they rather heaped more hatred on *Plangus*, for the death of their servant. And now finding, that his absence, and their reports, had much diminished the wavering people's affec-
 ti-

affection towards *Plangus*, with advancing fit persons for faction, and granting great immunities to the commons, they prevailed so far, as to cause the son of the second wife, called *Palladius*, to be proclaimed successor, and *Plangus* quite excluded: so that *Plangus* was driven to continue his serving *Tiridates*, as he did in the war against *Erona*, and brought home *Artaxia*, as my sister told you; when *Erona* by the treason of *Antiphilus* ----- But at that word she stopped. For *Basilus*, not able longer to abide their absence, came suddenly among them, and with smiling countenance, telling *Zelmane* he was afraid she had stolen away his daughters, invited them to follow the sun's counsel in going then to their lodging; for indeed the sun was ready to set. They yielded, *Zelmane* meaning some other time to understand the story of *Antiphilus*'s treason, and *Erona*'s danger, whose cause she greatly tendred. But *Miso* had no sooner espied *Basilus*, but that as spitefully, as her rotten voice could utter, she set forth the fau- ciness of *Amphialus*. But *Basilus* only attended what *Zelmane*'s opinion was: who though she hated *Amphialus*, yet the nobility of her courage prevailed over it, and she desired he might be pardoned that youthful error; considering the reputation he had, to be one of the best knights in the world; so as hereafter he governed himself, as one remembering his fault. *Basilus* giving the infinite terms of praises to *Zelmane*'s both in valour in conquering, and pitifulness in pardoning, commanded no more words to be made of it, since such he thought was her pleasure.

So brought he them up to visit his wife, where, between her and him, the poor *Zelmane* received a tedious entertainment; oppressed with being loved, almost as much, as with loving. *Basilus* not so wise in covering his passion, could make his tongue go almost no other pace, but to run into those immoderate praises, which the foolish lover thinks short of his

his mistress, though they reach far beyond the heavens. But *Gynecia*, whom womanly modesty did more outwardly bridle, yet did oftentimes use the advantage of her sex in kissing *Zelmane*, as she sat upon her bed-side by her; which was but still more and more sweet incense to cast upon the fire wherein her heart is sacrificed. Once, *Zelmane* could not stir, but that, as if they had been poppets, whose motion stood only upon her pleasure, *Basilus* with serviceable steps, *Gynecia*, with greedy eyes would follow her. *Basilus's* mind *Gynecia* well knew, and could have found in her heart to laugh at, if mirth could have born any proportion with her fortune. But all *Gynecia's* actions were interpreted by *Basilus*, as proceeding from jealousy of his amourousness. *Zelmane* betwixt both, like the poor child, whose father, while he beats him, will make him believe it is for love; or like the sick man, to whom the physician swears, the ill tasting wallowish medicine he proffers, is of a good taste: their love was hateful, their courtesy troublesome, their presence cause of her absence thence, where not only her light, but her life consisted. Alas, thought she to her self, dear *Dorus*, what odds is there between thy destiny and mine? For thou hast to do, in thy pursuit, but with shepherdish folks, who trouble thee with a little envious care, and affected diligence; but I, besides that I have now *Miso* the worst of the devils, let loose upon me, am waited on by princes, and watched by the two wakeful eyes of love and jealousy. Alas incomparable *Philoclea*, thou ever seest me, but dost never see me as I am: thou hearest willingly all that I dare say, and I dare not say that which were most fit for thee to hear. Alas, who ever but I was imprisoned in liberty, and banished being still present? to whom but me have lovers been jailors, and honour a captivity?

But the night coming on with her silent steps upon them, they parted each from other, if at least
they

they could be parted, of whom every one did live in another, and went about to flatter sleep in their beds, that disdained to bestow it self liberally upon such eyes, which by their will would ever be looking? and in least measure upon *Gynecia*. Who, when *Basilus* after long tossing was gotten asleep, and the chearful comforts of the lights removed from her, kneeling up in her bed, began with a soft voice, and swoln heart, to renew the curses of her birth; and then in a manner embracing her bed: Ah chasted bed of mine, said she, which never heretofore couldst accuse me of one defiled thought, how canst thou now receive this disastered changling? happy, happy, be they only which be not; and thy blessedness only in this respect thou mayest feel that thou hast no feeling. With that she furiously tore off great part of her fair hair: take here, O forgotten virtue, said she, this miserable sacrifice; while my soul was cloathed with modesty, that was a comely ornament: now why should nature crown the head, which is so wicked, as her only despair is she cannot be enough wicked? more she would have said, but that *Basilus*, awaked with the noise, took her in his arms, and began to comfort her; the good man thinking it was all for a jealous love of him: which humour if she would a little have maintained, perchance it might have weakened his new conceived fancies. But he finding her answers wandering from the purpose, left her to her self (glad the next morning to take the advantage of a sleep, which a little before day overwatched with sorrow, her tears had as it were sealed up in her eyes) to have the more conference with *Zelma*; who baited on this fashion by these two lovers, and ever kept from any mean to declare her self, found in her self a daily increase of her violent desires; like a river, the more swelling, the more his current is stopped.

The chief recreation she could find in her anguish, was sometime to visit that place, where first she was
so

so happy as to see the cause of her unhap. There would she kiss the ground, and thank the trees, bless the air, and do dutiful reverence to every thing that she thought did accompany her at their first meeting: then return again to her inward thoughts; sometimes despair darkning all her imaginations, sometimes the active passion of love clearing and clearing her invention, how to unbar that combersome hindrance of her two ill-matched lovers. But this morning *Basilus* himself gave her good occasion to go beyond them. For having combed and tricked himself more curiously, than any time forty winters before, coming where *Zelmae* was, he found her given over to her musical muses, to the great pleasure of the good old *Basilus*, who retired himself behind a tree, while she with a most sweet voice did utter these passionate verses.

Loved I am, and yet complain of love:
 As loving not, accus'd in love I die,
 When pity most I crave, I cruel prove:
 Still seeking love, love found as much I flie.
 Burnt in my self, I muse at others fire;
 What I call wrong, I do the same and more:
 Barr'd of my will, I have beyond desire;
 I wail for want, and yet am choak'd with store.
 This is thy work thou god for ever blind:
 Though thousands old, a boy entitled still.
 Thus children do the silly birds they find,
 With stroaking hurt, and too much cramming kill.
 Yet thus much love, O love I crave of thee:
 Let me be lov'd, or else not loved be.

Basilus made no great haste from behind the trees, till he perceived she had fully ended her musick. But then loth to lose the precious fruit of time, he presented himself unto her, falling down upon both his knees, and holding up his hands, as the old governess of *Danae* is painted, when she

suddenly saw the golden shower, O heavenly woman, or earthly goddess, said he, let not my presence be odious unto you, nor my humble suit seem of small weight in your ears. Vouchsafe your eyes to descend upon this miserable old man, whose life hath hitherto been maintained but to serve as an increase of your beautiful triumphs. You only have overthrown me, and in my bondage consists my glory. Suffer not your own work to be despised of you, but look upon him with pity, whose life serves for your praise. *Zelmane*, keeping a countenance ascances she understood him not, told him, it became her evil to suffer such excessive reverence of him, but that it worse became her to correct him, to whom she owed duty; that the opinion she had of his wisdom was such, as made her esteem greatly of his words; but that the words themselves sounded so, as she could not imagine what they might intend. Intend, said *Basilus*, proud that that was brought in question, what may they intend, but a refreshing of my soul, and asswaging of my heat, and enjoying those your excellencies, wherein my life is upheld, and my death threatned? *Zelmane* lifting up her face, as if she had received a mortal injury of him, And is this the devotion your ceremonies have been bent unto? said she: is it the disdain of my estate, or the opinion of my lightness, that have emboldened such base fancies towards me? enjoying quoth you? now little joy come to them that yield to such enjoying. Poor *Basilus* was so appalled, that his legs bowed under him; his eyes looked as though he should gladly hide himself, and his old blood going to his heart, a general shaking all over his body possessed him. At length with a wan mouth, he was about to give a stammering answer, when it came into *Zelmane's* head by this device, to make her profit of his folly; and therefore with a relented countenance, thus said unto him. Your words, mighty prince, were unfit either for me to hear, or
you

you to speak : but yet the large testimony I see of your affection, makes me willing to suppress a great number of errors. Only thus much I think good to say, that the same words in my lady *Philoclea's* mouth, as from one woman to another, so as there were no other body by, might have had a better grace ; and perchance have found a gentler receipt.

Basilus, whose senses by desire were held open, and conceit was by love quickned, heard scarcely half her answer out, but that, as if speedy flight might save his life, he turned away, and ran with all the speed his body would suffer him towards his daughter *Philoclea* ; whom he found at that time dutifully watching by her mother, and *Miso* curiously watching her, having left *Mopsa* to do the like service to *Pamela*. *Basilus* forthwith calling *Philoclea* aside, with all the conjuring words which desire could indite and authority utter, besought her she would preserve his life, in whom her life was begun ; she would save his gray hairs from rebuke, and his aged mind from despair ; that if she were not cloyed with his company, and that she thought not the earth over-burthened with him, she would cool his fiery grief, which was to be done but by her breath : That in fine, whatsoever he was, he was nothing but what it pleased *Zelmane* ; all the powers of his spirit depending of her, that if she continued cruel he could no more sustain his life, than the earth remain fruitful in the sun's continual absence. He concluded, she should in one payment requite all his deserts ; and that she needed not disdain any service, though never so mean, which was warranted by the sacred name of a father. *Philoclea* more glad than ever she had known her self, that she might, by this occasion, enjoy the private conference of *Zelmane*, yet had so sweet a feeling of virtue in her mind, that she would not suffer a vile colour to be cast over her fair thoughts, but with humble grace answered her father : That there

needed neither promise nor persuasion to her, to make her to do her uttermost for her father's service; that for *Zelmane's* favour, she would in all virtuous sort seek it towards him: and that as she would not pierce farther into his meaning, than himself should declare; so would she interpret all his doings to be accomplished in goodness: and therefore desired, if otherwise it were, that he would not impart it to her, who then should be forced to begin, by true obedience, a shew of disobedience: rather performing his general commandment, which had ever been to embrace virtue, than any new particular, sprung out of passion, and contrary to the former. *Basilus* content to take that, since he could have no more, thinking it a great point, if, by her means, he could get but a more free access unto *Zelmane*, allowed her reasons, and took her proffer thankfully, desiring only a speedy return of comfort. *Philoclea* was parting, and *Miso* streight behind her, like *Alecto* following *Proserpina*. But *Basilus* forced her to stay, though with much ado, she being sharp set upon the fulfilling of a shrewd office, in overlooking *Philoclea*; and so said to *Basilus*, that she did as she was commanded, and could not answer it to *Gynecia*, if she were any whit from *Philoclea*: telling him true, that he did evil to take her charge from her. But *Basilus*, swearing he would put out her eyes, if she stirred a foot to trouble his daughter, gave her a stop for that while.

So away departed *Philoclea*, with a new field of fancies for her travailing mind: for well she saw her father was grown her adverse party, and yet her fortune such, as she must favour her rival; and the fortune of that fortune such, as neither that did hurt her, nor any contrary mean help her.

But she walked but a little on, before she saw *Zelmane* lying upon a bank, with her face so bent over *Ladon*, that, her tears falling into the water, one might have thought that she began meltingly to be

be metamorphosed to the under-running river. But by and by with speech she made known, as well that she lived, as that she sorrowed. Fair streams, said she, that do vouchsafe in your clearness to represent unto me, my blubbered face, let the tribute offer of my tears unto you, procure your stay a while with me, that I may begin yet at last to find some thing that pities me; and that all things of comfort and pleasure do not fly away from me. But if the violence of your spring command you to haste away, to pay your duties to your great prince, the sea; yet carry with you these few words, and let the uttermost ends of the world know them. A love more clear than your selves, dedicated to a love, I fear, more cold than your selves, with the clearness lays a night of sorrow upon me, and with the coldness inflames a world of fire within me. With that she took a willow stick, and wrote in a sandy bank these few verses.

O*Ver these brooks trusting to ease mine eyes,
 (Mine eyes even great in labour with their tears)
 I laid my face; my face ev'n wherein lies
 Clusters of clouds, which no sun ever clears,
 In watry glass my watry eyes I see;
 Sorrows ill eas'd, where sorrows painted be.*

*My thoughts imprison'd in my secret woes,
 With flaming breaths do issue oft in sound,
 The sound to this strange air no sooner goes,
 But that it does with Echoes force rebound;
 And make me hear the plaints I would refrain:
 Thus outward helps my inward grief maintain.*

*Now in this sand I would discharge my mind,
 And cast from me part of my burd'nous cares:
 But in the sand my tales foretold I find,
 And see therein how well the writer fares.*

*Since, stream, air, sand, mine eyes, and ears conspire:
What hope to quench, where each thing blows the
fire?*

And as soon as she had written them, a new swarm of thoughts stinging her mind, she was ready with her feet to give the new-born letters both death and burial. But *Philoclea*, whose delight of hearing and seeing was before a stay from interrupting her, gave her self to be seen unto her, with such a lighting beauty upon *Zelmane*, that neither she could look on, nor would look off. At last *Philoclea*, having a little mused how to cut the thread even, between her own hopeless affection and her father's unbridled hope, with eyes, cheeks, and lips, whereof each sang their part to make up the harmony of bashfulness, began to say, My father, to whom I owe my self; and therefore, when *Zelmane* (making a womanish habit to be the armour of her boldness, giving up her life to the lips of *Philoclea*, and taking it again by the sweetness of those kisses) humbly besought her to keep her speech for a while within the paradise of her mind. For well she knew her father's errand, who should soon receive a sufficient answer. But now she demanded leave not to lose this long sought-for commodity of time, to ease her heart thus far, that if in her agonies her destiny was to be condemned by *Philoclea's* mouth; at least *Philoclea* might know, whom she had condemned. *Philoclea* easily yielded to grant her own desire; and so making the green bank the situation, and the river the prospect of the most beautiful buildings of nature; *Zelmane* doubting how to begin, though her thoughts already had run to the end, with a mind fearing the unworthiness of every word that should be presented to her ears, at length brought it forth in this manner.

Most beloved lady, the incomparable excellencies of your self, waited on by the greatness of your estate,

estate, and the importance of the thing, whereon my life consisteth, doth require both many ceremonies before the beginning, and many circumstances in the uttering my speech, both bold and fearful. But the small opportunity of envious occasion, by the malicious eye hateful love doth cast upon me, and the extreme bent of my affection, which will either break out in words, or break my heart, compel me not only to embrace the smallest time, but to pass by the respect due unto you, in respect of your poor caitife's life, who is now, or never to be preserved. I do therefore vow unto you, hereafter never more to omit all dutiful form, do you only now vouchsafe to hear the matter of a mind most perplexed, if ever the sound of love hath come to your ears, or if ever you have understood, what force it hath had to conquer the strongest hearts, and change the most settled estates, receive here an example of those strange tragedies; one, that in himself containeth the particularities of all those misfortunes: and from henceforth believe that such a thing may be, since you shall see it is. You shall see, I say, a living image, and a present story of what love can do when he is bent to ruin.

But alas, whither goest thou my tongue? or how doth my heart consent to adventure the revealing his nearest touching secret? but peace fear, thou comest too late, when already the harm is taken. Therefore I say again, O only princess attend here a miserable miracle of affection. Behold here before your eyes *Pyrocles*, prince of *Macedon*, whom you only have brought to this game of fortune, and unused *Metamorphosis*: whom you only have made neglect his country, forget his father, and lastly forsake to be *Pyrocles*: the same *Pyrocles* who, you heard, was betrayed by being put in a ship, which being burned, *Pyrocles* was drowned. O most true presage! for these traytors, my eyes, putting me into a ship of desire, which daily burneth; those

eyes, I say, which betrayed me, will never leave till they have drowned me. But be not, be not, most excellent lady, you that nature hath made to be the load-star of comfort, be not the rock of shipwreck: you whom virtue hath made the princess of felicity, be not the minister of ruin: you whom my choice hath made the goddess of my safety. O let not, let not, from you be poured upon me destruction; your fair face hath many tokens in it of amazement at my words: think then what his amazement is, from whence they come; since no words can carry with them the life of the inward feeling, I desire that my desire may be weighed in the balances of honour, and let virtue hold them. For if the highest love in no base person may aspire to grace, then may I hope your beauty will not be without pity, if otherwise you be, alas, but let it not be so, resolved, yet shall not my death be comfortless, receiving it by your sentence.

The joy which wrought into *Pigmalion's* mind, while he found his beloved image was softer and warmer in his folded arms, till at length it accomplished his gladness with a perfect woman's shape, still beautified with the former perfections, was even such, as by each decree of *Zelma's* words creepingly entered into *Philoclea*; till her pleasure was fully made up with the manifesting of his being, which was such as in hope did overcome hope. Yet doubt would fain have played his part in her mind and called in question, how she should be assured that *Zelma* was *Pyrocles*. But love straight stood up and deposed, that a lie could not come from the mouth of *Zelma*. Besides, a certain spark of honour, which rose in her well disposed mind, made her fear to be alone with him, with whom alone she desired to be, withal the other contradictions growing in those minds, which neither absolutely climb the rock of virtue, nor freely sink into the sea of vanity, but that spark soon gave place, or at least gave

gave no more light in her mind, than a candle doth in the sun's presence. But even sick with a surfeit joy, and fearful of she knew not what; as he that newly finds huge treasures, doubts whether he sleep or no: or like a fearful deer, which then looks most about when he comes to the best feed, with a shrugging kind of tremor through all her principal parts, she gave these affectionate words for answer. Alas, how painful a thing it is to a divided mind to make a well-joined answer? how hard it is to bring inward shame to outward confession? and what handfomness, trow you, can be observed in that speech which is made one knows not to whom? Shall I say, O *Zelma*? alas your words be against it. Shall I say prince *Pyrocles*? wretch that I am, your shew is manifest against it. But this, this I may well say; if I had continued as I ought, *Philoclea*, you had either never been, or ever been *Zelma*: you had either never attempted this change, set on with hope, or never discovered it, stopped with despair. But I fear me, my behaviour ill governed, gave you the first comfort: I fear me, my affection ill hid, hath given you this last assurance: I fear indeed, the weakness of my government before, made you think such a mask would be grateful unto me; and my weaker government since, makes you to pull off the visor. What should I do then? shall I seek far fetched inventions? shall I labour to lay marble colours over my ruinous thoughts? or rather, though the pureness of my virgin mind be stained, let me keep the true simplicity of my word. True it is, alas too true it is, O *Zelma*, for so I love to call thee, since in that name my love first began, and in the shade of that name my love shall best lie hidden, that even while so thou wert, what eye bewitched me I know not, my passions were fitter to desire, than to be desired. Shall I say then, I am sorry, or that my love must be turned to hate, since thou art turned to *Pyrocles*?
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how may that well be? since when thou wert *Zelmane*, the despair thou mightest not be thus, did most torment me. Thou hast then the victory; use it with virtue. Thy virtue wan me; with virtue preserve me. Dost thou love me? keep me then still worthy to be loved.

Then held she her tongue, and cast down a self-accusing look, finding, that in her self she had, as it were, shot out of the bow of her affection, a more quick opening of her mind, than she minded to have done. But *Pyrocles* so carried up with joy, that he did not envy the god's felicity, presented her with some jewels of right princely value, as some little tokens of his love and quality: and withal shewed her letters from his father king *Euarchus*, unto him, which even in the sea had amongst his jewels been preserved. But little needed those proofs to one, who would have fallen out with her self, rather than make any contrary conjectures to *Zelmane's* speeches; so that with such embracements, as it seemed their souls desired to meet, and their hearts to kiss as their mouths did, which fain *Pyrocles* would have sealed with the chief arms of his desire; but *Philoclea* commanded the contrary; and yet they passed the promise of marriage.

And then at *Philoclea's* intreaty, who was willing to purloin all occasions of remaining with *Zelmane*, she told her the story of her life, from the time of their departing from *Erona*; for the rest she had already understood of her sister. For, said she, I have understood, how you first in the company of your noble cousin *Musidorus*, parted from *Theffalia*, and of divers adventures, which with no more danger than glory you passed through, till your coming to the succour of the queen *Erona*; and the end of that war, you might perceive by my self, I had understood of the prince *Plangus*. But what since was the course of your doings, until you came, after so many victories, to make a conquest of poor me, that

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I know not; the fame thereof having rather shewed it by pieces, than delivered any full form of it. Therefore, dear *Pyrocles*, for what can my ears so sweetly be fed with, as to hear you of you, be liberal unto me of those things, which have made you indeed precious to the world; and now doubt not to tell of your perils, for since I have you here out of them, even the remembrance of them is pleasant. *Pyrocles* easily perceived she was content with kindness, to put off occasion of farther kindness, wherein love shewed himself a cowardly boy, that durst not attempt for fear of offending. But rather love proved himself valiant, that durst with the sword of reverent duty gain-stand the force of so many enraged desires. But so it was, that though he knew this discourse was to entertain him from a more straight parley, yet he durst not but kiss his rod, and gladly make much of that entertainment which she allotted unto him: and therefore with a desirous sigh chastning his breast for too much desiring, Sweet princess of my life, said he, what trophies, what triumph, what monuments, what histories might ever make my fame yield so sweet a musick to my ears, as that it pleaseth you to lend your mind to the knowledge of any thing touching *Pyrocles*, only therefore of value, because he is your *Pyrocles*? and therefore grow I now so proud, as to think it worth the hearing, since you vouchsafe to give it the hearing. Therefore only height of my hope, vouchsafe to know, that after the death of *Tiridates*, and settling *Erona* in her government, for settled we left her; howsoever since, as I perceived by your speech the last day, the ungrateful treason of her ill-chosen husband overthrew her; a thing, in truth, never till this time by me either heard, or suspected: for who could think, without having such a mind as *Antiphilus*, that so great a beauty as *Erona's*, indeed excellent, could not have held his affection? so great goodness could not have bound gratefulness? and high

high so advancement could not have satisfied his ambition? but therefore true it is, that wickedness may well be compared to a bottomless pit, into which it is far easier to keep ones self from falling than being fallen, to give ones self any stay from falling infinitely. But for my cousin and me, upon this cause we parted from *Erona*.

Euardus, the brave and mighty prince, whom it it was my fortune to kill in the combat for *Erona*, had three nephews, sons to a sister of his; all three set among the formost ranks of fame for great minds to attempt, and great force to perform what they did attempt, especially the eldest, by name *Anaxius*, to whom all men would willingly have yielded the height of praise, but that his nature was such, as to bestow it upon himself, before any could give it. For of so unsupportable a pride he was, that where his deeds might well stir envy, his demeanor did rather stir disdain. And if it be true that the giants ever made war against heaven, he had been a fit insign-bearer for that company. For nothing seemed hard to him, though impossible; and nothing unjust, whilst his liking was his justice. Now he in these wars had flatly refus'd his aid, because he could not brook, that the worthy prince *Plangus* was by his cousin *Tiridates* preferred before him. For allowing no other weights, but the sword and spear in judging of desert, how much he esteemed himself before *Plangus* in that, so much would he have had his allowance in his service.

But now that he understood that his uncle was slain by me, I think rather scorn that any should kill his uncle, than any kindness, an unused guest to an arrogant soul, made him seek his revenge; I must confess in manner gallant enough. For he sent a challenge unto me to meet him at a place appointed, in the confines of the kingdom of *Lycia*, where he would prove upon me, that I had by
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some treachery overcome his uncle, whom else many hundreds such as I, could not have withstood. Youth and success made me willing enough to accept any such bargain, especially, because I heard that your cousin *Amphialus*, who for some years hath universally borne the name of the best knight in the world, had divers times fought with him, and never been able to master him; but so had left him, that every man thought *Anaxius* in that one virtue of courtesy far short of him, in all other his match; *Anaxius* still deeming himself for his superior. Therefore to him I would go, and would needs go alone, because so I understood for certain, he was; and, I must confess, desirous to do something without the company of the incomparable prince *Musidorus*, because in my heart I acknowledge that I owed more to his presence, than to any thing in my self, whatever before I had done. For of him indeed, as of any worldly cause, I must grant, as received, whatever there is or may be good in me. He taught me by word, and best by example, giving me in him so lively an image of virtue, as ignorance could not cast such a mist over mine eyes, as not to see, and to love it; and all with such dear friendship and care, as, O heaven, how can my life ever requite unto him? which made me indeed find in my self such a kind of depending upon him, as without him I found a weakness, and a mistrustfulness of my self, as one stayed from his best strength, when at any time I mist him. Which humour perceiving to over-rule me, I strove against it: not that I was unwilling to depend upon him in judgment, but by weakness I would not; which though it held me unto him, made me unworthy of him. Therefore I desired his leave and obtained it, such confidence he had in me, preferring my reputation before his own tenderness; and so privately went from him, he determining, as I after knew,
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in secret manner, not to be far from the place, where we appointed to meet, to prevent any foul play that might be offered unto me. Full loath was *Erona* to let us depart from her, as it were, fore-feeling the harms which after fell to her. But I, rid fully from those cumbers of kindness, and half a days journey in my way towards *Anaxius*, met an adventure, which, though in it self of small importance, I will tell you at large, because by the occasion thereof I was brought to as great cumber and danger, as lightly any might escape.

As I past through a land, each side whereof was so bordered both with high timber trees, and copses of far more humble growth, that it might easily bring a solitary mind to look for no other companions, than the wild burgeses of the forrest, I heard certain cries, which coming by pauses to mine ears from within the wood of the right hand, made me well assured by the greatness of the cry, it was the voice of a man, though it were a very unmanlike voice, so to cry. But making my ears my guide; I left not many trees behind me, before I saw at the bottom of one of them a gentleman, bound with many garters hand and foot, so as well he might tumble and tofs, but neither run nor resist he could. Upon him, like so many eagles upon an ox, were nine gentlewomen; truly such, as one might well enough say, they were handsome. Each of them held bodkins in their hands, wherewith continually they pricked him, having been before-hand unarmed of any defence from the waste upward, but only of his shirt: so as the poor man wept and bled, cryed and prayed while they sported themselves in his pain, and delighted in his prayers as the arguments of their victory.

I was moved to compassion, and so much the more that he streight called to me for succour, desiring me at least to kill him, to deliver him from those

those tormentors. But before my self could resolve, much less any other tell what I would resolve, there came in cholerick haste towards me about seven or eight knights; the foremost of which, willed me to get away, and not to trouble the ladies, while they were taking there due revenge; but with so over-mastring a manner of pride, as truly my heart could not brook it: and therefore, answering them, that how I would have defended him from the ladies I knew not, but from them I would, I began a combat first with him particularly, and after his death with the others, that had less good manners, jointly. But such was the end of it, that I kept the field with the death of some, and flight of others. In so much as the women, afraid, what angry victory would bring forth, ran all away, saving only one, who was so flesht in malice that neither during, nor after the fight, she gave any truce to her cruelty, but still used the little instrument of her great spight, to the well witnest pain of the impatient patient: and was now about to put out his eyes, which all this while were spared, because they should do him the discomfort of seeing who prevailed over him. When I came in, and after much ado brought her to some conference, for some time it was before she would hearken, more before she would speak, and most before she would in her speech leave off the sharp remembrance of her bodkin, but at length when I pull'd off my head-piece, and humbly intreated her pardon, or knowledge why she was cruel, out of breath more with cholor, which increased in his own exercise, than with the pain she took, much to this purpose she gave her grief unto my knowledge. Gentleman, said she, much it is against my will to forbear any time the executing of my just revenge upon this naughty creature, a man in nothing, but in deceiving women. But because I see you are young, and like
enough

enough to have the power, if you would have the mind, to do much more mischief than he, I am content upon this bad subject to read a lecture to your virtue.

This man called *Pamphilus*, in birth I must confess noble, but what is that to him, if it shall be a stain to his dead ancestors to have left such an off-spring, in shape as you see, not uncomly, indeed the fit mask of his disguised falshood, in conversation wittily pleasant, and pleasantly gamesome; his eyes full of merry simplicity, his words of hearty companableness: and such an one, whose head one would not think so stayed as to think mischievously: delighted in all such things, which by imparting the delight to others, makes the user thereof welcome; as, musick, dancing, hunting, feasting, riding, and such like. And to conclude, such an one, as who can keep him at arms-end, need never wish a better companion. But under these qualities lies such a poisonous adder, as I will tell you. For by those gifts of nature and fortune, being in all places acceptable, he creeps, nay, to say, truly, he flies so into the favour of poor silly women, that I would be too much ashamed to confess, if I had not revenge in my hand, as well as shame in my cheeks. For his heart being wholly delighted in deceiving us, we could never be warned, but rather one bird caught, served for a stale to bring in more. For the more he got, the more still he shewed, that he, as it were, gave way to his new mistress, when he betrayed his promises to the former. The cunning of his flattery, the readiness of his tears, the infiniteness of his vows, were but among the weakest threads of his net. But the stirring our own passions, and by the entrance of them, to make himself lord of our forces, there lay his masters part of cunning, making us now jealous, now envious, now proud of what he had, desirous of
more;

more; now giving one the triumph, to see him that was prince of many, subject to her; now with an estranged look, making her fear the loss of that mind, which indeed could never be had: never ceasing humbleness and diligence, till he had embarked us in some such disadvantage, as we could not return dry-shod; and then suddenly a tyrant, but a crafty tyrant. For so would he use his imperiousness, that we had a delightful fear, and an awe, which made us loath to lose our hope. And, which is strangest, when sometimes with late repentance I think of it, I must confess, even in the greatest tempest of my judgment was I never driven to think him excellent; and yet so could set my mind, both to get and keep him, as though therein had lain my felicity: like them I have seen play at the ball, grow extremely earnest, who should have the ball, and yet every one knew it was but a ball. But in the end the bitter fauce of the sport was, that we had either our hearts broken with sorrow, or our estates spoiled with being at his direction, or our honours for ever lost, partly by our own faults, but principally by his faulty using of our faults. For never was there man that could with more scornful eyes behold her, at whose feet he had lately lain, nor with a more unmanlike bravery use his tongue to her disgrace, which lately had song sonnets of her praises: being so naturally inconstant, as I marvel his soul finds not some way to kill his body, whereto it had been so long united. For so hath he dealt with us, unhappy fools, as we could never tell, whether he made greater haste after he once liked, to enjoy, or after he once enjoyed, to forsake. But making a glory of his own shame, it delighted him to be challenged of unkindness, it was triumph to him to have his mercy called for: and he thought the fresh colours of his beauty were painted in no-

thing so well, as in the ruins of his lovers: yet so far had we engaged our selves, unfortunate souls, that we list not complain, since our complaints, could not but carry the greatest accusation to our selves. But every one of us, each for her self, laboured all means how to recover him, while he rather daily sent us companions of our deceit, than ever returned in any sound and faithful manner. Till at length he concluded all his wrongs with betrothing himself to one, I must confess, worthy to be liked if any worthiness might excuse so unworthy a changeableness; leaving us nothing but remorse for what was past, and despair of what might follow. Then indeed the common injury made us all join in fellowship, who till that time had imployed our endeavours one against the other, for we thought nothing was a more condemning of us, than the justifying of his love to her by marriage: then despair made fear valiant, and revenge gave shame countenance: whereupon, we, that you saw here, devised how to get him among us alone: which he, suspecting no such matter of them whom he had by often abuses, he thought, made tame to be still abused, easily gave us opportunity to do.

And a man may see, even in this, how soon rulers grow proud, and in their pride foolish: he came with such an authority among us, as if the planets had done enough for us, that by us once he had been delighted. And when we began in courteous manner, one after the other, to lay his unkindness unto him, he seeing himself confronted by so many, like a resolute orator, went not to denial, but to justify his cruel falsehood, and all with such jests, and disdainful passages, that if the injury could not be made greater, yet were our conceits made the apter to apprehend it.

Among other of his answers, forsooth, I shall never forget, how he would prove it was no in-
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constancy to change from one love to another, but a great constancy; and contrary, that which we call constancy, to be most changeable. For, said he, I ever loved my delight, and delighted always in what was lovely: and whatsoever, I found occasion to obtain that, I constantly followed it. But these constant fools you speak of, though their mistresses grow by sickness foul, or by fortune miserable, yet still will love her, and so commit the absurdest inconstancy that may be, in changing their love from fairness to foulness, and from loveliness to his contrary; like one not content to leave a friend, but will straight give over himself, to his mortal enemy: where I, whom you call inconstant, am ever constant to beauty, in others, and delight in my self. And so in this jolly scoffing bravery he went over us all, saying, he left one, because she was over-wayward: another, because she was too soon won: a third, because she was not merry enough: a fourth, because she was overgamefome: the fifth, because she was grown with grief subject to sickness: the sixth, because she was so foolish, as to be jealous of him: the seventh, because she had refused to carry a letter for him to another that he loved: the eighth, because she was not secret: the ninth, because she was not liberal: but to me, who am named *Dido*, and indeed have met with a false *Æneas*: to me I say, O the ungrateful villain, he could find no other fault to object, but that, perdy, he met with many fairer.

But when he had thus play'd the careless prince, we, having those servants of ours in readiness, whom you lately so manfully overcome, laid hold of him; beginning at first but that trifling revenge, in which you found us busy; but meaning afterwards to have mangled him so, as should have lost his credit for ever abusing more. But as you have made my fellows fly away, so

for my part the greatness of his wrong over-shadows, in my judgment, the greatness of any danger. For was it not enough for him to have deceived me, and through the deceit abused me, and after the abuse forsaken me, but that he must now, of all the company, and before all the company, lay want of beauty to my charge? many fairer. I trow even in your judgment, sir, if your eyes do not beguile me, not many fairer; and I know, who-soever say's the contrary, there are not many fairer. And of whom I should receive this reproach, but of him who hath best cause to know there are not many fairer? and therefore how-soever my fellows pardon his injuries, for my part I will ever remember, and remember to revenge his scorn of all scorns. With that she to him a-fresh; and surely would have put out his eyes, who lay mute for shame, if he did not sometimes cry for fear, if I had not leapt from my horse and mingling force with intreaty, stayed her fury.

But while I was persuading her to meekness, comes a number of his friends, to whom he forthwith cried, that they should kill that woman, that had thus betrayed and disgraced him. But then I was fain to forsake the ensign, under which I had before served, and to spend my uttermost force in the protecting of the lady: which so well prevailed for her, that in the end there was a faithful peace promised of all sides. And so I leaving her in a place of security, as she thought, went on my journey towards *Anaxius*, for whom I was forced to stay two days in the appointed place, he disdainng to wait for me, till he were sure I were there.

I did patiently abide his angry pleasure, till about that space of time he came, indeed, according to promise, alone: and, that I may not say too little, because he is wont to say too much,
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like a man, whose courage was apt to clime over any danger. And as soon as ever he came near me, in fit distance for his purpose, he with much fury, but with fury skilfully guided, ran upon me; which I, in the best fort I could, resisted; having kept my self ready for him, because I had understood that he observed few complements in matter of arms, but such as a proud anger did indite unto him. And so putting our horses into a full career, we hit each other upon the head with our launces: I think he felt my blow; for my part, I must confess, I never received the like: but I think, though my senses were astonished, my mind forced them to quicken themselves, because I had learned of him, how little favour he is wont to shew in any matter of advantage. And indeed he was turned and coming upon me with his sword drawn, both our staves having been broken, at that encounter: but I was so ready to answer him, that truly I know not who gave the first blow. But whosoever gave the first, was quickly seconded by the second. And indeed, excellentest lady, I must say true, for a time it was well fought between us; he undoubtedly being of singular valour, I would to god, it were not abased by his too much loftiness: but as, by the occasion of the combat, winning and losing ground, we changed places, his horse, happened to come upon the point of the broken spear, which, fallen to the ground, chanced to stand upward, so as it lightning upon his heart the horse died. He driven to dismount, threatned, if I did not the like, to do as much for my horse, as fortune had done for his. But whether for that, or because I would not be beholden to fortune for any part of the victory, I descended. So began our foot-fight in such fort, that we were well entered to blood on both sides, when there comes by that unconstant *Pamphilus*, whom I had delivered, easy to

be known, for he was bare-faced, with a dozen armed men after him; but before him he had *Dido*, that lady, who had most sharply punished him, riding upon a palfrey, he following her with most unmanlike cruelty; beating her with wands he had in his hand, she crying for sense of pain, or hope of succour: which was so pitiful a sight unto me, that it moved me to require *Anaxius* to defer our combat till another day, and now to perform the duties of knighthood in helping this distressed lady. But he that disdains to obey any thing but his passion, which he calls his mind, bid me leave off that thought; but when he had killed me, he would then perhaps, go to her succour. But I well finding the fight would be long between us, longing in my heart to deliver the poor *Dido*, giving him so great a blow, as somewhat stayed him, to term it a right, I flatly ran away from him toward my horse, who trotting after the company, in mine armour I was put to some pain, but that use made me nimble unto it. But as I followed my horse, *Anaxius* followed me; but this proud heart did so disdain that exercise, that I quickly over-run him, and overtaken my horse; being, I must confess, ashamed to see a number of country folks, who happened to pass thereby, who hallowed and howted after me, as at the arrantest coward that ever shewed his shoulders to his enemy. But when I had leapt on my horse, with such speedy agility, that they all cried; O see how fear gives him wings, I turned to *Anaxius*, and aloud promised him to return thither again, as soon as I had relieved the injured lady. But he railing at me, with all the base words angry contempt could indite; I said no more but *Anaxius* assure thy self, I neither fear thy force, nor thy opinion; and so using no weapon of a knight as at that time but my spurs, I ran in my knowledge after *Pamphilus*, but in all their conceits

conceits from *Anaxius*, which as far as I could hear, I might well hear testified with such laughters and games, that I was some few times moved to turn back again.

But the ladies misery over-ballanced my reputation; so that after her I went, and with six hours hard riding, through so wild places, as it were rather the cunning of my horse sometimes, than of my self, so rightly to hit the way, I overgat them a little before night, near to an old ill-favoured castle, the place where I perceived they meant to perform their unknighly errand. For there they began to strip her of her cloaths, when I came in among them; and running through the first with a lance, the justness of the cause so enabled me against the rest, false-hearted in their own wrong doing, that I had in as short time almost as I had been fighting only with *Anaxius*, delivered her from those injurious wretches, most of whom carried news to the other world, that *amongst men secret wrongs are not alwas left unpunished*. As for *Pamphilus*, he having once seen, and as it should seem, remembered me, even from the beginning began to be in the rereward, and before they had left fighting, he was too far off to give them thanks for their pains. But when I had delivered to the lady a full liberty, both in effect and in opinion, for some time it was before she could assure her self she was out of their hands, who had laid so vehement apprehension of death upon her, she then told me, how as she was returning towards her fathers, weakly accompanied, as too soon trusted to the falshood of reconciliation, *Pamphilus* had set upon her, and killing those that were with her, carried her self by such force, and with such manner as I had seen, to this place, where he meant in cruel and shameful manner to kill her, in the sight of her own father, to whom he had already sent word of it, that out of his ca-

ttle window, for this castle she said, was his, he might have the prospect of his only child's destruction in my coming, whom, she said, he feared as soon as he knew me by the armour, had not warranted her from that near approaching cruelty. I was glad I had done so good a deed for a gentlewoman not unhandsome, whom before I had in like sort helped. But the night beginning to persuade some retiring place, the gentlewoman, even out of countenance before she began her speech, much after this manner invited me to lodge that night with her father.

Sir, said she, how much I owe you, can be but abased by words, since the life I have, I hold it now, the second time, of you: and therefore need not offer service unto you, but only to remember you, that I am your servant: and I would my being so, might any way yield any small contentment unto you. Now only I can but desire you to harbour yourself this night in this castle; because the time requires it, and in truth this country is very dangerous for murdering thieves, to trust a sleeping life among them. And yet I must confess, that as the love I bear you, makes me thus invite you, so the same love makes me ashamed to bring you to a place, where you shall be so, not spoken by ceremony, but by truth, miserably entertained. With that she told me, that though she spake of her father, whom she named *Chremes*, she would hide no truth from me; which was in sum, That as he was of all that region the man of greatest possessions and riches, so was he either by nature, or an evil received opinion, given to sparing, in so unmeasurable sort, that he did not only bar himself from the delightful, but almost from the necessary use thereof: scarcely allowing himself fit sustenance of life, rather than he would spend those goods for whose sake only he seemed to joy in life. Which extream dealing, descending from himself upon her, had

had driven her to put her self with a great lady of that country, by which occasion she had stumbled upon such mischances, as were little for the honour either of her, or her family. But so wise had he shewed himself therein, as while he found his daughter maintained without his cost, he was content to be deaf to any noise of infamy : which though it had wronged her much more than she had deserved, yet she could not deny, but she was driven thereby to receive more than decent favours. She concluded, that there at last I should be free from injuries, and should be assured to her-ward to abound as much in the true causes of welcome, as I should find want of the effects thereof.

I, who had acquainted my self to measure the delicacy of food and rest, by hunger and weariness, at that time well stored of both, did not abide long intreaty, but went with her to the castle ; which I found of good strength, having a great mote round about it, the work of a noble gentleman, of whose unthrifty son he had bought it ; the bridge drawn up, where we were fain to cry a good while before we could have answer, and to dispute a good while before answer would be brought to acceptance. At length a willingness, rather than a joy to receive his daughter, whom he had so lately seen so near death, and an opinion brought into his head by course, because he heard himself called a father, rather than any kindness that he found in his own heart, made him take us in ; for my part by that time grown so weary of such entertainment, that no regard of my self, but only the importunity of his daughter, made me enter. Where I was met with this *Chremes*, a driveling old fellow, lean, shaking both of head and hands, already half earth, and yet then most greedy of earth : who scarcely would give me thanks for what I had done, for fear, I suppose, that thankfulness might have an introduction of reward ; but with a hollow voice, giving

ving me a false welcome, I might perceive in his eye to his daughter, that it was hard to say, whether the displeasure of her company did not overweigh the pleasure of her own coming. But on he brought me, into so bare a house, that it was the picture of miserable happiness, and rich beggary (served only by a company of rustical villains, full of sweat and dust, not one of them other than a labourer) in sum, as he counted it, profitable drudgery ; and all preparations both for food and lodging such, as would make one detest niggardness, it is so fluttish a vice. His talk of nothing but of his poverty, for fear, belike, least I should have proved a young borrower. In sum, such a man, as any enemy could not wish him worse than to be himself. But there that night bid I the burthen of being a tedious guest to a loathsome host ; over-hearing him sometimes bitterly warn his daughter of bringing such costly mates under his roof ; which she grieving at, desired much to know my name, I think partly of kindness, to remember who had done something for her, and partly, because she assured her self I was such a one as would make even his miser-mind contented with what he had done. And accordingly she demanded my name, and estate, with such earnestness, that I, whom love had not as then so robbed me of my self, as to be another than I am, told her directly my name and condition : whereof she was no more glad than her father, as I might well perceive by some ill-favoured chearfulness, which then first began to wrinkle it self in his face.

But the causes of their joys were far different ; for as the shepherd and the butcher both may look upon one sheep with pleasing conceits, but the shepherd with mind to profit himself by preserving, the butcher with killing him : so she rejoyced to find that mine own benefits had made me to be her friend, who was a prince of such greatness, and lovingly rejoyced : but his joy grew, as I to my danger

ger after perceived, by the occasion of the queen *Artaxia's* setting my head to sale, for having slain her brother *Tiridates*; which being the sum of an hundred thousand crowns, to whosoever brought me alive into her hands, that old wretch, who had over-lived all good nature, though he had lying idly by him much more than that; yet above all things loving money, for money's own sake, determined to betray me, so well deserving of him, for to have that which he was determined never to use. And so knowing that the next morning I was resolved to go to the place where I had left *Anaxius*, he sent in all speed to a captain of a garrison near by; which though it belonged to the king of *Iberia*, yet knowing the captain's humour to delight so in riotous spending, as he cared not how he came by the means to maintain it, doubted not that to be half with him in the gain, he would play his quarter part in the treason. And therefore that night agreeing of the fittest places where they might surprise me in the morning, the old caitiff was grown so ceremonious, as he would needs accompany me some miles in my way; a sufficient token to me, if nature had made me apt to suspect; since *a churls courtesie rarely comes, but either for gain, or falsehood.* But I suffered him to stumble into that point of good manners: to which purpose he came out with all his clowns, horfed upon such cart-jades, and so furnished, as in good faith I thought with my self, if that were thrift, I wish none of my friends or subjects ever to thrive. As for his daughter, the gentle *Dido*, she would also, but in my conscience with a far better mind, prolong the time of farewell, as long as he.

And so we went on together: he so old in wickedness, that he could look me in the face, and freely talk with me, whose life he had already contracted for: till coming into the falling of a way which lead us into a place, of each side whereof men might easily

sily keep themselves undiscovered, I was encompassed suddenly by a great troop of enemies, both of horse and foot, who willed me to yield my self to the queen *Artaxia*. But they could not have used worse eloquence to have persuaded my yielding, than that; I knowing the little good-will *Artaxia* bare me. And therefore making necessity and justice my best sword and shield, I used the other weapons as well as I could; I am sure to the little ease of a good number, who trusting to their number more than to their valour, and valuing money higher than equity, felt, that guiltiness is not always with ease oppressed. As for *Chremes*, he withdrew himself, yet so gilding his wicked conceits with his hope of gain, that he was content to be a beholder how should be taken to make his prey.

But I was grown so weary, that I supported my self more with anger than strength, when the most excellent *Musidorus* came to my succour; who having followed my trace as well as he could, after he found I had left the fight with *Anaxius*, came to the niggard's castle, where he found all burned and spoiled by the country people, who bare mortal hatred to that covetous man, and now took the time, when the castle was left almost without guard, to come in, and leave monuments of their malice therein: which *Musidorus* not staying either to farther, or impeach, came upon the spur after me, because with one voice many told him, that if I were in his company, it was for no good meant unto me, and in this extremity found me. But when I saw that cousin of mine, methought my life was doubled, and where I before thought of a noble death, I now thought of a noble victory. For who can fear that hath *Musidorus* by him? who, what he did there for me, how many he killed, not stranger for the number, than for the strange blows wherewith he sent them to a well deserved death, might well delight me to speak of, but I should so hold you too long

long in every particular. But in truth, there if ever, and ever, if ever any man, did *Musidorus* shew himself second to none in able valour.

Yet what the unmeasurable excess of their number would have done in the end, I know not, but the trial thereof was cut off by the chanceable coming thither of the king of *Iberia*, that same father of the worthy *Plangus*, whom it hath pleased you sometimes to mention: who, not yielding over to old age his country delights, especially of hawking, was at that time, following a merline, brought to see this injury offered unto us: and having great numbers of courtiers waiting upon him, was straight known by the soldiers that assaulted us, to be their king, and so most of them withdrew themselves.

He, by his authority, knowing of the captain's own constrained confession, what was the motive of this mischievous practice; misliking much such violence should be offered in his country to men of our rank, but chiefly disdaining it should be done in respect of his niece, whom, I must confess wrongfully, he hated, because he interpreted that her brother and she had maintained his son *Plangus* against him, caused the captain's head presently to be stricken off, and the old dad *Chremes* to be hanged: though truly for my part, I earnestly laboured for his life, because I had eaten of his bread. But one thing was notable for a conclusion of his miserable life, that neither the death of his daughter, who, alas poor gentlewoman, was by chance slain among his clowns, while she over-boldly for her weak sex fought to hold them from me, nor yet his own shameful end was so much in his mouth, as he was led to execution, as the loss of his goods, and burning of his house; which often, with more laughter than tears of the hearers, he made pitiful exclamations upon.

This justice thus done, and we delivered, the king indeed, in royal sort invited us to his court,
not

not far thence : in all points entertaining us so, as truly I must ever acknowledge a beholdingness unto him ; although the stream of it fell out not to be so sweet as the spring. For after some days being there, curing our selves of such wounds as we had received, while I, causing diligent search to be made of *Anaxius*, could learn nothing, but that he was gone out of the country, boasting in every place how he had made me run away, we were brought to receive the favour of acquaintance with this queen *Andromana*, whom the princess *Pamela* did in so lively colours describe the last day, as still methinks the figure thereof possesseth mine eyes, confirmed by the knowledge my self had.

And therefore I shall need the less to make you know what kind of woman she was ; but this only, that first with the reins of affection, and after with the very use of directing, she had made her self so absolute a master of her husband's mind, that a while he would not, and after, he could not tell how to govern without being governed by her : but finding an ease in not understanding, let loose his thoughts wholly to pleasure, entrusting to her the entire conduct of all his royal affairs. A thing that may luckily fall out to him that hath the blessing, to march with some heroical-minded lady. But in him it was neither guided by wisdom, nor followed by fortune, but thereby was slipt insensibly into such an estate, that he lived at her indiscreet discretion : all his subjects having by some years learned, so to hope for good, and fear of harm, only from her, that it should have needed a stronger virtue than his, to have unwound so deeply an entred vice. So that either not striving, because he was contented ; or contented, because he would not strive ; he scarcely knew what was done in his own chamber, but as it pleased her instruments to frame the relation.

Now we being brought known unto her, the time that we spent in curing some very dangerous wounds,

wounds, after once we were acquainted, and acquainted we were sooner than our selves expected, she continually almost haunted us, till, and it was not long a doing, we discovered a most violent bent of affection : and that so strangely, that we might well see, an evil-mind in authority, doth not only follow the sway of the desires already within it, but frames to it self new desires, not before thought of. For, with equal ardour she affected us both ; and so did her greatness disdain shamefacedness, that she was content to acknowledge it to both. For, having many times torn the vail of modesty, it seemed, for a last delight, that she delighted in infamy : which often she had used to her husband's shame, filling all mens ears, but his, with his reproach ; while he, hoodwinked with kindness, least of all men knew who strake him. But her first decree was, by setting forth her beauties, truly in nature not to be misliked, but as much advanced to the eye, as abased to the judgment by art, thereby to bring us, as willingly caught fishes, to bite at her bait. And thereto had she that scutchion of her desires supported by certain badly diligent ministers, who often cloyed our ears with her praises, and would needs teach us a way of felicity by seeking her favour. But when she found, that we were as deaf to them, as dumb to her, then she listed no longer to stay in the suburbs of her foolish desires, but directly entered upon them ; making her self an impudent suitor, authorizing her self very much with making us see that all favour and power in that realm, so depended upon her, as now, being in her hands, we were either to keep, or lose our liberty at her discretion ; which yet a while she so tempted, as that we might rather suspect, than she threaten. But when our wounds grew so, as that they gave us leave to travel, and that she found we were purposed to use all means we could to depart thence, she, with more and more importunateness, craved, which

which in all good manners was either of us to be desired, or not granted. Truly, most fair and every way excellent lady, you would have wondred to have seen, how before us she would confess the contention in her own mind between that lovely, indeed most lovely, brownness of *Musidorus's* face, and this colour of mine, which she, in the deceivable style of affection would entitle beautiful: how her eyes wandering like a glutton at a feast, from the one to the other; and how her words would begin half of the sentence to *Musidorus*, and end the other half to *Pyrocles*; not ashamed, seeing the friendship between us, to desire either of us to be a mediator to the other; as if we should have played one request at tennis between us: and often wishing that she might be the angle, where the lines of our friendship might meet, and be the knot which might tie our hearts together. Which proceeding of hers I do the more largely set before you, most dear lady, because by the foil thereof, you may see the nobleness of my desire to you, and the warrantableness of your favour to me.

At that *Philoclea* smiled with a little nod. But, said *Pyrocles*, when she perceived no hope by suit to prevail, then, persuaded by the rage of affection, and encouraged by daring to do any thing, she found means to have us accused to the king, as though we went about some practice to overthrow him in his own state. Which, because of the strange successes we had in the kingdoms of *Phrygia*, *Pontus* and *Galatia*, seemed not unlikely to him, who, but skimming any thing that came before him, was disciplined to leave the trough-handling of all to his gentle wife, who forthwith caused us to be put in prison, having, while we slept, deprived us of our arms: a prison, indeed injurious, because a prison; but else well testifying affection, because in all respects as commodious as a prison might be: and indeed so placed, as she might at all hours, not seen by many, though

though she cared not much how many had seen her, come unto us. Then fell she to sauce her desires with threatnings, so that we were in a great perplexity, restrained to so unworthy a bondage, and yet restrained by love, which I cannot tell how, in noble minds, by a certain duty, claims an answering. And how much that love might move us, so much, and more that faultiness of her mind removed us; her beauty being ballanced by her shamefulness. But that which did, as it were, tie us in a captivity, was, that to grant had been wickedly injurious to him that had saved our lives; and to accuse a lady that loved us, of her love unto us, we esteemed almost dishonourable: and but by one of those ways we saw no likelihood of going out of that place, where the words would be injurious to your ears, which would express the manner of her suit: while yet many times earnestly dyed her cheeks with the colour of shamefacedness, and wanton languishing borrowed of her eyes the down-cast look of modesty. But we in the mean time far from loving her, and often assuring her, that we would not so recompence her husband's saving of our lives; to such a ridiculous degree of trusting her, she had brought him, that she caused him to send us word, that upon our lives, we should do whatsoever she commanded us: good man not knowing any other, but that all her pleasures were directed to the preservation of his estate. But when that made us rather pity than obey his folly, then fell she to servile intreating us, as though force could have been the school of love, or that an honest courage would not rather strive against, than yield to injury. All which yet could not make us accuse her, though it made us almost pine away for spight, to lose any of our time in so troublesome an idleness.

But while we were thus full of weariness of what was past, and doubt of what was to follow (love that I think in the course of my live hath a sport

sometimes to poison me with roses, sometimes to heal me with wormwood) brought forth a remedy unto us: which though it helped me out of that distress, alas, the conclusion was such, as I must ever while I live, think it worse than a wrack so to have been preserved. This king by this queen, had a son of tender age, but of great expectation, brought up in the hope of themselves, and already acceptation of the inconstant people, as successor of his father's crown: whereof he was as worthy, considering his parts, as unworthy in respect of the wrong was thereby done against the most noble *Plangus*: whose great deserts now either forgotten, or ungratefully remembered; all men set their sails with the favourable wind, which blew on the fortune of this young prince, perchance not in their hearts, but surely in their mouths, now giving *Plangus*, who some years before was their only champion, the poor comfort of calamity, pity. This youth therefore accounted prince of that region, by name *Palladius*, did with vehement affection love a young lady, brought up in his father's court, called *Zelmane*, daughter to that mischievously unhappy prince *Plexirtus*, of whom already I have, and sometimes must make, but never honourable mention, left there by her father, because of the intricate changeableness of his estate; he, by the mother's side, being half brother to this queen *Andromana*, and therefore the willinger committing her to her care. But as love, alas, doth not always reflect it self, so it fell out, that this *Zelmane*, though truly reason there was enough to love *Palladius*, yet could not ever persuade her heart to yield thereunto: with that pain to *Palladius*, as they feel, that feel an unloved love. Yet loving indeed, and therefore constant, he used still the intercession of diligence and faith, ever hoping, because he would not put himself into that hell to be hopeless: until the time of our being come, and captived there, brought forth

forth this end, which truly deserves of me a farther degree of sorrow than tears.

Such was therein my ill destiny, that this young lady *Zelma*, like some unwisely liberal, that more delight to give presents, than pay debts, she chose, alas for the pity, rather to bestow her love, so much undeserved, as not desired, upon me, than to recompence him, whose love, besides many other things, might seem, even in the court of honour, justly to claim it of her. But so it was; alas that so it was! whereby it came to pass, that as nothing doth more naturally follow his cause than care to preserve, and benefit doth follow unfained affection, she felt with me, what I felt of my captivity, and streight laboured to redress my pain, which was her pain; which she could do by no better means, than by using the help therein of *Palladius*: who, true lover considering *what*, and not *why*, in all her commandments; and indeed she concealing from him her affection, which she intituled, compassion, immediately obeyed to employ his uttermost credit to relieve us: which though as great as a beloved son with a mother, faulty otherwise, but not hard-hearted toward him, yet it could not prevail to procure us liberty. Wherefore he sought to have that by practice, which he could not by prayer. And so being allowed often to visit us, for indeed our restraints were more or less, according as the ague of her passion was either in the fit or intermission, he used the opportunity of a time thus to deliver us.

The time of the marrying that queen was, every year, by the extreme love of her husband, and the serviceable love of the courtiers, made notable by some publick honours, which did, as it were, proclaim to the world, how dear she was to that people. Among other, none was either more grateful to the beholders, or more noble in it self, than justs, both with sword and launce, maintained for a seven-night together; wherein that nation doth so excel,

both for comeliness and ableness, that from neighbour-countries they ordinarily come, some to strive, some to learn, some to behold.

This day it happened, that divers famous knights came thither from the court of *Helen* queen of *Corinth*; a lady whom fame at that time was so desirous to honour, that she borrowed all mens mouths to join with the sound of her trumpet. For as her beauty hath won the prize from all women that stand in degree of comparifon, for as for the two sisters of *Arcadia*, they are far beyond all conceit of comparifon, so hath her government been such as hath been no less beautiful to mens judgments, than her beauty to the eye-sight. For being brought, by right of birth, a woman, a young woman, a fair woman, to govern a people in nature mutinously proud, and always before so used to hard governours, as they knew not how to obey without the sword were drawn: yet could she for some years so carry her self among them, that they found cause in the delicacy of her sex, of admiration, not of contempt: and which was notable, even in the time that many countries about her were full of wars, which for old grudges to *Corinth* were thought still would conclude there, yet so handled she the matter, that the threatness ever smarted in the threatners; she using so strange, and yet so well succeeding a temper, that she made her people by peace warlike; her courtiers by sports, learned; her ladies by love, chaste. For by continual martial exercises without blood, she made them perfect in that bloody art. Her sports were such as carried riches of knowledge upon the stream of delight: and such the behaviour both of her self and her ladies, as builded their chastity not upon waywardness, but choice of worthiness: so as it seemed that court to have been the marriage-place of love and virtue, and that her self was a *Diana* apparelled in the garments of *Venus*. And this which fame only delivered unto me, for yet I have never
seen

seen her, I am the willinger to speak of to you, who, I know, know her better, being your near neighbour, because you may see by her example, in her self wise, and of others beloved, that neither folly is the cause of vehement love, nor reproach the effect. For never, I think, was there any woman, that with more unremoveable determination gave her self to the counsel of love, after she had once set before her mind the worthiness of your cousin *Amphialus*; and yet is neither her wisdom doubted of, nor honour blemished. For, O god, what doth better become wisdom, than to discern what is worthy the loving? what more agreeable to goodness, than to love it so discerned? and what to greatness of heart, than to be constant in it once loved? but as that time that love of hers was not so publickly known, as the death of *Philoxenus*, and her search of *Amphialus* hath made it: but then seemed to have such leisure to send thither divers choice knights of her court, because they might bring her, at least the knowledge, perchance the honour of that triumph. Wherein they so behaved themselves, as for three days they carried the prize; which being come from so far a place to disgrace her servant, *Palladius*, who himself had never used arms, persuaded the queen *Andromana* to be content, for the honour sake of her court, to suffer us two to have our horse and armour, that he with us might undertake the recovery of their lost honour; which she granted, taking our oath to go no farther than her son, nor ever to abandon him. Which she did not more for saving him, than keeping us: and yet not satisfied with our oath, appointed a band of horsemen to have an eye that we should not go beyond appointed limits. We were willing to gratify the young prince, who, we saw, loved us. And so the fourth day of that exercise we came into the field: where, I remember, the manner was, that the forenoon they should run a tilt, one after

the other; the afternoon in a broad field in manner of a battle, till either the stranger, or that country knights wan the field.

The first that ran was a brave knight, whose device was to come in all chained, with a nymph leading him: his *Impresa* was

Against him came forth an *Iberian*, whose manner of entring was, with bagpipes instead of trumpets; a shepherd's boy before him for a page, and by him a dozen apparelled like shepherds for the fashion, though rich in stuff, who carried his launces, which though strong to give a launcely blow indeed, yet so were they coloured with hooks near the mourn, that they prettily represented sheephooks. His own furniture was drest over with wool; so enriched with jewels artificially placed, that one would have thought it a marriage between the lowest and the highest. His *Impresa* was a sheep marked with pitch, with these words, *Spotted to be known*. And because I may tell you out his conceit, though that were not done, till the running of that time was ended, before the ladies departed from the windows, among whom there was one, they say, that was the *Star*, whereby his course was only directed, the shepherds attending upon *PHILISIDES* went among them, and sang an Eclogue; one of them answering another, while the other shepherds pulling out recorders, which possessed the place of pipes, accorded their musick to the other's voice. The eclogue had great praise: I only remember six verses, while having questioned one with the other of their fellow-shepherd's sudden growing a man of arms, and the cause of his so doing, they thus said.

ME thought some staves he mist: if so, not much
amiss
For where he most would hit, he ever yet did miss.

One

One said he brake a cross ; full well it so might be :
 For never was there man more crossly crost than he.
 But most cried, O well broke ; O fool full gaily blest :
 Where failing is a shame, and breaking is his best.

Thus have I digrest, because his manner liked me well : but when he began to run against *Lelius*, it had near grown, though great love had ever been betwixt them, to a quarrel. For *Philifides* breaking his staves with great commendation, *Lelius*, who was known to be second to none in perfection of that art, ran ever over his head, so finely to the skilful eyes, that one might well see he shewed more knowledge in missing, than others did in hitting. For with so gallant a grace his staff came swimming close over the crest of the helmet, as if he would represent the kiss, and not the stroke of *Mars*. But *Philifides* was much moved with it, while he thought *Lelius* would shew a contempt of his youth : till *Lelius*, who therefore would satisfy him, because he was his friend, made him know, that to such bondage he was for so many courses tied by her, whose disgraces to him were graced by her excellency, and whose injuries he could never otherwise return, than honours.

But so by *Lelius's* willing missing was the odds of the *Iberian* side, and continued so in the next by the excellent running of a knight, though fostered so by the *Muses*, as many times the very rustick people left both their delights and profits to hearken to his songs, yet could he so well perform all armed sports, as if he had never had any other pen than a lance in his hand. He came in like a wild man ; but such a wildness, as shewed his eye-sight had tamed him, full of withered leaves, which though they fell not, still threatned falling. His *Impresa* was a mill-horse still bound to go one circle ; with these words, *Data fata secutus*. But after him the *Corinthian* knights absolutely prevailed, especially a great nobleman of *Corinth*, whose device was to come without any de-
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vice, all in white like a new knight, as indeed he was, but so new, as his newness shamed most of the other's long exercise. Then another, from whose tent I remember a bird was made flie, with such art to carry a written embassage among the ladies, that one might say, If a live bird, how so taught? if a dead bird, how so made? then he, who hidden, man and horse in a great figure lively representing the *Phoenix*: the fire took so artificially as it consumed the bird, and left him to rise as it were, out of the ashes thereof. Against whom was the fine frozen knight, frozen in despair; but his armour so naturally representing ice, and all his furniture so lively answering thereto, as yet did I never see any thing that pleased me better.

But the delight of those pleasing fights, have carried me too far into an unnecessary discourse. Let it then suffice, most excellent lady! that you know, the *Corinthians* that morning in the exercise, as they had done the days before, had the better; *Palladius* neither suffering us, nor himself, to take in hand the party till the afternoon, when we were to fight in troops, not differing otherwise from earnest, but that the sharpness of the weapons was taken away. But in the trial, *Palladius*, especially led by *Musidorus*, and somewhat aided by me, himself truly behaving himself nothing like a beginner, brought the honour to rest it self that night on the *Iberian* side: and the next day, both morning and afternoon being kept by our party. He, that saw the fit time for the delivery he intended, called unto us to follow him; which we both bound by oath, and willing by good will, obeyed; and so the guard not daring to interrupt us, he commanded passage, we went after him upon the spur, to a little house in a forrest near by; which he thought would be the fittest resting place, till we might go farther from his mother's fury, whereat he was no less angry, and ashamed, than desirous to obey *Zelmane*.

But

But his mother, as I learned since, understanding by the guard her son's conveying us away, forgetting her greatness, and resigning modesty to more quiet thoughts, flew out from her place, and cried to be accompanied, for she her self would follow us. But what she did, being rather with vehemency of passion, than conduct of reason, made her stumble while she ran, and by her own confusion hinder her own desires. For so impatiently she commanded, as a good while no body knew what she commanded; so as we had gotten so far the start, as to be already past the confines of her kingdom before she overtook us: and overtake us she did in the kingdom of *Bitinia*, not regarding shame, or danger of having entred into another's dominions, but, having with her about threescore horse-men, straight commanded to take us alive, and not to regard her son's threatening therein: which they attempting to do, first by speech, and then by force. But neither liking their eloquence, nor fearing their might, we esteemed a few words in a just defence, able to resist many unjust assaunders. And so *Musidorus's* incredible valour, beating down all lets, made both we, and *Palladius*, so good way, that we had little to do to overcome weak wrong.

And now had we the victory in effect without blood, when *Palladius*, heated with the fight, and angry with his mother's fault, so pursued our assaunders, that one of them, who as I heard since, had before our coming been a special minion of *Andromana's*, and hated us for having dispossessed him of her heart, taking him to be one of us, with a traiterous blow slew his young prince; who falling down before our eyes, whom he especially had delivered; judge, sweetest lady, whether anger might not be called justice in such a case: once, so it wrought in us, that many of his subjects bodies we left there dead, to wait on him more faithfully to the other world.

All this while disdain, strengthened by the fury of a furious love, made *Andromana* stay to the last of the combat; and when she saw us light down, to see what help we might do to the helpless *Palladius*, she came running madly unto us, then no less threatening, when she had no more power to hurt. But when she perceived it was her only son that lay hurt, and that his hurt was so deadly, as that already his life had lost the use of the reasonable, and almost sensible part; then only did misfortune lay his own ugliness upon her fault, and make her see what she had done, and to what she was come; especially finding in us rather detestation than pity, considering the loss of that young prince, and resolution presently to depart, which still she laboured to stay. But deprived of all comfort, with eyes full of death, she ran to her son's dagger, and before we were aware of it, who else would have stayed it, strake her self a mortal wound. But then her love, though not her person, awaked pity in us, and I went to her, while *Musidorus* laboured about *Palladius*. But the wound was past cure of a better surgeon than myself, so as I could but receive some few of her dying words, which were cursings of her ill set affection, and wishing unto me many crosses and mischances in my love, whensoever I should love, wherein I fear, and not only fear that her prayer is from above granted. But the noise of this fight, and issue thereof being blazed by the country people to some noblemen thereabouts; they came thither, and finding the wrong offered us, let us go on our journey, we having recommended those royal bodies unto them to be conveyed to the king of *Iberia*. With that *Philoclea*, seeing the tears stand in his eyes with remembrance of *Palladius*, but much more of that which thereupon grew, she would needs drink a kiss from those eyes, and he suck another from her lips; whereat she blushed, and yet kissed him again to hide her blushing, which had almost brought *Py-*
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rocles into another discourse, but that she with so sweet a rigour forbad him, that he durst not rebel, though he found it great war to keep that peace, but was fain to go on in his story; for so she absolutely bad him, and he durst not know how to disobey.

So, said he, parting from that place before the sun had much abased himself of his greatest height, we saw sitting upon the dry sands, which yielded, at that time, a very hot reflection, a fair gentlewoman, whose gesture accused her of much sorrow, and every way shewed she cared not what pain she put her body to, since the better part, her mind, was laid under so much agony: and so was she dulled withal, that we could come so near, as to hear her speeches, and yet she not perceive the hearers of her lamentation. But well we might understand her at times say, Thou dost kill me with thy unkind falshood: and it grieves me not to die, but it grieves me that thou art the murderer: neither doth mine own pain so much vex me, as thy error. For god knows, it would not trouble me to be slain for thee, but much it torments me to be slain by thee; thou art untrue, *Pamphilus*, thou art untrue, woe is me therefore. How oft didst thou swear unto me, that the sun should lose his light, and the rocks run up and down like little kids, before thou wouldst falsify thy faith to me? sun therefore put out thy shining, and the rocks run mad for sorrow; for *Pamphilus* is false. But alas, the sun keeps his light, though thy faith be darkned; the rocks stand still, though thou change like a weather-cock. O fool that I am, that thought I could grasp water, and bind the wind. I might well have known thee by others, but I would not; and rather wished to learn poison by drinking it my self, while my love helped thy words to deceive me. Well, yet I would thou hadst made a better choice when thou didst forsake

forfake thy unfortunat *Leucippe*. But it is no matter, *Baccha*, thy new mistress, will revenge my wrongs. But do not *Baccha*, let *Pamphilus* live happy, though I die.

And much more to such like phrase she spake, but that I, who had occasion to know something of that *Pamphilus*, stept to comfort her: and though I could not do that, yet I got thus much knowledge of her, that this being the same *Leucippe*, to whom the unconstant *Pamphilus* had betrothed himself, which had moved the other ladies to such indignations as I told you: neither her worthiness, which in truth was great, nor his own suffering for her, which is wont to endear affection, could fetter his fickleness, but that before his marriage day appointed, he had taken to wife that *Baccha*, of whom she complained; one that in divers places I had heard before blazed, as the most impudent unchaste woman of all *Asia*, and withal of such an imperiousness therein, that she would not stick to employ them whom she made unhappy with her favour, to draw more companions of their folly: in the multitude of whom she did no less glory, than a captain would do of being followed by brave soldiers: way-wardly proud; and therefore bold, because extremely faulty: and yet having no good thing to redeem both these, and other unlovely parts, but a little beauty, disgraced with wandering eyes, and unweighed speeches, yet had *Pamphilus*, for her, left *Leucippe*, and withal, left his faith; *Leucippe*, of whom one look, in a clear judgment, would have been more acceptable, than all her kindness so prodigally bestowed. For my self, the remembrance of his cruel handling *Dido*, joined to this, stirred me to seek some revenge upon him, but that I thought it should be again to him to lose his life, being so matched: and therefore, leaving him to be punished by his own election, we conveyed *Leucippe* to a house thereby,

by, dedicated to *Vestal* nuns, were she resolved to spend all her years, which her youth promised should be many, in bewailing the wrong, and yet praying for the wrong-doer.

But the next morning, we, have striven with the sun's earliness, were scarcely beyond the prospect of the high turrets of that building, when there overtook us a young gentleman, for so he seemed to us: but indeed, sweet lady, it was the fair *Zelmane*, *Plexirtus's* daughter; whom unconsulting affection, unfortunately born to me-wards, had made borrow so much of her natural modesty, as to leave her more descent raiments, and taking occasion of *Andromana's* tumultuous pursuing us, had apparelled her self like a page, with a pitiful cruelty cutting off her golden hair, leaving nothing, but the short curls, to cover that noble head, but that she ware upon it a fair head-piece, a shield at her back, and a lance in her hand, else disarmed. Her apparel of white, wrought upon with broken knots, her horse, fair and lusty; which she rid so, as might shew a fearful boldness, daring to do that, which she knew that she knew not how to do: and the sweetness of her countenance did give such a grace to what she did, that it did make handsome the unhandfulness, and make the eye force the mind to believe, that there was a praise in that unskilfulness. But she streight approached me, and with few words, which borrowed the help of her countenance to make themselves understood, she desired me to accept her into my service: telling me she was a noble man's son of *Iberia*, her name *Diaphantus*, who having seen what I had done in that court, had stolen from her father, to follow me. I enquired the particulars of the manner of *Andromana's* following me, which by her I understood, she hiding nothing but her sex from me. And still methought I had seen that face, but the great
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alteration of her fortune, made her far distant from my memory: but liking very well the young gentleman, such I took her to be, admitted this *Diaphantus* about me, who well shewed *there is no service like his, that serves because he loves*. For though born of princes blood, brought up with tenderest education, unapt to service, because a woman, and full of thoughts, because in a strange estate, yet love enjoined such diligence, that no apprentice, no, no bondslave could ever be by fear more ready at all commandments, than that young princess was. How often, alas, did her eyes say unto me, that they loved? and yet, I not looking for such a matter, had not my conceit open to understand them: how often would she come creeping to me, between gladness to be near me, and fear to offend me? truly I remember, that then I marvelled to see her receive my commandments with sighs, and yet do them with chearfulness: sometimes answering me in such riddles, as then I thought a childish inexperience: but since returning to my remembrance they have come more clear unto my knowledge: and pardon me, only dear lady, that I use many words: for her affection to me, deserves of me an affectionate speech.

But in such sort did she serve me in that kingdom of *Bithynia*, for two months space: in which time we brought to good end a cruel war long maintained between the king of *Bithynia* and his brother. For my excellent cousin, and I, dividing our selves to either side, found means, after some trial we had made of our selves, to get such credit with them, as we brought them to as great peace between themselves, as love toward us, for having made the peace. Which done, we intended to return through the kingdom of *Galatia*, called *Thrace*, to ease the care of our father and mother, who, we were sure, first with the shipwrack, and then with the other dangers we daily past, should have little rest in their thoughts
till

till they saw us. But we were not entered into that kingdom, when by the noise of a great fight we were guided to a pleasant valley, which like one of those circuses, which in great cities somewhere do give a pleasant spectacle of running horses; so of either side, stretching it self in a narrow length, was it hem'd in by woody hills, as if indeed nature had meant therein to make a place for beholders. And there we beheld one of the cruellest fights between two knights, that ever hath adorned the most martial story. So as I must confess, a while we stood bewondred, another while delighted with the rare beauty thereof; till seeing such streams of blood, as threatned a drowning life, we galloped toward them to part them. But we were prevented by a dozen armed knights, or rather villains, who using this time of their extreme feebleness, altogether set upon them. But common danger brake off particular discord, so that, though with a dying weakness, with a lively courage they resisted, and by our help drove away, or slew those murdering attemptors: among whom we hapt to take alive the principal. But going to disarm those two excellent knights, we found, with no less wonder to us, than astonishment to themselves, that they were the two valiant, and indeed famous brothers, *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whose adventure, as afterward we made that ungracious wretch confess, had thus fallen out.

After the noble prince *Leonatas* had by his father's death, succeeded in the kingdom of *Galatia*, he, forgetting all former injuries, had received that naughty *Plexirtus* into a stray degree of favour, his goodness being as apt to be deceived, as the others craft was to deceive; till by plain proof, finding that the ungrateful man went about to poison him, yet would not he suffer his kindness to be overcome, not by justice it self; but, calling him to him, used words to this purpose; *Plexirtus,*

tus, said, he, this wickedness is found by thee; no good deeds of mine have been able to keep it down in thee: all men counsel me to take away thy life, likely to bring forth nothing, but as dangerous, as wicked effects; but I cannot find it in my heart, remembering what fathers son thou art: but since it is the violence of ambition, which perchance pulls thee from thine own judgment, I will see, whether the satisfying that, may quiet the ill-working of thy spirits. Not far hence is the great city of *Trebisond*; which, the territory about it, antiently pertained unto this crown; now unjustly possessed, and is unjustly abused by those, who have neither title to hold it, nor virtue to rule it. To the conquest of that for thy self I will lend thee force, and give thee my right: go therefore, and, with less unnaturalness glut thy ambition there; and that done, if it be possible, learn virtue.

Plexirtus, mingling forsworn excuses with false-meant promises, gladly embraced the offer: and hastily sending back for those two brothers, who at that time were with us succouring that gracious queen *Erona*, by their virtue chiefly, if not only, obtained the conquest of that goodly dominion. Which indeed done by them, gave them such an authority, that though he reigned, they in effect ruled, most men honoured them, because they only deserved honour; and many thinking therein to please *Plexirtus*, considering how much he was bound unto them: while they likewise, with a certain sincere boldness of self-warranting friendship, accepted all openly and plainly, thinking nothing should ever by *Plexirtus* be thought too much in them, since all they were was his.

But he, who by the rules of his own mind, could construe no other end of mens doings, but self-seeking, suddenly feared what they could do, and so suddenly suspected what they would do, and as suddenly

denly hated them, as having both might and mind to do. But dreading their power, standing so strongly in their own valour, and others affection, he durst not take open way against them, and as hard it was to take a secret, they being so continually followed by the best, and every way ablest of that region: and therefore used this devilish sleight, which I will tell you, not doubting, most wicked man, to turn their own friendship toward him to their own destruction. He, knowing that they well knew there was no friendship between him and the new king of *Pontus*, never since he succoured *Leonatus*, and us, to his overthrow, gave them to understand, that of late there had passed secret defiance between them, to meet privately at a place appointed. Which though not so fit a thing for men of their greatness, yet was his honour so engaged, as he could not go back. Yet faining to find himself weak, by some counterfeit infirmity, the day drawing near, he requested each of them to go in his stead; making either of them swear to keep the matter secret, even each from other, from delivering the self-same particularities to both; but that he told *Tydeus*, the king would meet him in a blew armor; and *Telenor* that it was a black armour: and with wicked subtilty, as if it had been so appointed, caused *Tydeus* to take a black armour, and *Telenor* a blew; appointing them ways how to go, so as he knew they should not meet, till they came to the place appointed, where each promised to keep silence, lest the king should discover it was not *Plexirtus*: and there in a wait had he laid these murderers, that who overlived the other, should by them be dispatched: he not daring trust no more than those with that enterprize, and yet thinking them too few till themselves, by themselves, were weakened.

This we learned chiefly, by the chief of those way-beaters, after the death of those two worthy brothers, whose love was no less than their valour: but well we might find much thereof by their pitiful lamentation, when they knew their mismeeting, and saw each other, in despite of the surgery we could do unto them, striving who should run fastest to the goal of death: each bewailing the other, and more dying in the other, than in himself: cursing their own hands for doing, and their breasts for not sooner suffering: detesting their unfortunately-spent time in having served so ungrateful a tyrant, and accusing their folly in having believed he could faithfully love, who did not love faithfulness: wishing us to take heed, how we placed our goodwill upon any other ground, than proof of virtue: since length of acquaintance, mutual secrecies, nor heat of benefits could bind a savage heart; no man being good to other, that is not good in himself. Then, while any hope was, beseeching us to leave the care of him that besought, and only look to the other. But when they found by themselves, and us, no possibility, they desired to be joined; and so embracing and craving that pardon each of other, which they denied to themselves, they gave us a most sorrowful spectacle of their death; leaving few in the world behind them, their matches in any thing, if they had soon enough known the ground and limits of friendship. But with woful hearts we caused those bodies to be conveyed to the next town of *Bithynia*, where we learning thus much, as I have told you, caused the wicked historian to conclude his story with his own well-deserved death.

But then, I must tell you, I found such woful countenances in *Daiphantus*, that I could not much marvel, finding them continue beyond the first assault of pity, how the case of strangers, for
farther

further did I not conceive, could so deeply pierce. But the truth indeed is, that partly with the shame and sorrow she took of her father's faultiness, partly with the fear, that the hate I conceived against him, would utterly disgrace her in my opinion, whensoever I should know her, so vehemently perplexed her, that her fair colour decayed, and daily and hastily grew into the very extreme working of sorrowfulness: which oft I sought to learn, and help. But she as fearful as loving, still concealed it: and so decaying still more and more in the excellency of her fairness, but that whatsoever weakness took away, pity seemed to add: yet still she forced her self to wait on me, with such care and diligence, as might well shew had been taught in no other school but love.

While we, returning again to embark our selves for *Greece*, understood that the mighty *Otanes*, brother to *Barzanes*, slain by *Musidorus*, in the battle of six princes, had entered upon the kingdom of *Pontus*, partly upon the pretences he had to the crown, but principally, because he would revenge upon him, whom he knew we loved, the loss of his brother, thinking, as indeed he had cause, that wheresoever we were, hearing of his extremity, we would come to relieve him; in spite whereof he doubted not to prevail, not only upon the confidence of his own virtue and power, but especially because he had in his company two mighty giants, sons to a couple whom we slew in the same realm; they having been absent at their fathers death, and now returned: willingly entred into his service, hating more than he, both us and that king of *Pontus*. We therefore with all speed went thitherward, but by the way this fell out, which whensoever I remember without sorrow, I must forget withal, all humanity.

Poor *Daiphantus* fell extreme sick, yet would needs conquer the delicacy of her constitution, and force her self to wait on me: till one day going toward *Pontus*, we met one, who in great haste went to seek *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whose death as yet was not known unto the messenger; who, being their servant, and knowing how dearly they loved *Plexirtus*, brought them word, how since their departing, *Plexirtus* was in present danger of a cruel death, if by the valiantness of one of the best knights of the world, he were not rescued: we enquiring no farther of the matter, being glad he should now to his loss find what an unprofitable treason it had been unto him, to dismember himself of two such friends, and so let the messenger part, not sticking to make him know his masters destruction by the falshood of *Plexirtus*.

But the grief of that, finding a body already brought to the last degree of weakness, so overwhelmed the little remnant of the spirits left in *Daiphantus*, that she fell suddenly into deadly swoonings; never coming to her self, but that withal she returned to make most pitiful lamentations; most strange unto us, because we were far from guessing the ground thereof. But finding her sickness such as began to print death in her eyes, we made all haste possible to convey her to the next town: but before we could lay her on a bed, both we, and she might find in her self, that the harbingers of over-hasty death had prepared his lodging in that dainty body, which she undoubtedly feeling, with a weak chearfulness shewed comfort therein, and then desiring us both to come near her, and that no body else might be present; with pale, and yet, even in paleness, lovely lips; now or never, and never indeed but now, it is time for me, said she, to speak: and I thank death which gives me leave to discover that, the suppressing whereof perchance hath been the sharpest spur,
that

that hath hasted my race to this end. Know then my lords, and especially you my lord and master *Pyrocles*, that your page *Daiphantus* is the unfortunate *Zelmae*, who for your sake caused my, as unfortunate, lover and cousin *Palladius*, to leave his fathers court, and consequently, both him and my aunt, his mother, to lose their lives. For your sake my self have become, of a princess, a page; and for your sake have put off the apparel of a woman, and, if you judge not more mercifully, the modesty. We were amazed at her speech, and then had, as it were, new eyes given us to perceive that, which before had been a present stranger to our minds: for indeed forthwith we knew it to be the face of *Zelmae*, whom before we had known in the court of *Iberia*. And sorrow and pity laying her pain upon me, I comforted her the best I could by the tendernefs of good-will, pretending indeed better hope than I had of her recovery.

But she that had inward embassadors from the tyrant that shortly would oppress her: no, my dear master, said she, I neither hope nor desire to live. I know you would never have loved me, and with that word she wept, nor, alas, had it been reason you should, considering many ways my unworthinefs. It sufficeth me that the strange course I have taken, shall to your remembrance witness my love; and yet this breaking of my heart, before I would discover my pain, will make you, I hope, think that I was not altogether unmodest. Think of me so, dear master, and that thought shall be my life; and with that languishing looking upon me; and I pray you, said she, even by these dying eyes of mine, which are only sorry to die, because they shall lose your sight, and by these polled locks of mine, which while they were long, were the ornament of my sex, now in their short curls, the testimony of my servitude

tude, and by the service I have done you, which god knows hath been full of love, think of me after my death with kindness, though you cannot with love. And whensoever ye shall make any other lady happy with your well-placed affection, if you tell her my folly, I pray you speak of it, not with scorn, but with pity. I assure you, (dear princess, of my life, for how could it be otherwise) her words and her manner, with the lively consideration of her love, so pierced me, that though I had divers griefs before, yet me thought, I never felt, till then how much sorrow infeebleth all resolution: for I could not chuse but yield to the weakness of abundant weeping; in truth with such grief, that I could willingly at that time have changed lives with her.

But when she saw my tears, O god, said she, how largely am I recompenced for my losses? when then, said she, I may take boldness to make some requests unto you. I besought her to do, vowing the performance, though my life were the price thereof. She shewed great joy, The first, said she, is this, that you will pardon my father the displeasure you have justly conceived against him, and for this once succour him out of the danger wherein he is: I hope he will amend: and I pray you, whensoever you remember him to be the faulty *Plexirtus*, remember withal that he is *Zelmane's* father. The second is, when you come once into *Greece*, you will take unto your self this name, though unlucky, of *Daiphantus*, and vouchsafe to be called by it: for so shall I be sure, you shall have cause to remember me, and let it please your noble cousin to be called *Palladius*, that I may do that right to that poor prince, that his name yet may live upon the earth in so excellent a person: and so between you, I trust some times your unlucky page shall be, perhaps with a sigh, mentioned; lastly, let me buried here obscurely, not
suf-

suffering my friends to know my fortune, (till, when you are safely returned to your own country) you cause my bones to be conveyed thither, and, laid I beseech you, in some place where your self vouchsafe sometimes to resort. Alas, small petitions for such a suitor; which yet she so earnestly craved, that I was fain to swear the accomplishment. And then kissing me, and often desiring me not to condemn her of her lightness, in mine arms she delivered her pure soul to the purest place: leaving me as full of agony, as kindness, pity, and sorrow could make an honest heart. For I must confess for true, that if my stars had not only reserved me for you, there else perhaps I might have loved, and, which had been most strange, begun my love after death: whereof let it be the less marvel, because somewhat she did resemble you, though as far short of your perfection, as her self-dying, was of her self flourishing: yet something there was, which, when I saw a picture of yours, brought again her figure into my remembrance, and made my heart as apt to receive the wound, as the power of your beauty with unresistable force to pierce.

But we in woful, and yet private, manner burying her, performed her commandment: and then enquiring of her father's estate, certainly learned that he was presently to be succoured, or by death to pass the need of succour. Therefore we determined to divide our selves; I, according to my vow, to help him, and *Musidorus* toward the king of *Pontus*, who stood in no less need than immediate succour: and even ready to depart one from the other, there came a messenger from him, who after some enquiry found us, giving us to understand, that he trusting upon us two, had appointed the combat between him and us, against *Otanes* and the two giants. Now the day was so accorded, that it was impossible for me both to

succour *Plexirtus*, and be there, where my honour was not only so far engaged, but, by the strange working of unjust fortune, I was to leave the standing by *Musidorus*, whom better then myself I loyed, to go save him, whom for just causes, I hated. But my promise given, and given to *Zelmane*, and to *Zelmane* dying, prevailed more with me, than my friendship to *Musidorus*: though certainly I may affirm, nothing had so great rule in my thoughts as that. But my promise carried me the easier, because *Musidorus* himself would not suffer me to break it. And so with heavy minds, more careful each of others success, than of our own, we parted; I toward the place, where I understood *Plexirtus* was prisoner to an ancient lord, absolutely governing a goodly castle, with a large territory about it, whereof he acknowledged no other sovereign but himself; whose hate to *Plexirtus* grew for a kinsman of his, whom he maliciously had murdered, because in the time that he reigned in *Galatia*, he found him apt to practice for the restoring of his virtuous brother *Leonatus*. This old knight still thirsting for revenge, used as the way to it, a policy, which this occasion, I will tell you, prepared for him. *Plexirtus* in his youth had married *Zelmane's* mother, who dying of that only childbirth, he a widower and not yet a king, haunted the court of *Armenia*; where, as he was cunning to win favour, he obtained great good liking of *Artaxia*; which he pursued: till, being called home by his father, he falsely got his father's kingdom: and then neglected his former love: till thrown out of that, by our means, before he was deeply rooted in it, and by and by again placed in *Trebisond*, understanding that *Artaxia* by her brother's death was become queen of *Armenia*, he was hotter than ever in that pursuit, which being understood by this old knight, he forged such a letter, as might be written from *Artaxia*, intreating his present, but very private, repair thither, giving him faithful promise of present

sent marriage: a thing far from her thought, having faithfully and publickly protested, that she would never marry any, but some such prince who would give sure proof, that by his means we were destroyed. But he no more witty to frame, than blind to judge hopes, bit hastily at the bait, and in private manner posted toward her, but by the way he was met by this knight, far better accompanied, who quickly laid hold of him, and condemned him to a death, cruel enough, if any thing may be both cruel and just. For he caused him to be kept in a miserable prison, till a day appointed, at which time he would deliver him to be devoured by a monstrous beast of most ugly shape, armed like a *Rhinoceros*, as strong as an elephant, as fierce as a lion, as nimble as a leopard, and as cruel as a tygre; whom he having kept in a strong place, from the first youth of it, now thought no fitter match, than such a beastly monster with a monstrous tyrant; proclaiming yet withal, that if any so well loved him, as to venture their lives against this beast for him, if they overcame, he should be saved: not caring how many there were, such confidence he had in that monstrous strength, but especially hoping to entrap thereby the great courages of *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, whom he no less hated, because they had been principal instruments of the other's power.

I dare say, if *Zelmane* had known what danger I should have passed, she would rather have let her father to perish, than me to have bidden that adventure. But my word was past; and truly the hardness of the enterprise was not so much a bit as a spur unto me, knowing well, that *the journey of high honour lies not in plain ways*. Therefore going thither, and taking sufficient security that *Plexirtus* should be delivered, if I were victorious, I undertook the combat: and to make short, excellent lady, and not to trouble your ears with recounting a terrible matter, so was my weakness blessed from above; that, with-

without dangerous wounds, I slew that monster, which hundreds durst not attempt; to so great admiration of many, who from a safe place might look on, that there was order given, to have the fight both by sculpture and picture, celebrated in most parts of *Asia*. And the old nobleman so well liked me, that he loved me; only bewailing my virtue had been employed to save a worse monster than I killed: whom yet, according to faith given, he delivered, and accompanied me to the kingdom of *Pontus*, whither I would needs in all speed go, to see whether it were possible for me, if perchance the day had been delayed, to come to the combat: but that, before I came, had been thus finished.

The virtuous *Leonatus* understanding two so great friends of his were to be in that danger, would perforce be one himself; where he did valiantly, and so did the king of *Pontus*. But the truth is, that both they being sore hurt, the incomparable *Musidorus* finished the combat by the death of both the giants, and the taking of *Otanes* prisoner. To whom as he gave his life, so he got a noble friend, for so he gave his word to be, and he is well known to think himself greater in being subject to that, than in the greatness of his principality.

But thither, understanding of our being there, flocked great multitudes of many great persons, and even of princes; especially those, whom we had made beholding unto us: as, the kings of *Phrygia*, *Bithynia*, with those two hurt of *Pontus* and *Galatia*, and *Otanes* the prisoner, by *Musidorus* set free; and thither came *Plexirtus* of *Trebisond*, and *Antiphilus* then king of *Lycia*; with as many more great princes, drawn either by our reputation, or by willingness to acknowledge themselves obliged unto us, for what we had done for the others. So as in those parts of the world, I think, in many hundreds of years there was not seen so royal an assembly, where nothing was let pass to do us the highest honours; which
such

such persons, who might command both purses and inventions, could perform: all from all sides bringing unto us right royal presents, which we, to avoid both unkindness and importunity, liberally received; and not content therewith, would needs accept as from us their crowns, and acknowledge to hold them of us: with many other excessive honours, which would not suffer the measure of this short leisure to describe unto you.

But we quickly aweary thereof, hasted to *Greece*-ward, led thither partly with the desire of our parents, but hastened principally, because I understood that *Anaxius* with open mouth of defamation had gone thither to seek me, and was now come to *Pe-
loponnesus*, where from court to court he made enquiry of me, doing yet himself so noble deeds, as might hap to authorize an ill opinion of me. We therefore suffered but short delays, desiring to take this country in our way, so renowned over the world, that no prince could pretend height, nor beggar lowness, to bar him from the sound thereof: renowned indeed, not so much for the antient praises attributed thereunto, as for the having in it *Argalus* and *Amphialus*, two knights of such rare prowess, as we desired especially to know, and yet by far, not so much for that, as without suffering of comparison for the beauty of you and your sister, which makes all indifferent judges to speak thereof, account this country as a temple of deities. But these causes indeed moving us to come by this land, we embarked our selves in the next port, whither all those princes, (saving *Antiphilus*, who returned, as he pretended, not able to tarry longer from *Erona*) conveyed us. And there found we a ship most royally furnished by *Plexirtus*, who had made all things so proper, as well for our defence, as ease, that all the other princes greatly commended him for it: who seeming a quite altered man, had nothing but repentance in his eyes, friendship in his gesture, and
virtue

virtue in his mouth: so that we, who had promised the sweet *Zelmane* to pardon him, now not only forgave, but began to favour, persuading our selves with a youthful credulity, that perchance things were not so evil as we took them; and as it were, desiring our own memory that it might be so. But so were we licenced from those princes, truly not without tears, especially of the virtuous *Leonatus*, who with the king of *Pontus* would have came with us, but that we, in respect of the one's young wife, and both their new settled kingdoms, would not suffer it. Then would they have sent whole fleets to guard us; but we that desired to pass secretly into *Greece*, made them leave that motion, when they found that more ships than one would be displeasing unto us. But so committing our selves unto the uncertain discretion of the wind, we (then determining as soon as we came to *Greece*, to take the names of *Daiphantus* and *Palladius*, as well for our own promises to *Zelmane*, as because we desired to come unknown into *Greece*) left the *Asian* shoar full of princely persons, who even upon their knees recommended our safeties to the devotion of their chief desires: among whom none had been so officious, though I dare affirm, all quite contrary to his unfaithfulness, as *Plexirtus*.

And so having sailed almost two days, looking for nothing, but when we might look upon the land, a grave man, whom we had seen of great trust with *Plexirtus*, and was sent as our principal guide, came unto us, and with a certain kind manner mixed with shame, and repentance, began to tell us, that he had taken such a love unto us, considering our youth and fame, that though he were a servant, and a servant of such trust about *Plexirtus*, as that he had committed unto him even those secrets of his heart, which abhorred all other knowledge; yet he rather chose to reveal at this time a most pernicious counsel, than by concealing it bring to ruine those whom he could not

not chuse but honour. So went he on, and told us, that *Plexirtus* (in hope thereby to have *Artaxia*, endowed with the great kingdom of *Armenia*, to his wife) had given him order, when we were near *Greece*, to find some opportunity to murder us, bidding him to take us asleep, because he had seen what we could do waking. Now, Sirs, said he, I would rather a thousand times lose my life than have my remembrance, while I live, poisoned with such a mischief: and therefore if it were only I, that knew herein the king's order, then should my disobedience be a warrant of your safety. But to one more, said he, namely the captain of the ship, *Plexirtus* hath opened so much touching the effect of murdering you, though I think laying the cause rather upon an old grudge, than his hope of *Artaxia*. And my self, before the consideration of your excellencies had drawn love and pity into my mind, imparted it to such, as I thought fittest for such a mischief: therefore I wish you to stand upon your guard, assuring you that what I can do for your safety, you shall see, if it come to the push, by me performed. We thanked him, as the matter indeed deserved, and from that time would no more disarm our selves, nor the one sleep without his friend's eyes waked for him; so that it delayed the going forward of their bad enterprize, while they thought it rather chance, than providence, which made us so behave our selves.

But when we came within half a day's sailing of the shore, so that they saw it was speedily, or not at all to be done; then, and I remember it was about the first watch in the night, came the captain and whispered the counsellor in the ear: but he, as it should seem, dissuading him from it: the captain, who had been a pyrate from his youth, and often blooded in it, with a loud voice swore, that if *Plexirtus* bad him, he would not stick to kill god himself. And therewith called his mates, and in the king's name willed them

them to take us alive or dead, encouraging them with the spoil of us, which he said, and indeed was true, would yield many exceeding rich jewels. But the counsellor, according to his promise, commanded them they should not commit such a villainy, protesting that he would stand between them and the king's anger therein. Wherewith the captain enraged: Nay, said he, then we must begin with this traitor himself; and therewith gave him a fore blow upon the head, who honestly did the best he could to revenge himself.

But then we knew it time rather to encounter, than wait for mischief. And so against the captain we went, who freight was environed with most part of the soldiers and mariners. And yet the truth is, there were some, whom either the authority of the counsellor, doubt of the king's mind, or liking of us, made draw their swords of our side; so that quickly it grew a most confused fight. For the narrowness of the place, the darkness of time, and the uncertainty in such a tumult how to know friends from foes, made the rage of the swords rather guide than be guided by their masters. For my cousin and me, truly I think we never performed less in any place, doing no other hurt than the defence of our selves, and succouring them who came, for it, drove us to: for not discerning perfectly, who were for, or against us; we thought it *less evil to spare a foe, than spoil a friend*. But from the highest to the lowest part of the ship there was no place left, without cries of murdering, and murdered persons. The captain I had a while to fight withal, but was driven to part with him, by hearing the cry of the counsellor, who received a mortal wound, mistaken of one of his own side.

Some of the wiser would call to parley, and with peace: but while the words of peace were in their mouths, some of their evil auditors gave them death for their hire. So that no man almost could conceive
hope

hope of living, but by being last alive; and therefore every one was willing to make himself room, by dispatching almost any other: so that the great number in the ship were reduced to exceeding few, when of those few the most part weary, weary of those troubles, leapt into the boat, which was fast to the ship; but while they that were first, were cutting off the rope that tyed it, others came leaping in so disorderly, that they drowned both the boat and themselves.

But while even in that little remnant, like the children of *Cadmus*, we continued still to slay one another, a fire, which, whether by the desperate malice of some, or intention to separate, or accidentally, while all things were cast up and down, it should seem had taken a good while before, but never heeded of us; who only thought to preserve or revenge, now violently burst out in many places, and began to master the principal parts of the ship. Then necessity made us see, *that a common enemy sets one at a civil war*: for that little all we are, as if we had been waged by some man to quench a fire, straight went to resist that furious enemy by all art and labour: but it was too late, for already it did embrace and devour from the stern to the waste of the ship: so as labouring in vain, we were driven to get up to the prow of the ship, by the work of nature seeking to preserve life as long as we could; while truly it was a strange and ugly sight, to see so huge a fire, as it quickly grew to be in the sea; and in the night, as if it had come to light us to death. And by and by it had burned off the mast, which all this while had proudly born the sail, the wind, as might seem, delighted to carry fire and blood in his mouth, but now it fell over-board, and the fire growing nearer us, it was not only terrible in respect of what we were to attend, but insupportable through the heat of it.

So

So that we were constrained to abide it no longer, but disarming and stripping our selves, and laying our selves upon such things, as we thought might help our swimming over to the land, too far for our strength to bear us, my cousin and I threw our selves into the sea. But I had swam a very little way when, I felt, by reason of a wound I had, that I should not be able to abide the travel: and therefore seeing the mast, whose tackling had been burnt off, floated clear from the ship; I swam unto it, and getting on it, I found mine own sword, which by chance, when I threw it away, caught by a piece of canvas, had hung to the mast. I was glad because I loved it well, but gladder, when I saw at the other end the captain of the ship, and of all this mischief; who having a long pike, belike had born himself up with that, till he had set himself upon the mast. But when I perceived him, Villain, said I, dost thou think to over-live so many honest men, whom thy falshood hath brought to destruction? with that bestriding the mast, I gat by little and little towards him after such a manner as boys are wont, if ever you saw that sport, when they ride the wild mare. And he perceiving my intention, like a fellow that had much more courage than honesty, set himself to resist: but I had in a short space gotten within him, and, giving him a sound blow, sent him to feed fishes. But there my self remained, until by pyrates I was taken up, and among them again taken prisoner, and brought into *Laconia*.

But what, said *Philoclea*, became of your cousin *Musidorus*? Lost, said *Pyrocles*. Ah, my *Pyrocles*, said *Philoclea*, I am glad I have taken you. I perceive you lovers do not always say truly: as though I knew not your cousin *Dorus* the shepherd? life of my desires, said *Pyrocles*, what is mine, even to my soul is yours; but the secret of my friend is not mine. But if you know so much, then I may truly say, he is lost, since he is no more his own. But I perceive
your

your noble sister and you are great friends, and well doth it become you so to be. But go forward, dear *Pyrocles*, I long to hear out till your meeting me: for there to me-ward is the best part of your story. Ah sweet *Philoclea*, said *Pyrocles*, do you think I can think so precious leisure as this well spent in talking? are your eyes a fit book, think you, to read a tale upon? is my love quiet enough to be an historian? dear princess, be gracious unto me. And then he fain would have remembered to have forgot himself. But she with a sweetly disobeying grace, desired him that her desire, once for ever, might serve, that no spot might disgrace that love, which shortly she hoped should be to the world warrantable. Fain he would not have heard, till she threatened anger; and then the poor lover durst not, because he durst not. Nay, I pray thee, dear *Pyrocles*, said she, let me have my story. Sweet princess, said he, give my thoughts a little respite: and if it please you, since this time must be so spoiled, yet it shall suffer the less harm, if you vouchsafe to bestow your voice, and let me know, how the good queen *Erona* was betrayed into such danger, and why *Plangus* fought me. For indeed I should pity greatly any mischance fallen to that princess. I will, said *Philoclea*, smiling, so you give me your word, your hands shall be quiet auditors. They shall, said he, because subject. Then began she to speak, but with so pretty and delightful a majesty, when she set her countenance to tell the matter, that *Pyrocles* could not chuse but rebel so far as to kiss her. She would have pulled her head away, and spake, but while she spake, he kissed, and it seemed he fed upon her words; but she gat away. How will you have your discourse, said she, without you let my lips alone? he yielded, and took her hand. On this said he, will I revenge my wrong; and so began to make much of that hand, when her tale, and his delight was interrupted by *Miso*: who ta-

king her time, while *Basilius's* back was turned, came into them; and told *Philoclea*, she deserved she knew what, for leaving her mother, being evil at ease, to keep company with strangers. But *Philoclea* telling her, that she was there by her father's commandment, she went away muttering, that though her back and her shoulders and her neck were broken, yet as long as her tongue would wag, it should do her errand to her mother; and so went up to *Gynecia*, who was at that time miserably vexed with this manner of dream. It seemed unto her to be in a place full of thorns, which so molested her, as she could neither abide standing still, nor tread safely going forward. In this case she thought *Zelmane's* being upon a fair hill, delightful to the eye, and easy in appearance, called her thither, whither with such anguish being come, *Zelmane* was vanished, and she found nothing but a dead body like unto her husband, which seeming at the first with a strange smell to infect her, as she was ready likewise within a while to dye; the dead body she thought took her in his arms, and said, *Gynecia*, leave all, for here is thy only rest.

With that she awaked, crying very loud, *Zelma-
ne, Zelmane*. But remembering her self, and seeing *Basilius* by, (her guilty conscience more suspecting, than being suspected) she turned her call, and called for *Philoclea*. *Miso* forthwith like a valiant shrew, looking at *Basilius*, as though she would speak though she died for it, told *Gynecia* that her daughter had been an whole hour together in secret talk with *Zelmane*; And says she, for my part I could not be heard, your daughters are brought up in such awe, though I told her of your pleasure sufficiently. *Gynecia* as if she had heard her last doom pronounced against her, with a fide look and changed countenance, O my lord, said she, what mean you to suffer these young folks together? *Basilius*, that aimed nothing at the mark of her suspicion, smiling, took her

her in his arms; Sweet wife, said he, I thank you for your care of your child; but they must be youths of other metal than *Zelmane*, that can endanger her, O but ----, cried *Gynecia*, and therewith she staid: for then indeed she did suffer a right conflict betwixt the force of love, and rage of jealousy. Many times was she about to satisfy the spite of her mind, and tell *Basilus*, how she knew *Zelmane* to be far otherwise than the outward appearance. But those many times were all put back by the manifold objections of her vehement love. Fain she would have barred her daughter's hap, but loth she was to cut off her own hope. But now, as if her life had been set upon a wager of quick rising, as weak as she was, she gat up; though *Basilus* (with a kindness flowing only from the fountain of unkindness, being indeed desirous to win his daughter as much time as might be) was loath to suffer it, swearing he saw sickness in her face, and therefore was loath she should adventure the air.

But the great and wretched lady *Gynecia*, possessed with those devils of love and jealousy, did rid herself from her tedious husband: and taking no body with her, going toward them; O jealousy, said she, the phrensy of wise folks, the well-wishing spite, and unkind carefulness, the self-punishment for others faults, and self-misery in others happiness, the cousin of envy, daughter of love, and mother of hate, how couldst thou so quietly get thee a seat in the unquiet heart of *Gynecia*! *Gynecia*, said she sighing, though wise, and once virtuous! alas it is thy breeders power which plants thee there: it is the flaming agony of affection, that works the chilling access of thy fever, in such sort, that nature gives place; the growing of my daughter seems the decay of my self; the blessings of a mother turn to the curses of a competitor; the fair face of *Philoclea* appears more horrible in my sight than the image of death. Then remembered she this song, which

the thought took a right measure of her present mind.

With two strange fires of equal heat possess,
The one of love, the other of jealousy,
Both still do work, in neither find I rest:

For both, alas, their strength together tie:
The one aloft doth hold, the other high.

Love wakes the jealous eye, least thence it moves:
The jealous eye, the more it looks it loves.

These fires increase: in these I daily burn,
They feed on me, and with my wings do flie:
My lovely joys to doleful ashes turn:

Their flames mount up, my powers prostrate lie;
They live in force; I quite consumed die.

One wonder yet far passes my conceit,
The fewel small; how be the fires so great.

But her unleasured thoughts ran not over the ten first words; but going with a pace not so much too fast for her body, as slow for her mind, she found them together, who after *Miso's* departure had left their tale, and determined what to say to *Basilus*. But full abashed was poor *Philoclea*, whose conscience now began to know cause of blushing, for first salutation, receiving an eye from her mother, full of the same disdainful scorn, which *Pallas* shewed to poor *Arachne*, that durst contend with her for the price of well weaving: yet did the force of love so much rule her, that though for *Zelmane's* sake she did detest her, yet for *Zelmane's* sake she used no harder words to her, than to bid her go home, and accompany her solitary father.

Then began she to display to *Zelmane* the storehouse of her deadly desires, when suddenly the confused rumour of a mutinous multitude gave just occasion to *Zelmane* to break off any such conference, for well she found, they were not friendly voices
the

they heard, and to retire with as much diligence as conveniently they could towards the lodge. Yet before they could win the lodge by twenty paces, they were overtaken by an unruly sort of clowns, and other rebels, which like a violent flood, were carried, they themselves knew not whither. But as soon as they came within perfect discerning these ladies, like enraged beasts, without respect of their estates, or pity of their sex, they began to run against them, as right villains thinking ability to do hurt, to be a great advancement; yet so many as they were, so many almost were their minds, all knit together only in madness. Some cried, Take; some, Kill; some, Save. But even they that cried *save*, ran for company with them that meant to kill. Every one commanded, none obeyed; he only seemed chief captain, that was most rageful.

Zelmane, whose virtuous courage was ever awake, drew out her sword, which upon those ill-armed churls giving as many wounds as blows, and as many deaths almost as wounds, lightning courage, and thundring smart upon them, kept them at a bay, while the two ladies got themselves into the lodge: out of the which *Basilus*, having put on an armour long untried, came to prove his authority among his subjects, or at least, to adventure his life with his dear mistress, to whom he brought a shield, while the ladies trembling attended by the issue of this dangerous adventure. But *Zelmane* made them perceive the odds between an eagle and a kite, with such nimble stayedness, and such an assured nimbleness, that while one was running back for fear, his fellow had her sword in his guts.

And by and by was both her heart and help well increased by the coming of *Dorus*, who having been making of hurdles for his master's sheep, heard the horrible cries of this mad multitude, and having streight represented before the eyes of his careful love, the peril wherein the soul of his soul might

be, he went to *Pamela's* lodge, but found her in a cave hard by, with *Mopsa* and *Dametas*, who at that time would not have opened the entry to his father. And therefore leaving them there, as in a place safe, both for being strong and unknown, he ran as the noise guided him. But when he saw his friend in such danger among them, anger and contempt, asking no counsel but of courage, made him run among them, with no other weapon but his sheephook, and with that overthrowing one of the villains, took away a two hand sword from him, and withal helped him for ever being ashamed of losing it. Then lifting up his brave head, and flashing terror into their faces, he made arms and legs go complain to the earth, how evil their masters had kept them. Yet the multitude still growing, and they, very killing wearying them, fearing, least in long fight they should be conquered with conquering, they drew back towards the lodge; but drew back in such sort, that still their terror went forward like a valiant mastiff, whom, when his master pulls back by the tail from the bear, with whom he had already interchanged a hateful embracement, though his pace be backward, his gesture is forward, his teeth and his eyes threatening more in the retiring, than they did in the advancing: so guided they themselves homeward, never stepping step backward, but that they proved themselves masters of the ground where they stept.

Yet among the rebels there was a dapper fellow, a taylor by occupation, who fetching his courage only from their going back, began to bow his knees, and very fencer-like to draw near to *Zelmane*. But as he came within her distance, turning his sword very nicely about his crown, *Basilus*, with a side blow, struck off his nose, he (being suiter to a seamster's daughter, and therefore not a little grieved for such a disgrace) he stooped down, because he had heard, that if it were fresh put to, it would cleave
on

on again. But as his hand was on the ground to bring his nose to his head, *Zelmane* with a blow sent his head to his nose. That saw a butcher, a butcherly chuff indeed, who that day was sworn brother to him in a cup of wine, and lifted up a great leaver, calling *Zelmane* all the vile names of a butcherly eloquence. But she letting slip the blow of the leaver, hit him so surely upon the side of his face, that she left nothing but the nether jaw, where the tongue still wagged, as willing to say more, if his master's remembrance had served. O, said a miller that was half drunk, see the luck of a good-fellow, and with that word run with a pitchfork at *Dorus*: but the nimbleness of the wine carried his head so fast, that it made it over-run his feet, so that he fell withal, just between the legs of *Dorus*, who setting his foot on his neck, though he offered two milch kine, and four fat hogs for his life, thrust his sword quite through, from one ear to the other; which took it very unkindly, to feel such news before they heard of them, instead of hearing, to be put to such feeling. But *Dorus*, leaving the miller to vomit his soul out in wine and blood, with his two-hand sword struck off another quite by the waist, who the night before had dreamed he was grown a couple, and, interpreting it that he should be married, had bragged of his dream that morning among his neighbours. But that blow astonished quite a poor painter, who stood by with a pike in his hands. This painter was to counterfeit the skirmish between the *Centaures* and *Lapithes*, and had been very desirous to see some notable wounds, to be able the more lively to express them; and this morning, being carried by the stream of this company, the foolish fellow was even delighted to see the effect of blows. But this last, happening near him, so amazed him, that he stood stock still, while *Dorus*, with a turn of his sword, struck off both his hands. And so the pain-

ter returned, well skilled in wounds, but with never a hand to perform his skill.

In this manner they recovered the lodge, and gave the rebels a face of wood of the outside. But they then, though no more furious, yet more couragious when they saw no resister; went about with pickax to the wall, and fire to the gate, to get themselves entrance. Then did the two ladies mix fear with love, especially *Philoclea*, who ever caught hold of *Zelmane*, so, by the folly of love, hindering the succour which she desired. But *Zelmane* seeing no way of defence, nor time to deliberate, (the number of those villains still increasing, and their madness still increasing with their number) thought it the only means, to go beyond their expectation with an unused boldness, and with danger to avoid danger, and therefore opening again the gate; and *Dorus* and *Basilus* standing ready for her defence, she issued again among them. The blows she had dealt before, though all in general were hasty, made each of them in particular take breath, before they brought them suddenly over-near her, so that she had time to get up to the judgment-seat of the prince, which according to the guess of that country, was before the court gate. There she paused a while, making sign with her hand unto them, and withal, speaking aloud, that she had something to say unto them, that would please them. But she was answered a while with nothing but shouts and cries; and some beginning to throw stones at her, not daring to approach her. But at length, a young farmer, who might do most among the country sort, and was caught in a little affection towards *Zelmane*, hoping by his kindness to have some good of her, desired them, if they were honest men, to hear the woman speak. Fie fellows, fie, said he, what will all the maids in our town say, if so many tall men shall be afraid to hear a fair wench? I swear unto you by no little ones, I had rather give my team of oxen, than

than we should shew our selves so uncivil wights. Besides, I tell you true, I have heard it of old men counted wisdom, to hear much, and say little. His sententious speech so prevailed, that the most part began to listen. Then she, with such efficacy of gracefulness, and such a quiet magnanimity represented in her face in this uttermost peril, as the more the barbarous people looked, the more it fixed their looks upon her, in this sort began unto them.

It is no small comfort unto me, said she, having to speak something unto you for your own behoofs, to find that I have to deal with such a people, who shew indeed in themselves the right nature of valor: which as it leaves no violence un-attempted, while the choler is nourished with resistance; so when the subject of their wrath doth of it self unlooked for offer it self into their hands, it makes them at least take a pause before they determine cruelties. Now then first, before I come to the principal matter, have I to say unto you; that your prince *Basilus* himself in person is within this lodge, and was one of the three, whom a few of you went about to fight withal: and (this she said, not doubting but they knew it well enough, but because she would have them imagine, that the prince might think that they did not know it) by him am I sent unto you; as from a prince to his well approved subjects, nay as from a father to beloved children, to know what it is that hath bred just quarrel among you, or who they be that have any way wronged you; what it is with which you are displeased, or of which you are desirous? This he requires and indeed, for he knows your faithfulness, he commands you presently to set down and chuse among your selves, some one, who may relate your griefs or demands unto him.

This, being more than they hoped for from their prince, asswaged well their fury, and many of them consented, especially the young farmer helping on,
how

who meant to make one of the demands that he might have *Zelmane* for his wife, but when they began to talk of their griefs, never bees made such a confused humming: the town dwellers demanding putting down of imposts, the country fellows laying out of commons: some would have the prince keep his court in one place, some in another: all cried out to have new counsellors; but when they should think of any new, they liked them as well as any other that they could remember, especially they would have the treasure so looked unto, as that he should never need to take any more subsidies. At length they fell to direct contrarieties. For the artificers they would have corn and wine set at a lower price, and bound to be kept so still: the plow-men, vine-laborers, and the farmers would none of that. The countrymen demanded that every man might be free in the chief towns; that could not the burghesses like of. The peasants would have all the gentlemen destroyed, the citizens, especially such as cooks, barbers, and those other that lived most on gentlemen, would but have them reformed. And of each side were like divisions, one neighbourhood beginning to find fault with another; but no confusion was greater than of particular mens likings and dislikings: one dispraising such a one, whom another praised, and demanding such a one to be punished, whom the other would have exalted. No less ado was there about chusing him, who should be their spokesman. The finer sort of burghesses, as merchants, prentises, and cloth-workers, because of the riches, disdaining the baser occupations: and they because of their number, as much disdaining them; all they scorning the countrymens ignorance, and the countrymen suspecting as much their cunning: so that *Zelmane* (finding that their united rage was now grown, not only to dividing, but to a crossing of one another, and that the dislike grown among themselves did well allay the heat against her)

made

made tokens again unto them, as though she took great care of their well-doing, and were afraid of their falling out, that she would speak unto them. They now grow jealous one of another, the stay having ingendred division, and division having manifested their weakness, were willing enough to hear, the most part striving to shew themselves willinger than their fellows: which *Zelmane*, by the acquaintance she had had with such kind of humours soon perceiving, with an angerless bravery, and an unabashed mildness, in this manner spake unto them.

An unused thing it is, and I think not heretofore seen, O *Arcadians*, that a woman should give publick counsel to men, a stranger to the country people, and that lastly in such a presence by a private person, the regal throne should be possessed. But the strangeness of your action makes that used for virtue, which your violent necessity imposeth. For certainly, a woman may well speak to such men, who have forgotten all man-like government: a stranger may with reason instruct such subjects, that neglect due points of subjection; and is it marvail this place is entred into by another, since your own prince, after thirty years government, dare not shew his face unto his faithful people? hear therefore, O *Arcadians*, and be ashamed; against whom hath this zealous rage been stirred? whither have been bent these manful weapons of yours? in this quiet harmless lodge there be harboured no *Argians*, your ancient enemies; nor *Laconians*, your now feared neighbours. Here be neither hard landlords, nor biting userers. Here lodge none, but such, as either you have great cause to love, or no cause to hate: here being none, besides your prince, princess, and their children, but my self. Is it I then, O *Arcadians*, against whom your anger is armed? am I the mark of your vehement quarrel? if it be so, that innocency shall not be stop for fury; if it be so, that the law of hospitality, so long and holily ob-

observed among you, may not defend a stranger fled to your arms for succour: if in fine, it be so, that so many valiant mens courages can be inflamed to the mischief of one silly woman; I refuse not to make my life a sacrifice to your wrath. Exercise in me your indignation, so it go no farther; I am content to pay the great favours I have received among you, with my life not ill-deserving: I present here unto you, O *Arcadians*, if that may satisfy you; rather than you, called over the world the wise and quiet *Arcadians*, should be so vain, as to attempt that alone, which all the rest of your country will abhor; than you should shew your selves so ungrateful, as to forget the fruit of so many years peaceable government; or so unnatural, as not to have with the holy name of your natural prince, any fury overmastered. For such a hellish madness, I know, did never enter into your hearts, as to attempt any thing against his person; which no successor, though never so hateful, will ever leave, for his own sake, unrevenge. Neither can your wonted valour be turned to such a baseness, as instead of a prince, delivered unto you by so many royal ancestors, to take the tyrannous yoke of your fellow subject, in whom the innate meanes will bring forth ravenous covetousness, and the newness of his estate suspectful cruelty. Imagine, what could your enemies more wish unto you, than to see your own estate with your own hands undermined? O what would your forefathers say, if they lived at this time, and saw their offspring defacing such an excellent principality, which they with much labour and blood so wisely have established? do you think them fools, that saw you should not enjoy your vines, your cattle, no not your wives and children, without government? and that there could be no government without a magistrate, and no magistrate, without obedience, and no obedience where every one upon his own private passion, may interpret the doings of the rulers? let your wits
make

make your present example a lesson to you. What sweetness, in good faith, find you in your present condition; what choice of choice find you, if you had lost *Basilus*? under whose ensign would you go, if your enemies should invade you? if you cannot agree upon one to speak for you, how will you agree upon one to fight for you? but with this fear of I cannot tell what one is troubled, and with that passed wrong another is grieved. And I pray you did the sun ever bring you a fruitful harvest, but that it was more hot than pleasant? have any of your children, that be not sometimes cumbersome? have any of you fathers, that be not sometimes wearish? what shall we curse the sun, hate our children, or disobey our fathers? but what need I use these words, since I see in your countenances, now virtuously settled, nothing else but love and duty to him, by whom for your only sakes, the government is embraced. For all what is done, he doth not only pardon you, but thank you; judging the action by the minds, and not the minds by the action. Your griefs, and desires whatsoever, and whensoever you list, he will consider of, and to his consideration it is reason you should refer them. So then, to conclude; the uncertainty of his estate made you take arms; now you see him well; with the same love lay them down. If now you end, as I know you will, he will make no other account of this matter, but as of a vehement, I must confess, over vehement affection, the only continuance might prove a wickedness. But it is not so, I see very well, you began with zeal, and will end with reverence.

The action *Zelmane* used, being beautified by nature and apparelled with skill, her gestures being such, that, as her words did paint out her mind, so they served as a shadow to make the picture more lively and sensible, with the sweet clearness of her voice, rising and falling kindly as the nature

ture of the word and efficacy of the matter required, altogether in such an admirable person, whose incomparable valour they had well felt, whose beauty did pierce through the thick dulness of their senses, gave such a way unto her speech through the rugged wilderness of their imaginations, who, besides they were stricken in admiration of her, as of more than a humane creature, where cool'd with taking breath, and had learned doubts out of leisure, that instead of roaring cries, there was now heard, nothing but a confused mut'ring, whether her saying were to be followed: betwixt fear to pursue, and loathness to leave, most of them could have been content, it had never been begun, but how to end it, each afraid of his companion, they knew not, finding it far easier to tie, than to loose knots. But *Zelmane* thinking it no evil way in such mutinies, to give the mutinous some occasion of such service, as they might think, in their own judgment, would countervail their trespass, withal to take the more assured possession of their minds, which she feared might begin to waver, loyal *Arcadians*, said she, now do I offer unto you the manifesting of your duties: all those that have taken arms for the prince's safety, let them turn there backs to the gate, with their weapons bent again such as would hurt his sacred person. O weak trust of the many-headed multitude, whom inconstancy only did guide to well-doing, who can set confidence there, where company takes away shame, and each may lay the fault on his fellow? so said a crafty fellow among them, named, *Clinias*, to himself, when he saw the word no sooner out of *Zelmane's* mouth, but that there were some shouts of joy, with, god save *Basilisus*, and divers of them with much jollity grown to be his guard: that but little before meant to be his murderers.

This

This *Clinias* in his youth, had been a scholar so far, as to learn rather words than manners, and of words rather plenty than order; and often had used to be an actor in tragedies, where he had learned, besides a slidingness of language, acquaintance with many passions, and to frame his face to bear the figure of them: long used to the eyes and ears of men, and to reckon no fault, but shamefacedness in nature; a most notable coward, and yet more strangely than rarely venturous in privy practices.

This fellow was become of near trust to *Cecropia*, *Amphialus* his mother, so that he was privy to all the mischeivous devices, wherewith she went about to ruin *Basilus* and his children, for the advancing of her son, and though his education had made him full of tongue, yet his love to be doing, taught him in any evil to be secret, and had by his mistress been used, ever since the strange retiring of *Basilus*, to whisper rumours in the peoples ears: and this time, finding great aptness in the multitude, was one of the chief that set them in the uproar, though quite without the consent of *Amphialus*, who would not for all the kingdoms of the world so have adventured the life of *Philoclea*. But now perceiving the flood of their fury begun to ebb, he thought it policy to take the first of the tide, so that no man cried louder than he upon *Basilus*. And some of the lustiest rebels not yet agreeing to the rest, he caused two or three of his mates that were at his commandment to lift him up, and then as if he had a prologue to utter, he began with nice gravity to demand audience. But few attending what he said, with vehement gesture, as if he would tear the stars from the skies he fell to crying out so loud, that not only *Zelmane*, but *Basilus* might hear him. O unhappy men, more mad than the giants that would have pluck'd *Jupiter* out of heaven,

ven, how long shall this rage continue? why do you not all throw down your weapons, and submit your selves to our good prince, or good *Basilus*, the *Pelops* of wisdom, and *Minos* of all good government? when will you begin to believe me, and other honest and faithful subjects, that have done all we could to stop your fury.

The farmer that loved *Zelmane* could abide him no longer. For as at the first he was willing to speak of conditions, hoping to have gotten great sovereignties, and among the rest *Zelmane*? so now perceiving, that the people, once any thing down the hill from their fury, would never stay till they came to the bottom of absolute yielding, and so that he should be nearer fears of punishment than hopes of such advancement, he was one of them that stood most against the agreement: and to begin withal, disdainingly this fellow should play the preacher, who had been one of the chiefest make-bates, stroke him a great wound upon the face with his sword. The cowardly wretch fell down, crying for succour, and, scrambling through the legs of them that were about him, gat to the thorne, where *Zelmane* took him, and comforted him, bleeding for that was past, and quaking for fear of more.

But as soon as the blow was given, as if *Æolus* had broke open the door to let all his winds out, no hand was idle, each one killing him that was next, for fear he should do as much to him. For being divided in minds, and not divided in companies, they that would yield to *Basilus* were intermingled with them that would not yield. These men thinking their ruin stood upon it; those men to get favour of their prince, converted their ungracious motion into their own bowels, and by a true judgment grew their own punishers. None were sooner killed than those that had been leaders in the disobedience: who by being

ing so, had taught them, that they did lead disobedience to the same leaders. And many times it fell out that they killed them that were of their own faction, anger whetting, and doubt hastening their fingers. But then came down *Zelmane*; and *Basilus* with *Dorus* issued, and sometimes seeking to draw together those of their party, sometimes laying indifferently among them, made such havock, among the rest *Zelmane* striking the farmer to the heart with her sword, as before she had done with her eyes, that in a while all they of the contrary side were put to flight, and fled to certain woods upon the frontiers; where feeding wildly, and drinking only water, they were disciplined for their drunken riots: many of them being slain in the chase, about a score only escaping. But when these late rebels, now soldiers, were returned from the chase, *Basilus* calling them together, partly for policy sake, but principally because *Zelmane* before had spoken it, which was to him more than a divine ordinance, he pronounced their general pardon, willing them to return to their houses, and hereafter be more circumspect in their proceedings: which they did most of them with sharp marks of their folly. But imagining *Clinias* to be one of the chief that had bred this good alteration, he gave him particular thanks, and withal willed him to make him know how this frenzy had entered into the people.

Clinias purposing indeed to tell him the truth of all; saving what did touch himself, or *Cecropia*, first dipping his hand in the blood of his wound; now by this blood, said he, which is more dear to me than all the rest that is in my body, since it is spent for your safety: this tongue, perchance unfortunate, but never false, shall not now begin to lie unto my prince, of me most beloved. Then stretching out his hand, and making vehement countenances the ushers to his speeches, in such

manner of terms recounted this accident. Yesterday, said he, being your birth-day, in the goodly green two miles hence before the city of *Enispus*, to do honour to the day, where four or five thousand people, of all conditions, as I think, gathered together, spending all the day in dancing and other exercises, and when night came under tents and bows making great cheer, and meaning to observe a wassalling watch all that night for your sake. *Bacchus*, the learned say, was begot with thunder: I think, that made him ever since so full of stir and debate. *Bacchus* indeed it was which sounded the first trumpet to this rude alarm. For that barbarous opinion being generally among them, to think with vice to do honour, and with activity in beastliness to shew abundance of love, made most of them seek to shew the depth of their affection, in the depth of their draught. But being once well chafed with wine, having spent all the night, and some piece of the morning in such revelling, and emboldned by your absented manner of living, there was no matter their ears had ever heard of, that grew not to be a subject of their winey conference. I speak it by proof: for I take witness of the gods, who never leave perjuries unpunished, that I often cried out against their impudency, and, when that would not serve, stopt mine ears, because I would not be partaker of their blasphemies, till with buffets they forced me to have mine ears and eyes defiled. Publick affairs were mingled with private grudges: neither was any man thought of wit, that did not pretend some cause of dislike. Rail- ing was counted the fruit of freedom, and saying nothing had his uttermost praise in ignorance. At the length, your sacred person, alas, why did I live to hear it? alas, how do I breath to utter it? But your commandment doth not only enjoin obedience, but give me force; your sacred person

son, I say, fell to be their table-talk: a proud word swelling in their stomachs, and disdainful reproaches against so great a greatness, having put on the shew of greatness in their little minds: till at length the very unbridled use of words having encreased fire in their minds, which god-what thought their knowledge notable, because they had at all no knowledge to condemn their own want of knowledge, they descended, O never to be forgotten presumption, to a direct dislike of your living from among them. Whereupon it were tedious to remember their far-fetched constructions. But the sum was, you disdained them: and what were the pomps of your estate, if their arms maintained you not? who would call you a prince, if you had not a people, when certain of them of wretched estates, and worse minds, whose fortunes change could not impair, began to say, that your government was to be looked into; how the great treasures, you had levied among them, had been spent; why none but great men and gentlemen could be admitted into counsel, that the commons, forsooth, were too plain-headed to say their opinions: but yet their blood and sweat must maintain all. Who could tell whether you were not betrayed in this place, where you lived? nay whether you did live or no? therefore that it was time to come and see; and if you were here, to know if *Arcadia* were grown loathsome in your sight, why you did not rid your self of the trouble? there would not want those that would take so fair a cumber in good part. Since the country was theirs, and the government an adherent to the country, why should they not consider of the one as well as inhabit the other? nay rather, said they, let us begin that, which all *Arcadia* will follow. Let us deliver our prince from danger of practices, and our selves from want of a prince. Let us do that which all the rest think.

Let it be said that we only are not astonished with vain titles, which have there force but in our force. Lastly, to have said and heard so much, was as dangerous, as to have attempted: and to attempt they had the glorious name of liberty with them. These words being spoken, like a furious storm, presently carried away their well inclined brains. What I, and some other of the honefter sort could do, was no more than if with a puff of breath, one should go about to make a sail go against a mighty wind: or, with one hand, stay the ruin of a mighty wall. So general grew this madness among them, there needed no drum, where each man cried, each speak to other that spake as fast to him, and the disagreeing sound of so many voices was the chief token of their unmeet agreement. Thus was their banquet turned to a battle, their winey mirths to bloody rages, and the happy prayers for your life to monstrous threatening of your estate; the solemnizing your birth-day, tended to have been the cause of your funeral. But as a drunken rage hath, besides his wickedness, that folly, that the more it seeks to hurt, the less it considers how to be able to hurt: they never weighed how to arm themselves, but took up every thing for a weapon, that fury offered to their hands. Many swords, pikes, and bills there were: others took pitch-fork and rakes, converting husbandry to soldiery: some caught hold of spits, things serviceable for life, to be the instruments of death. And there was some such one, who held the same pot wherein he drank your health, to use it, as he could, to your mischief. Thus armed, thus governed, forcing the unwilling, and heartning the willing, adding fury to fury, and increasing rage with running, they came headlong towards this lodge: no man, I dare say, resolved in his own heart, what was the uttermost he would do when he came thither. But as mischief is of such nature

ture, that it cannot stand but with strengthening one evil by another, and so multiply in it self, till it come to the highest, and then fall with his own weight: so to their minds one passed the bounds of obedience, more and more wickedness opened it self, so that they, who first pretend to preserve you, then to reform you, I speak it in my conscience, and with a bleeding heart, now thought no safety for them, without murdering you. So as if the gods, who preserve you for the preservation of *Arcadia*, had not shewed their miraculous power; and that they had not used for instruments, both your own valour, not fit to be spoken of by so mean a mouth as mine, and some, I must confess, honest minds, whom alas, why should I mention, since what we did, reach'd not to the hundredth part of our duty? our hands, I tremble to think of it, had destroyed all that, for which we have cause to rejoice that we are *Arcadians*.

With that the fellow did wring his hands, and wrang out tears, so, as *Basilus*, that was not the sharpest piercer into masked minds, took a good liking to him; and so much the more as he had tickled him with praise in the hearing of his mistress. And therefore pitying his wound, willed him to get him home, and look well unto it, and make the best search he could, to know if there were any farther depth in this matter, for which he should be well rewarded. But before he went away, certain of the shepherds being come, for that day was appointed for their pastorals, he sent one of them to *Philanax*, and another to other principal noblemen, and cities thereabouts, to make thorough enquiry of this uproar, and withal to place such garrisons in all the towns and villages near unto him, that he might thereafter keep his solitary lodge in more security, upon the making of a fire, or ringing of a bell, having them in readiness for him.

This *Clinias*, having his ear one way when his eye was any other, had perceived, and therefore hastened away with mind to tell *Cecropia*, that she was to take some speedy resolution, or else it were danger those examinations would both discover, and ruin her: and so went his way, leaving that little company with embracements, and praising of *Zelmane's* excellent proceeding, to shew, that no decking sets forth any thing so much as affection. For as, while she stood at the discretion of those undiscrēt rebels, every angry countenance any of them made, seemed a knife laid upon their own throats; so unspeakable was now their joy that they saw, besides her safety and their own, the same wrought, and safety wrought by her means, in whom they had placed all their delights. What examples *Greece* could ever alledge of wit and fortitude, where set in rank of trifles, being compared to this action.

But as they were in the midst of those unfeigned ceremonies, a cittern ill-play'd on, accompanied with a hoarse voice, who seemed to sing mauler the muses, and to be merry in spite of fortune, made them look the way of the ill-noised song. The song was this.

A *Hateful cure with hate to heal:*
A bloody help with blood to save:
A foolish thing with fools to deal.
Let him be bob'd, that bobs will have,
But who by means of wisdom high
Hath sav'd his charge? it is even I.

Let others deck their pride with scars,
And of their wounds make brave lame shows:
First let them die, then pass the stars,
When rotten fame will tell their blows:
But eye from blade, and ear from eye;
Who hath sav'd all? it is even I.

They

They had soon found it was *Dametas*, who came with no less lifted up countenance, than if he had passed over the bellies of all his enemies: so wise a point he thought he had performed in using the natural strength of the cave. But never was it his doing to come so soon thence, till the coast were more assuredly clear; for it was a rule with him, That after a great storm there ever fell a few drops before it be fully finished. But *Pamela*, who had now experienced how much care doth sollicit a lover's heart, used this occasion of going to her parents and sister, indeed as well for that cause, as being unquiet, till her eye might be assured how her shepherd had gone through the danger.

But *Basilus* with the sight of *Pamela*, of whom almost his head, otherwise occupied, had left the wonted remembrance, was suddenly stricken into a devout kind of admiration, remembering the oracle, which according to the fauning humour of false hope, he interpreted now his own to his own best, and with the willing blindness of affection, because his mind ran wholly upon *Zelmane*, he thought the gods in their oracles did principally mind her.

But as he was deeply thinking of the matter, one of the shepherds told him, that *Philanax* was already come with an hundred horse in his company. For having by chance rid not far off the little desert, he had heard of this uproar, and so was come upon the spur, gathering a company of gentlemen as fast he could, to the succour of his master: *Basilus* was glad of it; but not willing to have him, nor any other of the noblemen, see his mistress, he himself went out of the lodge: and so giving order unto him of placing garrisons, and examining these matters; and *Philanax* with humble earnestness beginning to intreat him to leave off this solitary course, which already had been so dangerous unto him, well, said *Basilus*, it may

be ere long I will condescend unto your desire. In the mean time, take you the best order you can to keep me safe in my solitariness. But, said he, do you remember, how earnestly you wrote unto me, that I should not be moved by that oracle's authority, which brought me to this resolution? full well, sir, answered *Philanax*, for though it pleased you not as then to let me know, what the oracles words were, yet all oracles hold in, in my conceit, one degree of reputation, it sufficed me to know it was but an oracle, which led you from your own course. Well, said *Basilus*, I will now tell you the words; which before I thought not good to do, because when all the events fall out, as some already have done, I may charge you with your incredulity. So he repeated them in this sort.

T*Hy elder care shall from thy careful face
By princely mean be stolen, and yet not lost;
Thy younger shall with nature's bliss embrace
An uncouth love, which nature hateth most;
Both they themselves unto such two shall wed,
Who at thy bear, as at a bar, shall plead;
Why thee, a living man, they had made dead.
In thine own seat a foreign state shall sit;
And ere that all these blows thy head do hit,
Thou, with thy wife, adultery shall commit.*

For you, forsooth, said he, when I told you, that some supernatural cause sent me strange visions, which being confirmed with presagious chances, I had gone to *Delphos*, and there received this answer, you replied unto me, that the only supernatural causes were the humours of my body, which bred such melancholly dreams; and that both they framed a mind full of conceits, apt to make presages of things, which in themselves were merely chanceable: and withal, as I say, you remember
what

what you wrote unto me, touching the authority of the oracle; but now I have some notable trial of the truth thereof, which hereafter I will more largely communicate unto you. Only now know, that the thing I most feared is already performed; I mean that a foreign state should possess my throne. For that hath been done by *Zelmane*, but not as I feared, to my ruin, but to my preservation. But when he had once named *Zelmane*, that name was as good as a pully, to make the clock of his praises run on in such sort, that, *Philanax* found, was more exquisite than the only admiration of virtue breedeth: which his faithful heart inwardly repining at, made him shrink away as soon as he could, to go about the other matters of importance, which *Basilus* had enjoined unto him.

Basilus returned into the lodge, thus by himself construing the oracle; that in that he said, his elder care should by princely mean be stolen away from him, and yet not lost, it was now performed, since *Zelmane* had as it were rob'd from him the care of his first begotten child; yet was it not lost, since in his heart the ground of it remained. That his younger should with natures bliss embrace the love of *Zelmane*, because he had so commanded her for his sake to do; yet should it be with as much hate of nature, for being so hateful an opposite to the jealousy he thought her mother had of him. The fitting in his seat he deemed by her already performed: but that which most comforted him was his interpretation of the adultery, which he thought he should commit with *Zelmane*, whom afterwards he should have to his wife, the point of his daughter's marriage, because it threatned his death withal, he determined to prevent with keeping them, while he lived, unmarried. But having as he thought, gotten thus much understanding of the oracle, he determined for
three

three days after to perform certain rites to *Apollo*: and even then began with his wife and daughters to sing this hymn by them yearly used.

A Pollo great, whose beams the greater world do
light

And in our little world do clear our inward sight
Which ever shine, though hid from earth by earthy shade,
Whose lights do ever live, but in our darkness fade;
Thou god, whose youth was deck't with spoil of Python's
skin

(So humble knowledge: can throw down the snakish
sin)

Latona's son, whose birth in pain and travel long
Doth teach, to learn the good what travels do belong:
In travel of our life, a short but tedious space,
While brittle hour glass runs, guide thou our panting pace:
Give us foresightful minds give us minds to obey
What foresight tells; our thoughts upon the knowledge stay.
Let so our fruit grow up that nature be maintain'd:
But so our hearts keep down, with vice they be not stain'd.
Let this assured hold, our judgments overtake,
That nothing wins the heaven, but what doth earth for-
sake.

As soon as he had ended his devotion (all the privileged shepherds being now come) knowing well enough he might lay all his care upon *Philanax*, he was willing to sweeten the taste of this passed tumult, with some rural pastimes. For which, while the shepherds prepared themselves in the best manner, *Basilus* took his daughter *Philoclea* aside, and with such haste, as if his ears hunted for words, desired to know how she had found *Zelmane*. She humbly answered him, according to the agreement betwixt them, that thus much for her sake *Zelmane* was content to descend from her former resolution, as to hear him, whensoever he would speak; and farther than that, she said, as *Zelmane* had not
granted

granted, so she neither did, nor ever would desire. *Basilus* kist her with more than fatherly thanks, and streight, like a hard-kept ward new come to his lands, would fain have used the benefit of that grant, in laying his sickness before his only physician. But *Zelmae*, that had not yet fully determined with her self, how to bear her self toward him, made him in few words understand, that the time, in respect of the company, was unfit for such a parly; and therefore to keep his brains the busier, letting him understand what she had learned of his daughters, touching *Erona's* distrefs, whom in her travel she had known and been greatly behold-ing to, she desired him to finish the rest, for so far as *Plangus* had told him; because she said, and she said truly, she was full of care for that lady, whose desert, only except an over-base choice, was nothing agreeable to misfortune. *Basilus* glad that she would command him any thing, but more glad, that in excusing the unfitness of that time, she argued an intention to grant a fitter, obeyed her in this manner.

Madam, said he, it is very true, that since years enabled me to judge what is, or is not to be pitied, I never saw any thing that more moved me to justify a vehement compassion in my self, than the estate of that prince, whom strong against all his own afflictions, which yet were great as I perceive you have heard, yet true and noble love had so pulled down, as to lie under sorrow for another. Infomuch as I could not temper my long idle pen in that subject, which I perceive you have seen. But then to leave that unrepeated, which I find my daughters have told you; it may please you to understand, since it pleaseth you to demand, that *Antiphilus* being crowned, and so left by the famous princes *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, lead thence by the challenge of *Anaxius*, who is now in these provinces of *Greece*, making a dishonourable enquiry

ry after that excellent prince already *Pyrocles* perished, *Antiphilus* I say, being crowned and delivered from the presence of those two, whose virtues, while they were present, like good school-masters, suppressed his vanities, he had not strength of mind enough in him to make long delay of discovering what manner of man he was. But streight like one carried up to so high a place, that he loseth the discerning of the ground over which he is; so was his mind lifted so far beyond the level of his own discourse, that remembering only that himself was in the high seat of a king, he could not perceive that he is a king of reasonable creatures, who would quickly scorn follies, and repine at injuries. But imagining no so true prosperity of sovereignty, as to do what he listed, and to list whatsoever pleased his fancy, he quickly made his kingdom a tennis-court, where his subjects should be the balls not in truth cruelly, but licentiously abusing them, presuming so far upon himself, that what he did was liked of every body: nay, that his disgraces were favours, and all because he was a king. For in nature not able to conceive the bounds of great matters, suddenly born into an unknown ocean of absolute power, he was swayed withal, he knew not how, as every wind of passion puffed him. Whereto nothing helped him better, than that poisonous sugar of flattery: which some used, out of the innate baseness of their heart, streight like dogs fawning upon the greatest: others secretly hating him, and disdaining his great rising so suddenly, so undeservedly, finding his humour, bent their exalting him only to his overthrow; like the bird that carries the shel-fish high, to break him the easier with his fall. But his mind, being an apt matter to receive what form their amplifying speeches would lay upon it, danced so pretty a measure to their false musick, that he thought himself the wisest

wisest and worthiest and best beloved, that ever gave honour to a royal title. And being but obscurely born, he had found out unblushing pedigrees, that made him not only of the blood royal, but true heir, though unjustly dispossessed by *Erona's* ancestors. And like the foolish bird, that when it so hides the head that it sees not it self, thinks no body else sees it: so did he imagine that no body knew his baseness, while he himself turned his eyes from it.

Then vainness, a meager friend to gratefulness, brought him so to despise *Erona*, as of whom he had received no benefit, that within half a year's marriage he began to pretend barrenness: and making first an unlawful law of having more wives than one, he still keeping *Erona* under-hand, by messages sought *Artaxia*; who no less hating him, than loving, as unlucky a choice, the naughty king *Plexirtus*, yet to bring to pass what she purposed, was content to train him into false hopes, till already his imagination had crowned him king of *Armenia*, and had made that but the foundation of more and more monarchies, as if fortune had only gotten eyes to cherish him. In which time a great assembly of most part of all the princes of *Asia*, being to do honour to the never sufficiently praised *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, he would be one; not to acknowledge his obligation, which was as great as any of the others, but looking to have been young-mastered among those great estates, as he was among his abusing underlings. But so many valorous princes, indeed far nearer to disdain him than otherwise, he was quickly, as standing upon no true ground, inwardly out of countenance with himself, till his seldom comfortless flatterers, persuading him, it was envy and fear of his expected greatness, made him haste away from that company, and without farther delay, appointed the meeting with *Artaxia*; so incredibly blinded with the over-bright shining of his royalty, that he could think such a queen would be
con-

content to be joined-patent with another to have such an husband. Poor *Erona* to all this obeyed, either vehemency of affection making her stoop to so over-base a servitude, or astonished with an unlooked for fortune, dull to any behoveful resolution, or, as many times it falls out even in great hearts when they can accuse none but themselves, desperately bent to maintain it. For so went she on in that way of her love, that, poor lady, to be beyond all other examples of ill-set affection, she was brought to write to *Artaxia*, that she was content, for the publick good, to be a second wife, and yield the first place to her; nay to extol him, and even wooe *Artaxia* for him.

But *Artaxia*, mortally hating them both for her brother's sake, was content to hide her hate, till she had time to shew it: and pretending that all her grudge was against the two paragons of virtue, *Musidorus* and *Pyrocles*, even met them half way in excusing her brother's murther, as not being principal actors; and of the other side driven to what they did by the ever-pardonable necessity; and so well handled the matter, as though she promised nothing, yet *Antiphilus* promised himself all that she would have him think. And so a solemn interview was appointed; but, as the poets say, *Hymen* had not there his saffron-coloured coat. For *Artaxia* laying men secretly, and easily they might be secret, since *Antiphilus* thought she over-ran him in love, when he came even ready to embrace her, shewing rather a countenance of accepting than offering, they came forth, and, having much advantage both in number, valour, and fore-preparation, put all his company to the sword, but such as could fly away. As for *Antiphilus*, she caused him and *Erona* both to be put in irons, hasting back towards her brother's tomb, upon which she meant to sacrifice them; making the love of her brother stand between her and
all

all other motions of grace, from which by nature she was alienated.

But great diversity in them two quickly discovered it self for the bearing of that affliction for *Antiphilus* that had no greatness but outward, that taken away, was ready to fall faster than calamity could thrust him; with fruitless begging of life, where reason might well assure him his death was resolved, and weak bemoaning his fortune, to give his enemies a most pleasing musick, with many promises and protestations, to as little purpose as from a little mind. But *Erona*, sad indeed, yet like one rather used, than new fallen to sadness; as who had the joys of her heart already broken, seemed rather to welcome than to shun that end of misery; speaking little, but what she spake was for *Antiphilus*, remembering his guiltiness, being at that time prisoner to *Tiridates*, when the valiant princes slew him: to the disgrace of men, shewing that there are women both more wise to judge what is to be expected, and more constant to bear it when it is happened.

But her wit endeared by her youth, her affliction by her birth, and her sadness by her beauty, made this noble prince *Plangus*, who, never almost from his cousin *Artaxia*, was now present at *Erona's* taking, to perceive the shape of loveliness more perfectly in woe, than in joyfulness, as in a picture which receives greater life by the darkness of shadows, than by more glittering colours, and seeing to like, and liking to love, and loving streight to feel the most incident effects of love, to serve and preserve. So born by the hasty tide of short leisure, he did hastily deliver together his affection, and affectionate care. But she, as if he had spoken of a small matter, when he mentioned her life, to which she had not leisure to attend, desired him if he loved her, to shew it, in finding some way to save *Antiphilus*. For her, she found the world but a wearisome stage unto her, where she played a part against

against her will: and therefore besought him, not to cast his love in so unfruitful a place, as could not love it self: but for a testimony of constancy, and a suitableness to his word, to do so much comfort to her mind, as that for her sake *Antiphilus* were saved. He told me how much he argued against her tending him, who had so ungratefully betrayed her, and foolishly cast away himself. But perceiving she did not only bend her very good wits to speak for him against her self, but when such a cause could be allied to no reason, yet love would needs make it self a cause, and bar her rather from hearing, than yield that she should yield to such arguments: he likewise, in whom the power of love, as they say of spirits, was subject to the love in her, with grief consented, and though backwardly, was diligent to labor the help of *Antiphilus*; a man whom he not only hated, as a traitor to *Erona*, but envied as a possessor of *Erona*. Yet love sware his heart, in spite of his heart, should make him become a servant to his rival. And so did he, seeking all the means of persuading *Artaxia*, which the authority of so near, and so virtuous a kinsman could give unto him. But she, to whom the eloquence of hatred had given revenge the face of delight, rejected all such motions: but rather the more closely imprisoning them in her chief city, where she kept them, with intention at the birth-day of *Tiridates*, which was very near, to execute *Antiphilus*; and at the day of his death, which was about half a year after, to use the same rigor towards *Erona*. *Plangus* much griev'd, because much loving, attempted the humours of the *Lycians*, to see, whether they would come in with forces to succour their princess. But there the next inheritor to the crown, with the true play that is used in the game of kingdoms, had no sooner his mistress in captivity, but he had usurped her place, and making her odious to her people, because of the unfit election she had made, had so left no hope there

there: but which is worfe, had ſent to *Artaxia*, perſuading the juſticeing her, becauſe that unjuſtice might give his title the name of juſtice. Wanting that way, *Plangus* practiſed with ſome dear friends of his, to ſave *Antiphilus* out of priſon, whoſe day becauſe it was much nearer then *Erona's*, and that he well found, ſhe had twiſted her life upon the ſame thread with his, he determined firſt to get him out of priſon; and to that end having prepared all matters as well as in ſuch caſe he could, where *Artaxia* had ſet many of *Tiridates's* old ſervants to have well-marking eyes, he conferred with *Antiphilus*, as, by the authority he had, he found means to do, and agreed with him of the time and manner, how he ſhould, by the death of ſome of his jaylors, eſcape. But all being well ordered, and *Plangus* willingly putting himſelf into the greateſt danger, *Antiphilus*, who, like a bladder, ſwelled ready to break, while it was full of the wind of proſperity; that being out, was ſo abjected, as apt to be trod on by every body, when it came to the point, that with ſome hazzard, he might be in apparent likelihood to avoid the uttermoſt harm, his heart fainted, and, weak fool, neither hoping, nor fearing as he ſhould, got a conceit, that with bewraying this practice, he might obtain pardon: and therefore even a little before *Plangus* ſhould have come unto him, opened the whole practice to him that had the charge, with unpitied tears idly proteſting, he had rather dye by *Artaxia's* commandment, than againſt her will eſcape; yet begging life upon any the hardeſt, and wretchedeſt conditions that ſhe would lay upon him. His keeper provided accordingly, ſo that when *Plangus* came, he was like himſelf to have been entrapped; but that finding, with a lucky inſight, that it was diſcovered, he retired; and, calling his friends about him, ſtood upon his guard, as he had good cauſe. For, *Artaxia*, accounting him moſt ungrateful, conſidering that her brother and ſhe had

not only preserved him against the malice of his father, but ever used him much liker his birth, than his fortune, sent forces to apprehend him. But he among the martial men had gotten so great love, that he could not only keep himself from her malice, but work in their minds a compassion of *Erona's* adversity.

But for the succour of *Antiphilus* he could get no body to join with him, the contempt of him having not been able to qualify the hatred; so that *Artaxia* might easily upon him perform her will, which was (at the humble suit of all the women of that city) to deliver him to their censure, who mortally hated him for having made a law of *Polygamy*, after many tortures, forced him to throw himself from a high pyramid, which was built over *Tiridates's* tomb, and so to end his false hearted life, which had planted no strong thought in him, but that he could be unkind.

But *Plangus* well perceiving that *Artaxia* staid only for the appointed day, that the fair *Erona's* body, consumed to ashes, should make a notorious testimony, how deeply her brother's death was engraven in her breast, he assembled good numbers of friends, whom his virtue, though a stranger, had tied unto him, by force to give her liberty. Contrariwise, *Artaxia*, to whom anger gave more courage than her sex did fear, used her regal authority, the most she could, to suppress that sedition, and have her will: which, she thought, is the most princely thing that may be. But *Plangus*, who indeed, as all men witness, is one of the best captains, both for policy and valor, that are trained in the school of *Mars*, in a conflict overthrew *Artaxia's* power, though of a far greater number; and there took prisoner a base son of her brothers, whom she dearly affected, and then sent her word, that he should run the same race of fortune, whatsoever it was, that *Erona* did; and happy was that threatening for her, for else *Artaxia* had

had hastened the day of her death, in respect of those tumults.

But now, some principal noble-men of that country interposing themselves, it was agreed, that all persons else fully pardoned, and all prisoners, except *Erona*, delivered, she should be put into the hands of a principal nobleman, who had a castle of great strength, by oath, if by the day two year from *Tiridates's* death, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* did not in person combate, and overcome two knights, whom she appointed to maintain her quarrel against *Erona* and them, of having by reason destroyed her brother, that then *Erona* should be that same day burned to ashes: but if they came, and had the victory, she should be delivered; but upon no occasion neither freed, nor executed till that day. And hereto of both sides, all took solemn oath, and so the peace was concluded; they of *Plangus's* party forcing him to agree, though he himself the sooner condescended, knowing the courtesy of those two excellent princes, not to refuse so noble a quarrel, and their power such, as two more, like the other two, were not able to resist. But *Artaxia* was more, and upon better ground, pleased with this action; for she had even newly received news from *Plexirtus*, that upon the sea he had caused them both to perish, and therefore she held her self sure of the match.

But poor *Plangus* knew not so much, and therefore seeing his party, as most times it falls out in like case, hungry of any conditions of peace, accepted them: and then obtained leave of the lord, that indifferently kept her, to visit *Erona*, whom he found full of desperate sorrow, not suffering neither his unworthiness, nor his wrongs, nor his death, which is the natural conclusion of all wordly acts, either to cover with forgetfulness, or diminish with consideration, the affection she had born him: but even glorying in affliction, and shunning all comfort, she

seemed to have no delight, but in making her self the picture of misery. So that when *Plangus* came to her, she fell in deadly trances, as if in him she had seen the death of *Antiphilus*, because he had not succoured him : and yet, her virtue striving, she did at one time acknowledge her self bound, and profess her self injured ; instead of allowing the conclusion they had made, or writing to the princes, as he wished her to do, craving nothing but some speedy death, to follow her, in spite of just hate, beloved *Antiphilus*.

So that *Plangus* having nothing but a ravished kiss from her hand at their parting, went away toward *Greece* ; whitherward he understood the princes were embarked. But by the way it was his fortune to intercept letters, written by *Artaxia* to *Plexirtus* ; wherein she signified her accepting him to her husband, whom she had ever favoured ; so much the rather, as he had performed the conditions of her marriage, in bringing to their deserved end her greatest enemies : withal thanking the sea, in such terms, as he might well perceive it was by some treason wrought in *Plexirtus's* ship. Whereupon to make more diligent search, he took ship himself, and came into *Laconia*, enquiring, and by his enquiry finding, and such a ship was indeed with fight and fire perished, none, almost, escaping. But for *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus*, it was assuredly determined that they were cast away : for the name of such princes, especially in *Greece*, would quickly else have been a large witness to the contrary. Full of grief with that, for the loss of such, who left the world poor of perfection : but more sorry for *Erona's* sake, who now by them could not be relieved ; a new advertisement from *Armenia* overtook him, which multiplied the force of his anguish. It was a message from the nobleman who had *Erona* in ward, giving him to understand, that since his departure, *Artaxia* using the benefit of time, had besieged him in
his

his castle, demanding present delivery of her, whom yet for his faith given, he would not, before the day appointed, if possibly he could resist; which he foresaw, long he should not do for want of victual, which he had not so wisely provided, because he trusted upon the general oath taken for two years space: and therefore willed him to make haste to his succor, and come with no small forces; for all they that were of his side in *Armenia* were consumed, and *Artaxia* had increased her might by marriage of *Plexirtus*, who, now crowned king there, stuck not to glory in the murder of *Pyrocles* and *Mysidorus*, as having just cause thereto, in respect of the deaths of his sister *Andromana*, her son, his nephew, and his own daughter *Zelmane*: all whose loss he unjustly charged them withal, and now openly stuck not to confess, what a revenge his wit had brought forth, *Plangus* much astonished herewith, bethought himself what to do; for to return to *Armenia* was vain, since his friends there were utterly overthrown. Then thought he of going to his father; but he had already, even since the death of his step-mother and brother, attempted the recovering of his favour, and all in vain. For they that had before joined with *Andromana* to do him the wrong, thought now no life for them if he returned; and therefore kept him still, with new forged suspicions, odious to his father. So that *Plangus* reserving that for a work of longer time, than the saving of *Erona* could bear, determined to go to the mighty and good king *Eurarchus*; who lately having, to his eternal fame, fully, not only conquered his enemies, but established good government in their countries, he hoped he might have present succor of him, both for the justness of the cause, and revenge of his childrens death, by so heinous a treason murdered. Therefore with diligence he went to him, and by the way (passing through my country) it was my hap to find him, the most overthrown man with grief, that ever

I hope to see again, For still it seemed he had *Erona* at a stroke before his eyes, such an apprehension he had taken of her danger; which in despite of all the comfort I could give him, he poured out in such lamentations, that I was moved not to let him pass till he had made full declaration, which by pieces my daughters and I have delivered unto you. Fain he would have had succour of my self; but the course of my life being otherwise bent, I only accompanied him with some that might safely guide him to the great *Euarchus*: for my part having had some of his speeches so feelingly in my memory, that at an idle time, as I told you, I set them down dialogue-wise, in such manner as you have seen. And thus, excellent lady, I have obeyed you in this story; wherein if it will please you to consider what is the strange power of love, and what is due to his authority, you shall exercise therein the true nobleness of your judgment, and do the more right to the unfortunate historian. *Zelmane*, fighting for *Erona's* sake, yet inwardly comforted in that she assured her self *Euarchus* would not spare to take in hand the just delivering of her, joined with the just revenge of his childrens loss, having now what she desired of *Basilus*, to avoid his farther discourses of affection, encouraged the shepherds to begin, whom she saw already ready for them.



ECLOGUES.

THE rude tumult of the *Enispians* gave occasion to the honest shepherds to begin their pastorals this day with a dance, which they called the skirmish betwixt reason and passion. For seven shepherds, which were named the reasonable shepherds, joined themselves, four of them making a square, and the other two going a little wide of either

ther side, like wings for the main battle, and the seventh man formost, like the forlorn hope, to begin the skirmish. In like order came out the seven appassioned shepherds, all keeping the pace of their foot by their voice, and fundry conforred instruments they held in their arms. And first, the formost of the reasonable side began to sing:

REASON. Thou rebel vile, come, to thy master yield.

And the other that met with him answered;

PASSION. No, tyrant, no; mine, mine shall be the field.

R. Can *Reason* then a tyrant counted be?

P. If *Reason's* will that *Passion's* be not free.

R. But *Reason* will, that *Reason* govern most.

P. And *Passion* will, that *Passion* rule the roast.

R. Your will, is will, but *Reason*, reason is.

P. Will hath his will, when *Reason's* will doth miss

R. Whom *Passion* leads unto his death is bent.

P. And let him dye so that he dye content.

R. By nature you to *Reason* faith have sworn,

P. Not so but fellow like together born.

R. Who *Passion* doth ensue, lives in annoy.

P. Who *Passion* doth forsake lives void of joy.

R. *Passion* is blind, and treads an unknown trace.

P. *Reason* hath eyes to see his own ill case.

Then as they approached nearer, the two of reason's side, as if they shot at the other, thus sang:

R. Dare *Passions* then abide in *Reason's* light?

P. And is not *Reason* dim with *Passion's* might?

R. O foolish thing which glory doth destroy.

P. O glorious title of a foolish toy.

R. Weakness you are, dare you with our strength fight.

P. Because our weakness weakeneth all your might.

R. O sacred *Reason*, help our virtuous toils.

P. O *Passion*, pass on feeble *Reason's* spoils.

R. We with our selves abide a daily strife.

P. We gladly use the sweetnesss of our life.

R. But yet our strife sure peace in end doth breed.

P. We now have peace, your peace we do not need.

Then did the two square battles meet, and instead of fighting, embrace one another, singing thus:

R. We are too strong: But *Reason* seeks no blood.

P. Who be too weak, do fain they be too good.

R. Though we cannot o'ercome, our cause is just.

P. Let us o'ercome, and let us be unjust.

R. Yet *Passion's* yield at length to *Reason's* stroke.

P. What shall we win by taking *Reason's* yolk?

R. The joys you have shall be made permanent.

P. But so we shall with grief learn to repent.

R. Repent indeed, but that shall be your bliss.

P. How know we that, since present joys we miss,

R. You know it not; of *Reason* therefore know it.

P. No *Reason* yet had ever skill to shew it,

R. Then let us both to heavenly rules give place.

P. Which *Passions* kill, and *Reason* do deface.

Then embraced they one another, and came to the king who framed his praises of them according to *Zelmane's* liking; whose unrestrained parts, the mind and eye, had their free course to the delicate *Philoclea*, whose look was not short in well requiting it, although she knew it was a hateful sight to her jealous mother. But *Dicus*, that had in this time taken a great liking of *Dorus* for the good parts he found above his age in him, had a delight to taste the fruits of his wit, though in a subject which he himself most of all other despised; and so entred to speech with him in the manner of this following eclogue.

DICUS.

DICUS and *DORUS*.

DICUS.

Dorus, tell me, where is thy wonted motion,
To make these woods resound thy lamentation;
Thy faint is dead, or dead is thy devotion,
For who doth hold his love in estimation,
To witness that he thinks his thoughts delicious,
Thinks to make each thing badge of his sweet
passion.

DORUS.

But what doth make thee *Dicus*, so suspicious
Of my due faith, which needs must be immutable,
Who others virtue doubt, themselves are vicious,
Not so; although my mettle were most mutable,
Her beams have wrought therein most fair impression,
To such a force some change were nothing suitable.

DICUS.

The heart well set doth never shun confession;
If noble be thy bands, make them notorious;
Silence doth seem the mask of base oppression.
Who glories in his love, doth make love glorious:
But who doth fear, or bideth mute wilfully,
Shews, guilty heart doth deem his state opprobrious,
Thou then, that fram'st both words and voice
most skilfully,
Yield to our ears a sweet and sound relation,
If love took thee by force, or caught thee guil-
fully.

DORUS.

If sunny beams shame heavenly habitation,
If three-leav'd grass seem to the sheep unsavory;
Then base and four is love's most high vocation.
Or if sheeps cries can help the sun's own bravery,
Then

Then may I hope, my pipe may have ability,
 To help her praise, who decks me in my slavery:
 No, no; no words ennoble self-nobility,
 As for your doubts, her voice was it deceived me,
 Her eye the force beyond all possibility.

D I C U S

Thy words well voic'd, well grac'd, had almost hea-
 ved me,

Quite from my self, to love love's contemplation;
 Till of these thoughts thy sudden end bereaved me,
 Go on therefore, and tell us by what fashion,
 In thy own proof he gets so strange possession,
 And how possessest he strengthens his invasion.

D O R U S.

Sight is his root, in thought is his progression,
 His childhood wonder, prentiship attention,
 His youth delight, his age the soul's oppression,
 Doubt is his sleep, he waketh in invention,
 Fancy his food, his cloathing is of carefulness;
 Beauty his book, his play lover's dissention:
 His eyes are curious, search but vail'd with ware-
 fulness:

His wings desire oft clipt with desperation.
 Largess his hands could never skill of sparefulness:
 But how he doth by might, or by persuasion
 To conquer, and his conquest how to ratify,
 Experience doubt, and schools hold disputation.

D I C U S.

But so thy sheep may thy good wishes satisfy,
 With large increase, and wool of fine perfection,
 So she thy love, her eyes thy eyes may gratify,
 As thou wilt give our souls a dear refection,
 By telling how she was, how now she framed is
 To help, or hurt in thee her own infection.

D O R U S.

DORUS.

Bless be the name wherewith my mistress named is:
Whose wounds are salves, whose yokes please more
than pleasure doth

Her stains are beams: virtue the fault she blamed is,
The heart, eye, ear, here only find his treasure doth.
All numbring arts her endless graces number not:
Time, place, life, wit, scarcely her rare gifts mea-
sure doth,

Is she in rage? so is the sun in summer hot,
Yet harvest brings: doth she, (alas!) absent her self?
The sun is hid; his kindly shadows cumber not
But when to give some grace she doth content her
self,

O then it shines, then are the heavens distributed,
And *Venus* seems to make up her, she spent her self.
Thus then, I say my mischiefs have contributed
A greater good by her divine reflection,
My harms to me, my blifs to her attributed.
Thus she is framed: her eyes are my direction.
Her love my life, her anger my destruction:
Lastly, what so she is, that's my protection.

DICUS.

Thy safety sure is wrapt in destruction,
For that construction thine own words do bear.
A man to fear a womans moody eye.
Makes reason lye a slave to servile sense,
A weak defence where weakness is thy force:
So is remorse in folly dearly bought.

DORUS.

If I had thought to hear blasphemous words,
My breast to swords, my soul to hell have sold
I rather would, than thus mine ear defile
With words so vile, which viler breath do breed.
O heards take heed: for I a wolf have found,
Who hunting round the strongest for to kill,

His

His breast doth fill with earth of others woe :
 And loaden so pulls down, pull'd down destroys.
 O shepherds boys, eschew these tongues of venom,
 Which do envenom both the soul and senses.
 Our best defences are to fly these adders,
 O tongues like ladders made to climb dishonours,
 Who judge that honour which hath scope to slander !

D I C U S.

Dorus you wander far in great reproaches,
 So love encroaches on your charmed reason,
 But it is season for to end our singing,
 Such anger bringing : as for me, my fancy
 In sick-mans frenzy rather takes compassion,
 Than rage for rage : rather my wish I send to
 thee,
 Thou soon may have some help or change of pas-
 sion :
 She oft her looks, the stars her favour bend to thee,
 Fortune store, nature health, love grant persuasion.
 A quiet mind none but thy self can lend to thee,
 Thus I commend to thee all our former love.

D O R U S.

Well do I prove, error lies oft in zeal,
 Yet it is zeal, though error of true heart,
 Nought could impart such heats to friendly mind,
 But for to find the words did her disgrace,
 Whose only face the little heaven is :
 Which who doth miss, his eyes are but delusions,
 Bar'd from their chiefest object of delightfulness,
 Thrown on this earth, the chaos of confusions ;
 As for thy wish, to my enraged spitefulness,
 The lovely blow which rare reward, my prayer
 is
 Thou mayst love her that I may see thy fightful-
 ness.

The quiet mind (whereof my self impairer is,
 As thou dost think) should most of all disquiet me.
With-

Without her love, than any mind who fairer is,
 Her only cure from surfeit woes can diet me.
 She holds the balance of my contentation:
 Her cleared eyes, nought else in storms can quiet
 me.

Nay rather than my ease discontentation
 Should breed to her, let me for aye dejected be
 From any joy which might her grief occasion.
 With so sweet plagues my happy arms infected be:
 Pain wills me die, yet of death I mortify:
 For though life irks, in life my loves protected be,
 Thus for each change my changeless heart I fortify.

When they had ended to the good pleasing of the
 assistants, especially of *Zelmae*, who never for-
 gat to give due commendations to her friend *Dorus*,
Basilus, called for *Lamon* to end his discourse of
Strephon and *Klaius*, wherewith the other day he
 marked *Zelmae* to have been exceedingly delighted.
 But him sickness had staid from that assembly:
 which gave occasion to *Histor* and *Damon*, two young
 shepherds, taking upon them the two friendly rival's
 names, to present *Basilus* with some other of their
 complaints eclogue-wise, and first with this double
 festine.

STREPHON and KLAIUS.

STREPHON.

Ye goat-heard gods, that love the grassy mountains,
 Ye nymphs that haunt the springs in pleasant val-
 leys,
 Ye satyrs joy'd with free and quiet forrests,
 Vouchsafe your silent ears to plaining musick,
 Which to my woes give still an early morning,
 And draws the dolor on till weary evening.

KLAIUS

K L A I U S.

O *Mercury*, foregoer to the evening,
 O heavenly huntress of the savage mountains,
 O lovely star entitled of the morning,
 While that my voice doth fill these woful valleys.
 Vouchsafe your silent ears to plaining musick,
 Which oft hath echo tyr'd in secret forrests.

S T R E P H O N.

I that was once free burghers of the forrests,
 Where shade from sun, and sports I sought at even-
 ing
 I that was once esteem'd for pleasant musick,
 Am banish'd now among the monstrous mountains
 Of huge despair, and foul affliction valleys,
 Am grown a skriech-owl to my self each morning,

K L A I U S.

I that was once delighted every morning,
 Hunting the wild inhabitants of forrests:
 I that was once the musick of these valleys,
 So darkned am, that all my day is evening,
 Heart broken so, that mole-hills seem high moun-
 tains,
 And fill the vales with cries instead of musick.

S T R E P H O N.

Long since alas, my deadly swannish musick
 Hath made it self a crier of the morning:
 And hath with wailing strength clim'd highest moun-
 tains:
 Long since my thoughts more desert be than forrests:
 Long since I see my joys come to their evening,
 And state thrown down to over-trodden valleys,

K L A I U S.

Long since the happy dwellers of these valleys,
 Have pray'd me leave my strange exclaiming musick,
 Which

Which troubles their days work, and joys of evening:
 Long since I hate the night, more hate the morning;
 Long since my thoughts chase me like beasts in for-
 refts,
 And make me wish my self laid under mountains.

STREPHON

Me seems I see the high and stately mountains,
 Transform themselves to low dejected valleys:
 Me seems I hear in these ill changed forrests,
 The *Nightingales* do learn of *Owls* their musick:
 Me seems I feel the comfort of the morning,
 Turn'd to the mortal serene of an evening.

KLAUS.

Me seems I see a filthy cloudy evening,
 As soon as sun begins to climb the mountains:
 Me seems I feel a noisome scent, the morning
 When I do smell the flowers of these valleys:
 Me seems I hear, when I do hear sweet musick,
 The dreadful cries of murdered men in forrests.

STREPHON.

I wish to fire the trees of all those forrests,
 I give thee the sun a last farewell each evening,
 I curse the fiddling finders out of musick:
 With envy I do hate the lofty mountains;
 And with despite despise the humble valleys:
 I do detest night evening day and morning.

KLAUS.

Curse to my self my prayer is, the morning;
 My fire is more than can be made with forrests;
 My state more base, than are the basest valleys:
 I wish no evenings more to see, each evening;
 Shamed I hate my self in sight of mountains,
 And stop my ears lest I grow mad with musick.

STREPHON.

For she whose parts maintain'd a perfect musick,
 Whose beauty shin'd more than the blushing morn-
 ing,
 Who much did pass in state the stately mountains,
 In streightness past the cedars of the forrests,
 Hath cast me wretch into eternal evening,
 By taking her two sons from these dark valleys.

KLAIUS.

For she, to whom compar'd, the alps are valleys,
 She, whose least word brings from the sphears their
 musick
 At whose approach the sun rose in the evening,
 Who where she went bare in her forehead morning,
 Is gone, is gone, from these our spoiled forrests,
 Turning to deserts our best pastor'd mountains.

STREPHON.

These mountains witness shall, so shall these valleys,
 These forrests eke, made wretched by our musick,

KLAIUS.

Our morning hymn is this, and song at evening,

But, as though all this had been but the taking of
 a taste of their wailings, *Strephon* again began this
Dizain, which was answered unto him in that kind
 of verse which is called the crown.

STREPHON and KLAIUS.

STREPHON.

I joy in grief, and do detest all joys :
 Despise delight, am tyr'd with thought of ease :
 I turn my minds to all forms of annoyés,
 And with the change of them my fancy please,
 I study that which may me most displease,

And

And in dispite of that displeasure's might,
Embrace that most, that most my soul destroys;
Blinded with beams, fell darkness is my sight:
Dwell in my ruins, feed with sucking smart
I think from me, not from my woes to part.

KLAUIS.

I think from me not from my woes to part,
And loath this time, call'd life, nay think, that life
Nature to me for torment did impart;
Think, my hard haps have blunted death's sharp
knife,
Not sparing me, in whom his works be rife:
Aud thinking this think nature, life and death
Place sorrow's triumph on my conquered heart,
Whereto I yeild, and seek none other breath,
But from the scent of some infectious grave:
Nor of my fortune ought, but mischief crave.

STREPHON.

Nor of my fortune ought but mischief crave,
And seek to nourish that, which now contains
All what I am: if I my self will save,
Then must I save, what in me chiefly reigns,
Which is the hateful web of sorrow's pains.
Sorrow then cherish me, for I am sorrow:
No being now, but sorrow I can have:
Then deck me as thine own; thy help I borrow,
Since thou my riches art, and that thou hast
Enough to make a fertile mind lye waste:

KLAUIS.

Enough to make a fertile mind lie waste,
Is that huge storm, which poures it self on me:
Hailstones of tears, of sight a monstrous blast,
Thunders of cries; lightnings my wild looks be
The darkned heav'n my soul, which nought can see,

The flying sprites which trees by root up tear,
 Be those despairs which have my hopes quite waft.
 The difference is ; all folks those storms forbear,
 But I cannot ; who then my self should fly.
 So close unto my self my wracks do lie,

STREPHON.

So close unto my self my wracks do lie,
 But cause, effect, beginning, and the end
 Are all in me : what help then can I try ?
 My ship, my self, whose course to love doth bend,
 Sore beaten doth her mast of comfort spend :
 Her cable, reason breaks from anchor'd hope :
 Fancy her tackling, torn away doth fly :
 Ruin, the wind, hath blown her from her scope :
 Bruised with waves of cares, but broken is
 On rock despair, the burial of my bliss.

KLAIUS.

On rock'd despair, the burial of my bliss.
 I long do plow with plough of deep desire :
 The seed fast meaning is, no truth to miss :
 I harrow it with thoughts which all conspire,
 Favour to make my chief and only hire.
 But woe is me, the year is gone about.
 And now I fain would reap, I reap but this
 Hatefully grown, absence new sprung out.
 So that I see, although my sight empair,
 Vain is their pain, who labour in despair.

STREPHON,

Vain is their pain, who labour in despair.
 For so did I, when with my angle will
 I fought to catch the fish Torpedo fair.
 Ev'n then despair did hope already kill :
 Yet fancy would perforce employ his skill,
 And this hath got ; the catcher now is caught.
 Lam'd with the angle, which it self did bear,
 And unto death, quite drown'd in dolours, brought
 To

To death, as then disguis'd in her fair face;
Thus, thus, alas, I had my loss, in chace.

K L A I U S.

Thus, thus, alas, I had my loss in chace.
When first that crowned Basilisk I knew;
Whose footsteps I with kisses oft did trace,
Till by such hap, as I must ever rue,
Mine eyes did light upon her shining hue,
And hers on me astonish'd with that sight.
Since then my heart did lose his wonted place,
Infected so with her sweet poysons might,
That, leaving me for dead, to her it went;
But ha! her flight hath my dead reliques spent.

S T R E P H O N.

But ah! her flight hath my dead reliques spent,
Her flight, from me, from me, though dead to me,
Yet living still in her, while her beams lent
Such vital spark, that her mine eyes might see.
But now those living lights absented be,
Full dead before, I now to dust should fall,
But that eternal pains my soul have bent,
And keep it still within this body thrall,
That thus I must while in this death I dwell
In earthly fetters feel a lasting hell.

K L A I U S.

In earthly fetters feel a lasting hell,
Alas I do; from which to find release,
I would the earth, I would the heavens sell:
But vain it is to think these pains should cease,
Where life is death, and death cannot breed peace.
O fair, O only fair, from thee alas,
These foul, most foul disasters to me fell;
Since thou from, O me! O sun didst pass.
Therefore esteeming all good blessings toys,
I joy in grief, and do detest all joys.

STREPHON.

I joy in grief, and do detest all joys,
 But now an end, O *Klaius*, now an end:
 For even the herbs our hateful musick stroyes,
 And from our burning breath the trees do bend.

So well were these wailful complaints accorded to the passions of all the princely hearers, while every one made what he heard of another the ballance of his own fortune, that they stood a long while stricken in sad and silent consideration of them. Which the old *Geron* no more marking than condemning in them, desirous to set forth what counsels the wisdom of age had laid up in store against such fancies, as he thought, follies of youth, yet so as it might not appear that his words respected them, bending himself to a young shepherd, named *Philisides*, who neither had danced nor sung with them, and had all this time lain upon the ground at the foot of a *Cypress* tree, leaning upon his elbow with so deep a melancholly, that his senses carried to his mind no delight from any of their objects, he strake him upon the shoulder with a right old man's grace, that will seem livelier than his age will afford him. And thus began unto him this eclogue.

GERON and PHILISIDES.

GERON.

Up, up, *Philisides*, let sorrows go,
 Who yields to woe, doth but encrease his smart,
 Do not thy heart to plaintful custom bring:
 But let us sing; sweet tunes do passions ease,
 An old man hear, who would thy fancies raise.

PHI-

PHILISIDES.

Who minds to please the mind drown'd in annoyes
With outward joyes, which inlie cannot sink,
As well may think with oyl to cool the fire:
Or with desire to make such foe a friend,
Who doth his soul to endless malice bend.

GERON.

Yet sure an end to each thing time doth give.
Though woes now live, at length thy woes must
die,
Then virtue try, if she can work in thee
That which we see in many time hath wrought,
And weakest hearts to constant temper brought.

PHILISIDES.

Who ever taught a skillefs man to teach,
Or stop a breach that never cannon saw?
Sweet virtue's law bars not a causeful moan.
Time shall in one my life and sorrows end,
And me perchance your constant temper lend.

GERON.

What can amend where physick is refus'd?
The wit's abus'd which will no counfel take.
Yet for my sake discover us thy grief.
Oft comes relief when most we seem in trap.
The stars thy state, fortune may change thy hap.

PHILISIDES.

If fortune's lap became my dwelling place,
And all the stars conspired to my good,
Still were I one, this still should be my case,
Ruin's relique, care's web, and sorrow's food:
Since she fair fierce to such a state me calls,
whose wit the stars, whose fortune, fortune thralls,

GERON.

Alas what falls are fal'n unto thy mind?
 That there where thou confest thy mischief lies,
 Thy wit dost use still still more harms to find.
 Whom wit makes vain, or blinded with his eyes;
 What counfel can prevail, or light give light?
 Since all his force against himself he trie's.
 Then each conceit that enters in his sight,
 Is made, forsooth, a jurate of his woes,
 Earth, sea, air, fire, heaven, hell, and gaskly spright.
 Then crie's to senseless things, which neither know's
 What aileth thee, and if they knew thy mind,
 Would scorn in man, their king, such feeble shows.
 Rebel, rebel, in golden fetters bind
 This tyrant love; or rather do suppress
 Those rebel-thoughts, which are thy slaves by kind.
 Let not a glittering name thy fancy drefs
 In painted cloaths because they call it love.
 There is no hate that can thee more oppress.
 Begin, and half the work is done, to prove
 By rising up, upon thy self to stand,
 And think she is a she, that doth thee move.
 He water plows, and soweth in the sand,
 And hopes the flickring wind with net to hold,
 Who hath his hopes laid upon woman's hand.
 What man is he that hath his freedom sold?
 Is he a manlike man, doth not know, man
 Hath power that sex with bridle to withhold?
 A fickle sex, and true in trust to no man,
 A servant sex soon proud if they be coy'd:
 And to conclude thy mistress is a woman.

PHILIDES.

O gods, how long this old fool hath annoy'd
 My wearied ears! O gods, yet grant me this,
 That soon the world of his false tongue be void.
 O noble age who place their only blifs,
 In being heard until the hearer die,

Utter-

Uttering a serpent's mind with serpent's hiss.
 Then who will bear a well-authorized lye,
 (And patience hath) let him go learn of him
 What swarms of virtues did in his youth fly
 Such hearts of brags, wise heads, and garments
 trim

Were in his days: which heard, one nothing hears,
 If from his words the falsehood he do skim.
 And herein most their folly vain appears,
 That since they still alledge, *When they were young*:
 It shews they fetch their wit from youthful years,
 Like beast for sacrifice, where save the tongue
 And belly nought is left, such sure is he,
 This life dead man in this old dungeon flung.
 Old houses are thrown down for new we see:
 The oldest rams are culled from the flock:
 No man doth wish his horse should aged be.
 The antient oak well makes a fired block:
 Old men themselves, do love young wives to
 chuse:

Only fond youth admires a rotten flock.
 Who once a white long beard, well handle does,
 (As his beard him, not he his beard did bear)
 Though cradle-witted, must not honour lose,
 O when will men leave off to judge by hair;
 And think them old that have the oldest mind,
 With virtue fraught and full of holy fear!

GERON.

If that thy face were hid, or I were blind,
 I yet should know a young man speaketh now,
 Such wandring reasons in that speech I find,
 He is a beast, that beasts use will allow.
 For proof of man, who sprung of heav'nly fire
 Hath strongest soul, when most his rains do bow.
 But fondlings fond, know not your own desire
 Loth to dye young, and then you must be old,
 Fondly blame that to which your selves aspire.

But this light choler that doth make you bold,
Rather to wrong than unto just defence,
Is past with me, my blood is waxed cold,
Thy words, though full of malapart offence,
I weigh them not, but still will thee advise
How thou from foolish love mayest purge thy sense.
First think they err, that think them gaily wise,
Who well can set a passion out to shew:
Such sight have they that see with goggling eyes.
Passion bears high when puffing wit doth blow,
But is indeed a toy, if not a toy,
True cause of evils; and cause of causeless woe,
If once thou mayest that fancy gloss destroy
Within thy self, thou soon wilt be ashamed,
To be a player of thine own annoy.
Then let thy mind with better books be tamed.
Seek to espy her faults as well as praise,
And let thine eyes to other sports be framed.
In hunting fearful beasts, do spend some days,
Or catch the birds with pit-falls or with lime,
Or train the fox that trains so crafty lays.
Lye but to sleep, and in the early prime
Seek skill of herbs in hills, haunt brooks near
night,
And try with bait how fish will bite sometime.
Go graft again and seek to graft them right,
Those pleasant plants, those sweet and fruitful trees,
Which both the palate and the eyes delight.
Cherish the hives of wisely painful bees,
Let special care upon thy flock be staid,
Such active mind but seldom passion fees.

PHILISIDES.

Hath any man heard what this old man said?
Truly not I, who did my thoughts engage,
Where all my pains one look of her hath paid.

Geron was even out of countenance, finding the words he thought were so wise, win so little reputation

tation at this young man's hands; and therefore sometimes looking upon an old acquaintance of his called *Mastix*, one of the repiningst fellows in the world, and that beheld no body but with a mind of mislike, saying still the world was amiss, but how it should be amended he knew not, sometimes casting his eyes to the ground, even ashamed to see his gray hairs despised, at last he spied his two dogs, whereof the elder was called *Melampus*, and the younger *Lelaps*, (indeed the jewels he ever had with him) one brawling with another; which occasion he took to restore himself to his countenance, and rating *Melampus*, he began to speak to his dogs, as if in them a man should find more obedience, than in unbridled young men.

GERON, and MASTIX.

GERON.

Down down *Melampus*, what? your fellow bite?
 I set you o're the flock I dearly love,
 Them to defend, not with your selves to fight.
 Do you not think this will the wolves remove
 From former fear, they had of your good minds,
 When they shall such divided weakness prove?
 What if *Lelaps* a better morsel find
 Than you earst knew? rather take part with him
 Than jarl: lo lo even these how envy blind,
 And then *Lelaps* let not pride make thee brim;
 Because thou hast thy fellow overgon,
 But thank the cause, thou see'st where he is dim.
 Here *Lelaps*, here indeed against the foen
 Of my good sheep, thou never truce time took:
 Be as thou art, but be with mine at one,
 For though *Melampus* like a wolfe do look,
 (For age doth make him of a woolvish hew)
 Yet have I seen, when well a woof he shook,
 Fool that I am, that with my dogs speak grew,
 Come near good *Mastix*, 'tis now full twa score

Of

Of years, alas, since I good *Mastix* knew.
Thou heard'st even now a young man sneb me sore,
Because I read him, as I would my son.
Youth will have will; age must to age therefore.

MASTIX.

What marvel if in youth such fault be done,
Since that we see our saddest shepherds out,
Who have their lesson so long time begun?
Quickly secure, and easily in doubt,
Either asleep be all if nought assail,
Or all abroad if but a cub start out.
We shepherds are like them that under fail
Do speak high words, when all the coast is clear,
Yet to a passenger will bonnet vail.
I con thee thank to whom thy dogs be dear,
But commonly like curs we them intreat,
Save when great need of them perforce appear.
Then him we kifs, whom late before we beat
With such intemperance, that each way grows
Hate of the first contempt of latter feat,
And such discord twixt greatest shepherds flows,
That sport it is to see with how great art,
By justice work they their own faults disclose:
Like busie boys to win their tutor's heart.
One faith, he mocks; the other faith he plays,
The third his lesson mist, till all do smart.
As for the rest how shepherds spend their days,
At blow-point, hot-cockles, or else at keels,
While, Let us pass our time each shepherd says.
So small account of time the shepherd feels,
And doth not feel, that life is nought but time,
And when that time is past death holds his heels,
To age thus do they draw their youthful prime,
Knowing no more, than what poor tryal shews,
As fish sure tryal hath of muddy slime.
This pattern good, unto our children goes,
For what they see their parents love or hate,
Their first caught sense prefers to teachers blows.

These

These cocklings cocker'd we bewail too late,
When that we see our off-spring gaily bent,
Women man-wood, and men effeminate.

GERON.

Fy, man, fy man: what words hath thy tongue
lent?

Yet thou art mickle warse, than e're was I,
Thy too much zeal, I fear thy brain hath spent,
We oft are angrier with the feeble fly
For business, where it pertains him not,
Than with the poisonous toads that quiet lie.
I pray thee what hath ere the *Parrot* got?
And yet they say he talks in great mens bowers.

A cage, gilded perchance, is all his lot,
Who of his tongue the liquor gladly pours,
A good fool call'd with pain perhaps may be:
But even for that shall suffer mighty lowers;
Let swans example fiker serve for thee,
Who once all birds, in sweetly singing past,
But now to silence turn'd his minstrelsie,
For he would sing, but others were defac'd,
The Peacock's pride, the Pyes pil'd flattery,
Cormorants glut, Kites spoil, King-fishers waste,
The Faulcon's fierceness, Sparrow's letchery,
The Cookoo's shame, the Goose's good intent,
Even Turtle touch'd he with hypocrisie,
And worse of other more, till by assent
Of all the birds, but namely those were grieved,
Of fowls there call'd was a Parliament
There was the Swan of dignity deprived,
And statute made he never should have voice:
Since when, I think, he hath in silence lived.
I warn thee therefore (since thou mayst have choice)
Let not thy tongue become a fiery match,
No sword so bites, as that evil tool annoyes
Let our impartial eyes a little watch
Our own demean, and soon we wonder shall,
That hunting faults, our selves we did not catch.

Into

Into our minds let us a little fall,
 And we shall find more spots than Leapords skin.
 Then who makes us, such Judges over all?
 But farewell now, thy fault is no great sin,
 Come, come my curs, 'tis late I will go in:

And away with his dogs straight he went, as if he would be sure to have the last word, all the assembly laughing at the lustiness of the old fellow who departed muttering to himself, he had seen more in his days than twenty of them. But *Basilus*, who never before had heard *Philisides*, though having seldom failed to be at these meetings, desired him he would begin some eclogue with some other of the shepherds, according to the accustomed guise. *Philisides*, though very unwilling, at the king's commandment offered to sing with *Thyrsis*. But he directly refused him, seeing he should within few days be married to the fair *Kala*, and since he had gotten his desire he would sing no more. Then the king willed *Philisides* to declare the discourse of his own fortunes unknown to them, as being a stranger in that country; but he prayed the king to pardon him, the time being far too joyful to suffer the rehearsal of his miseries. But to satisfy *Basilus* some way, he began an eclogue betwixt himself and the *Eccho*, framing his voice so in those desert places, as what words he would have the eccho reply unto, those he would sing higher than the rest; and so kindly framed a disputation betwixt himself and it, which with these hexameters in the following order he uttered.

PHILISIDES, and ECCHO.

F Air rocks, goodly rivers, sweet woods, when
 shall I see peace? Peace.
 Peace? what bars me my tongue? who is that comes
 me so nigh? I.

Oh! I do know what guest I have met, it is eccho.
 'Tis Eccho.

Well

Well met Eccho, approach: then tell me thy will too. I will too.

Eccho, what do I get yielding my spirit to my griefs? Griefs.

What medicine may I find for a grief that draws me to death? Death.

O poisonous medicine what worse to me can be than it? It.

In what state was I then, when I took this deadly disease? Ease.

And what manner a mind which had to that humour a vain? Vain.

Hath not reason enough vehemence the desire to reprove? Prove.

Oft prove I: but what salve when reason seeks to be gone? One.

Oh! what is it? what is it that may be a salve to my love? Love.

What do lovers seek for, long seeking for to enjoy? Joy.

What be the joys, which for to enjoy they went to the pains? Pains.

Then to an earnest love what doth best victory lend? End.

End? but I can never end, love will not give me leave? Leave.

How be the minds dispos'd that cannot taste thy physick? Sick.

Yet say again thy advice for th' evils that I told thee? I told thee.

Doth th' infected wretch of his harm th' extremity know? No.

But if he know not his harms, what guides, hath he whilst he be blind? Blind.

What blind guides can he have that learns to a fancy? A fancy.

Can fancies want eyes, or he fall that sleepeth aloft? Oft.

What

What causes first, made these torments on me to
light? Light.

Can then a cause be so light that forceth a man to go
dye? Yea.

Yet tell what light thing I had in me to draw me
to dye? Eye.

Eye-sight made me to yield, but what first pierc'd to
my eyes? Eyes.

Eyes hurters, eyes hurt; but what from them from
me falls? Falls.

But when I first did fall, what brought most fall to
my heart? Art.

Art? what can that art be that thou dost mean by
thy speech? Speech.

What be the fruits of speaking art? what grows by
the words? Words.

O much more than words: those words serv'd
more me to blefs? Less.

Oh when shall I be known, where most to be known
I do long? Long.

Long be thy woes for such news, but how recks she
my thoughts? Oughts.

Then then what I do gain, since under her will I
do winde? Winde.

Wind, tempests, and storms, yet in end what gives
she desire? Ire.

Silly reward! yet among women hath she of virtue
the most. Most.

What great name may I give to so heav'nly a wo-
man? A Woman.

Wo, but seems to me joy, that agrees to my thought
so. I thought so.

Think so, for of my desire blifs it is only the curse.
Curse.

Curs'd be thy self for cursing that which leads me
to joys. Toys.

What be the sweet creatures where lowly demands
be not heard? Hard.

What makes them be unkind? speak for th' hast nar-
rowly pry'd. Pride.

Whence

Whence can pride come there, since spring's of beauty be thence? Thence.

Horrible is this blasphemy unto the most holy. O lie. Thou liest false eccho, their minds as virtue be just. Just.

Mock'st thou those diamonds which only be match'd by the gods? Ods.

Ods? what an ods is there since them to the heavens I prefer? Err.

Tell yet again me the names of those fair form'd to do evils? Devils.

Devil? if hell such devil do abide, to the hells I do go. Go.

Philifides was commended for the place of his eccho, but little did he regard their praises, who had set the foundations of his honour there, where he was most despised: and therefore returning again to the train of his desolate pensiveness; *Zelmane* seeing no body offer to fill the stage, as if her long constrained conceits did now burst out of prison, she thus desiring her voice should be accorded to nothing, but to *Philoclea's* ears, threw down the burden of her mind in *Anacreon's* kind of verses.

My muse what ailes this ardor? My muse what ailes this ardor?

To blaze my only secrets? Mine eyes be dim, my
Alas it is no glory limbs shake,

To sing mine own decayed state. My voice is hoarse, my
throat scorch'd,

Alas it is no comfort, My tongue to this my roof
To speak without an answer. cleaves,

Alas it is no wisdom My fancy amaz'd, my
thoughts dull'd,

To shew the wound without cure. My heart doth ake, my
life faints,

My soul begins to take
leave.

So

So great passion all feel,
To think a foar so deadly
I should so rashly rip up.

My muse what ailes this
ardor?

If that to sing thou art
bent.

Go sing the fall of old
Thebes;

The wars of ugly centaurs,
The life, the death of
Hector:

So may the song be fa-
mous,

Or if to love thou art
bent,

Recount the rape of *Eu-
ropa*.

Adonis end, *Venus* net,
The sleepy kiss the moon
stale:

So may the song be plea-
sant.

My muse what ailes this
ardor?

To blaze my only secrets?
Wherein do only flourish
The sory fruits of anguish.
The song thereof a last
will,

The tunes be cries, the
words plaints,

The finger is the song's
theme,

Wherein no ear can have
joy,

Nor eye receive due ob-
ject
Ne pleasure here, ne fame
gat.

My muse what ailes this
ardor?

Alas she saith I am thine,
So are thy pains my pains
too.

Thy heated heart my seat
is

Wherein I burn: thy
breath is

My voice, too hot to keep
in.

Besides, lo here the au-
thor

Of all thy harms: lo here
she,

That only can redress thee,
Of her will I demand help.

My muse I yield, my
muse I sing,

But all thy song herein
knit.

The life we lead is all
love:

The love we hold is all
death,

Nor ought I crave to feed
life,

Nor ought I seek to shun
death,

But only that my god-
dess,

My life my death do count
hers.

Basilus,

Basilus, when she had fully ended her song, fell prostrate upon the ground, and thanked the gods they had preserved his life so long, as to hear the very musick they themselves used, in an earthly body. And then with like grace to *Zelmane* never left intreating her, till she had, taking a *Lyra Basilus* held for her, sung these *Phaleuciacks*:

Reason, tell me thy mind, if here be reason
In this strange violence, to make resistance,
Where sweet graces erect the stately banner
Of virtue's regiment, shining in harness
Of fortune's diadems, by beauty mustred:
Say then reason; I say, what is thy counsel?

Her loose hairs be the shot, the breasts the pikes be,
Scouts each motion is, the hands be horsemen,
Her lips are the riches the wars to maintain,
Where well couched abides a coffer of pearl,
Her legs carriage is of all the sweet camp:
Say then reason; I say, what is thy counsel?

Her cannons be her eyes, mine eyes the walls be,
Which at first volley gave too open entry,
Nor rampier did abide; my brain was up blown,
Undermin'd with a speech the piercer of thoughts.
Thus weakened by my self, no help remaineth;
Say then reason; I say, what is thy counsel?

And now fame the herald of her true honour,
Doth proclaim with a sound made all by mens
mouths,
That nature soveraign of earthly dwellers,
Commands all creatures to yield obeysance
Under this, this her own, her only darling.
Say then reason; I say what is thy counsel?

Reason fights but in end he thus doth answer:
 Nought can reason avail in heavenly matters.
 Thus nature's diamond receive thy conquest.
 Thus pure pearl, I do yield my senses and soul.
 Thus sweet pain, I do yield what ere I can yield,
 Reason look to thy self, I serve a goddess.

Dorus had long he thought kept silence from
 saying somewhat which might tend to the glory
 of her in whom all glory to his seeming was in-
 cluded, but now he brake it, singing these verses
 called *Asclepiadics*:

O sweet woods the delight of solitariness!
 O how much I do like your solitariness!
 Where man's mind hath a freed consideration
 Of goodness to receive lovely direction.
 Where senses do behold th' order of heav'nly host,
 And wise thoughts do behold what the creator is:
 Contemplation here holdeth his only seat:
 Bounded with no limits, borne with a wing of hope,
 Climbs even unto the stars, nature is under it.
 Nought disturbs thy quiet, all to thy service yields,
 Each sight draws on a thought, thought mother of
 science

Sweet birds kindly do grant harmony unto thee,
 Fair trees shade is enough fortification,
 Nor danger to thy self, if be not in thy self.

O sweet woods the delight of solitariness!
 O how much do I like your solitariness!
 Here nor treason is hid, veiled in innocence,
 Nor envies snaky eye, finds any harbour here,
 Nor flatterers venomous insinuations,
 Nor coming humourists pudled opinions,
 Nor courteous ruin of proffered usury,
 Nor time prattled away, cradle of ignorance,
 Nor causeless duty, nor cumber of arrogance,
 Nor trifling tittle of vanity dazleth us,

Not

Nor golden manacles, stand for a paradise.
 Here wrong's name is unheard; slander a monster is;
 Keep thy sprite from abuse, here no abuse doth
 haunt,
 What man grafts in a tree dissimulation?

O sweet woods the delight of solitariness!
 O how well I do like your solitariness!
 Yet dear soil, if a soul clos'd in a mansion
 As sweet as violets, fair as a lilly is,
 Strait as cedar, a voice strains the canary birds,
 Whose shade safely doth hold, danger avoideth her;
 Such wisdom, that in her lives speculation:
 Such goodness that in her simplicity triumphs:
 Where envy's snaky eye, winketh or else dyeth,
 Slander wants a pretext, flattery gone beyond:
 Oh! if such a one have bent, to a lonely life,
 Her steps glad we receive, glad we receive her eyes.
 And think not she doth hurt our solitariness,
 For such company decks such solitariness.

The other shepherds were offering themselves to
 have continued the sports; but the night had so qui-
 etly spent the most part of her self among them, that
 the king for that time, licenced them to depart. And
 so bringing *Zelmane* to her lodging, who would
 much rather have done the same for *Philoclea*; of all
 sides they went to counterfeit a sleep in their bed;
 for a true one their agonies could not afford them.
 Yet there they lay, so might they be most solitary
 for the food of their thoughts, till it was near unto
 the next day, after which *Basilus* was to continue
 his *Apollo* devotions, and the other to meditate upon
 their private desires.

F I N I S.



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